PILGRIMS AND SHRINES

BY

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Sing ye to the Lord a new canticle; Let his praise be in the Church of the Saints.

—PSALM cxlix—1.

IN TWO VOLUMES

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IMPRIMATUR

PATRITIUS AUGUSTINUS

ARCHIEPISCOPUS CHICAGIENSIS

☆

TO

THE FRIEND

WHOSE GENEROSITY EQUALED ONLY BY HER DELICACY

ENABLED ME TO VISIT

THE OLD WORLD

THESE SKETCHES OF PILGRIMS AND SHRINES ARE

GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED

☆

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

FROM the Book of Exodus, which gives the marvellous story of the travels of the children of Israel, to the Anabasis of "the young man Xenophon," with its thrilling narrative of the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand," not forgetting their cry of joy, *Thalasse! Thalasse!* "the sea! the sea!" and from the book of Xenophon to the Acts of the Apostles, which ranks next in importance to The Four Gospels, even to the present year, there has never been a lack of charming books of travel, with descriptions of places associated with the great events of former times. In the early Christian ages, the narratives of such travellers or Itineraries, as they were called, as the Saxon brothers, SS. Willibald and Winebald, of William of Malmsbury, and those who wrote the manuscripts, still in the libraries at Einsiedeln and Wurtzburg—giving their adventures by land and sea, and the most minute descriptions of the places visited by them, especially of the catacombs and the tombs of the early martyrs—secured some of the most wonderful testimony, known to-day, concerning the identity of the Christian localities which lay claim to veneration. At present, it may be said, there is no end to the tales of travellers. Every newspaper, every magazine, has its columns and pages devoted to these

records of personal experience; while guide-books furnish an amount of historical and local information which renders the least studious of travellers learned, in the course of five minutes' reading. Whole libraries are condensed into these red-covered guide-books; unfortunately, too, whole centuries of prejudice, of incredulity, of ill-concealed contempt for local traditions and even historical evidence. Perhaps a greater contrast could not be found than that between the Itineraries of the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth centuries, living, as they did, so near to the grand martyr period of the Church, and to those events which have consecrated, ever since they occurred, so many spots in the old world to the hearts of Christendom, and the writings of modern travellers; who either utterly neglect the Christian sites as of inferior interest to the classic or pagan sites, or openly dispute the history of the places supposed to be visited out of respect to the associations connected with them.

With regard to the relative value set upon classical and Christian associations by most travellers, we may cite an ordinary incident. At the breakfast table of the Hotel Minerva, in Rome, we met one morning a missionary and his wife on their return from Asia. The missionary himself was miserably ill from the effects of the climate he had been in, but his wife was in fine health, the best of spirits, a woman of intellectual tastes and even of learning, as we speak of it in this age. Falling into conversation, and finding they had only a few days to spend in Rome, we asked them what they most wished to see. Without a moment's hesitation, and with a charming vivacity of manner, the missionary's wife replied: "The classic sites, of course; the palaces of the Cæsars, the Capital, the Tarpeian rock, the Fountain of Egeria." There was no mention of one site connected with Christianity, its struggles or its triumphs. And yet this woman had gone to

Asia from a New England home, to convert the tribes of India to the faith of Christ. To have mentioned the catacombs, the sarcophagi of the Lateran Museum, the place of Saint Peter's crucifixion at Montorio, of Saint Paul's beheading at the Tre Fontane, or their imprisonment in the Mamertine dungeon, would only have wearied her; while any lack of knowledge or interest on our part concerning Romulus and Remus, Tarquin the old, Cicero, Julius Cæsar, or of any facts in the pagan history of Rome, would have stirred her contempt.

In still further evidence of what we have stated, in our Introduction to the Second Series of Patron Saints, concerning the comparative knowledge of pagan and Christian events, pagan and Christian heroes, among modern travellers, we will give another incident not in the least uncommon. A few days after our arrival in Rome, our party went under the care of an Italian priest to visit the Tre Fontane, and took the way through the old Roman Forum, past the Coliseum, the palaces of the Cæsars, the temple of Vesta, until the Tiber was on our right and the Aventine Hill on our left, crowned by its three convents. At our side was a young friend, who had shown herself familiar with the stories of the places we have mentioned, when the Italian Father waving his left hand with a graceful gesture towards the Aventine, pointed to one convent, saying: "And there is Sant' Alessio!" "Sant' Alessio," exclaimed our young companion, so well versed in pagan lore, "who was Sant' Alessio?" We shall never forget our terror at this innocent declaration of ignorance, nor shall we ever forget the expression on the face of the good Padre; which was one of unutterable astonishment. Not to know who Sant' Alessio was, argued utter blankness of mind as to Roman story, or Christian legend. It was useless to try to hush up our vivacious young friend, and we will say

that between the good Padre, when he had recovered from his astonishment, and ourselves, she really got the story of Sant' Alessio in a very few minutes and without much effort.

My own state of mind may be regarded as a favorable example of that in which most travellers go abroad; I therefore give an instance from my personal experience. The same amiable Italian father who had accompanied our party to the Three Fountains, walked with us, a day or two after our arrival in Rome, to show us the shops. As we came along the Corso to the corner of the Via in Lata, he pointed to the beautiful Church of Santa Maria in Lata, saying in his slow way: "There is the place where Saint Paul lived for two years in his own hired house, and from which he wrote several of his epistles." I now remember with shame the indifference with which I heard this announcement. It was not with actual incredulity, but with a feeling that it might be so or might not; and without any appreciation of the historical value of the fact. Yet, I had never doubted that Saint Paul lived two years in Rome and wrote from there several of his most beautiful epistles; an inherited belief, which the accomplished ladies who were my Sunday-school teachers in Old Deerfield, had settled in my mind, to be confirmed by the erudite introductions to the several epistles of Saint Paul by my venerated friend and father in Christ, the late Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore. But that any one could now know in which house, of all Rome, the apostle had lived, had never occurred to me. Months after, as I may tell in the course of the following pages, the value of the historical evidence contained in this announcement by the good Italian father, dawned upon me; but it was when my mental eyes had been couched, as it were, and the film of unconscious prejudice, of early education and life-long associations, had been removed by a daily, constant, not to be doubted, contact with facts.

The miserable, most unworthy and unscholarly incredulity of most travellers to Rome, to all the great centres of Christian tradition, is doubtless owing to the short stay made by them. A few days, a few weeks, at best, and in this time the mind really acts but little upon the facts brought before it. Guides and guide-books are consulted; their word taken for granted; implicitly believed; because there is no time to consult other authorities, and, as we have said, no time to allow even one's own judgment to act upon the questions brought up concerning authenticity. The library has been left at home which could have confirmed an intelligent belief, and with only some flippant testimony at hand, the tourist timidly abandons a reasonable confidence in the people among whom he finds himself; and ends, by losing the mysterious charm which had always hung about these places to his imagination, and which had been the secret of his wish to visit the old world and the Eternal City.

In putting forth this work, I have not been moved by the natural desire to tell my own story; still less by the expectation that I could tell a new story. The real motive has been to tell the story of places made sacred by Christian associations according to Christian testimony. To give to Catholic children, more especially, the story of these places as written by the greatest historians of the great Christian centuries; not modified by modern suppositions or modern incredulity; but according to that integrity which belongs to the earliest documents and the earliest itineraries; transmitted to us, as they have been, by men living in the full blaze of criticism, and to whose reputation for learning, for exactness, to say nothing of honesty, the least twisting of facts, the least flaw, would have been fatal. With all the simplicity of narrative which I have tried to keep, I have diligently woven into it whatever I could lay hold of from the writers within my reach. Murray,

Bædeker, Hare, were my companions through their valuable guide-books; but I frankly own, that when these works conflicted with a Chanoin de Bleser, or the testimony of a Bosio, a Baronius, a P. Marchi, or an M. de Rossi, I have, unhesitatingly, followed the latter; inasmuch as they are acknowledged to have touched the fountain heads of knowledge as investigators, and to have had at their command every assistance possible to men; while their honesty, their absolute singleness of eye for the truth, has borne the severest tests of modern criticism in a manner to silence all who are not too prejudiced to accept sound testimony.

It is with a profound gratitude to the Providence which allowed me the privilege of visiting these shrines, that I record my impressions in this regard; and, also, with an enthusiastic desire to inspire in the minds of the Catholic youth of America, a veneration for the spots made sacred by that heroism which is born of faith, and a desire to emulate this heroism in their own lives, according to their circumstances and state of life.

These pages, begun and continued under the very shadow of the Vatican, and with the blessing of Pio Nono upon my labors, I hope may deserve, when before the world, the blessing of our present Holy Father and Sovereign Pontiff, the approbation also of our own revered Prelates and Priests, and of the religious Orders, of whom nearly every one is represented by one or more of the shrines to which I have invited their attention.*

The illustrations have been etched directly from sketches taken on the spot during my visits, and, with few exceptions, represent objects and localities which have not been made familiar by photographers. Years ago, the etcher's needle was taken up with the intention of illustrating my own pages without regard to anything but the benefit of my readers,

* Many of the sketches in these volumes appeared, as they were written, in the Ave Maria, The Young Crusader, and the Catholic Record.

knowing well that the simplest representation to the eye assists the imagination to take in the description. I present them to my young friends as an expression of personal regard, hoping that printed page and picture may be an incentive to thousands of youths and maidens in these United States, to visit Europe, Italy, Rome, with the intentions of pilgrims rather than of tourists; and trusting that they may bring with them from the old homes of faith and the shrines of martyrs and confessors, the aroma of a piety worthy of the first, the middle, and the last ages of that Church, which has never ceased to give saints to God and to humanity, which is still beautiful as the New Jerusalem of the Apocalypse, and still worthy to be called the Bride of the Lamb.

S. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE,
Feast of All Saints, 1883.

ADRIFT.

AT noon on Saturday, the 13th of November, 1875, we found ourselves passing under the "Stars and Stripes," that waved gayly over the handsome gateway leading to the pier at which was moored the French steamer Amérique, bound for Havre. A lovelier day could not shine in November, and it was worthy of our brightest Indian summer. Great was the bustling and commotion over our baggage; but this important part of the embarkation arranged, and my young companion beginning to look rather ruefully at the narrow limits of a cabin on the grandest of our ocean steamers, W—— came to tell me of the friends who had come to see us off, and give us the last "Godspeed." We found them on deck, in smiling humor and with a charming bouquet of rosebuds for a *souvenir* on the voyage. This greeting was hardly over when we saw the venerable face of Father Sorin, who had caught sight of us also. We had begun to fear that he was not on board, and our joy was all the greater at meeting him. There was still an hour for chatting; but the inevitable moment came, the bridge was unlashed, and as we swung slowly from our moorings three guns announced that the Amérique had started on her ocean course. At this very instant, too, hundreds of hats, caps, handkerchiefs,

waved farewell from the pier to the ship, from the ship to the pier, and more than one "*au revoir*," that word of hope in the midst of parting, was shouted on the air. Even those who had no friends on the pier, waved adieux to the crowds thus wishing us "a happy voyage." A moment of more intense excitement could hardly be imagined. When the faces of friends could no longer be distinguished, hands still waved, until a turn of the steamer hid the pier from view. The day was too bright for forebodings, the sky too blue for tears to remain long on the saddest cheek, and in half an hour cheerful groups were scattered over the deck, watching the sunset forming its brilliant tints in the sky. The weatherwise may have noticed, as we did, a thin veil of mist over the sun's face; but all lingered, enchanted with the gorgeous changes of the clouds, to catch the last ray as it disappeared below the last land we should see for ten days. To us it was another parting, for we said "good-bye" to our native land. It was by the light of this setting sun that we read the prayers appointed for travellers called the *Itinerary*, in which are embodied some of the most consoling ejaculations from the Sacred Writings.

Sunday morning brought us sunshine, but also head winds. Most of the passengers spent the day on deck. Not the least encouraging feature of the day to those who read the Office or looked at the Ordo, was the fact that the Feast of the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin had been transferred from the fourth Sunday of October to this very Sunday of November. Clouds might come over the sky, but that celestial Patronage, which had never been known to disappoint any who trusted to it, would be a sure anchor of hope. Besides, what fervent prayers were ascending in our special behalf from hundreds of hearts and scores of altars!

We were glad to remember all this when we came along.

side the Grand Bank, that crucible of fogs and storms, amid which the fishermen of our northeastern coast ply their sloops and light fishing-smacks with a courage we felt astonished never to have appreciated before. We are not sure that the dainty mackerel, fresh from the brine, would not then have seemed too dearly bought for our breakfast-table, while our imaginations led us still farther into northern seas, among

"The stormy Hebrides."

and even to Saint Columbkill's "sea-girt Isle of Iona;" to the monks who sought him out in spite of the rigors of the wintry seasons in that high latitude, and to the hardy fishermen and sailors along that wild coast, who were not ashamed to invoke the aid of his prayers, nor ever invoked them in vain. Stories of perils and rescues long forgotten or scarcely thought of beyond their picturesque beauty or fervor of religious faith, came to mind as we watched the waves breaking around us or dashing in graceful curves over our cabin windows. As no brush of the painter, so no words of the poet have ever done justice to the crystalline tints of these ocean waves, their fantastic but ever graceful shapes. Green breaks into blue as they rise from the deep, then blue into green, and both disappear in a wreath of foam as white as the last curl of a snowdrift and as thin as vapor.

But the Grand Bank was at last behind us; the sun came out, the sky was mild and propitious. Friday morning the sails were all set to woo the gentle wind, and the sea was really beautiful. That night there was no clatter of dishes, no booming of heavy waters against the ship, and everybody slept soundly; for the sleep which comes with the rocking of the waves is one of peculiar quietness. It is the old story of babes in the cradle.

Saturday evening, W——, who had been taking his usual walk on deck, came in, saying: "You have heard of the

phosphorescent lights at sea; would you like to look at them?' Of course we drew our heavy wraps around us and braved the winds, which were again very stormy, and the spray which leaped lightly over the ship's rail. At first we leaned over the vessel's side, but W—— found that the lights were much more brilliant at the stern, where a train of foam, white as moonlight, seemed to stretch from the ship to the horizon. In this *milky way* of the ocean shone like nebulous stars, the phosphorescent lights, which I had so often longed to see. Their beauty is not to be described. Those we saw were as large as the hand, continually appearing and disappearing, in a way to fascinate the least enthusiastic. We stood leaning against the rail until wet with spray, watching the phosphorescent waves dashing off our track, and the grand motion of the steamer rejoicing in her strength and as buoyant on her course as the Arab steed on the desert. All went to their berths that night with a sense of exultation as well as of contentment, for we were making fifteen knots to the hour, and Tuesday night would show us the lights of the good old town of Havre.

But how roughly were we aroused from these dreams of land! The ship kept proudly on her way until half past 3 o'clock Sunday morning, the 21st of November, when a crashing sound, succeeded by an awful stillness, awoke everyone on board. The first thought was that we had struck a rock; the second that our engine had broken in some vital part —and this was true. Most of the gentlemen were instantly on deck, and the captain gave them the intelligence of this disaster. Still, we were in no actual danger. Our ship, pronounced the very strongest ship on the line, was perfectly sound, and the most we had to dread was delay. Signals of distress were immediately raised, and about 10 o'clock, a. m., the China, a Cunard steamer on her way to Queenstown, responded to them. Our boat was lowered, and into it were put the mail and dis-

patches from the captain. The answer was that only a few passengers could be received, and they could take nothing beyond their hand-baggage. There was a consultation among the gentlemen, and they came to the conclusion that our condition should be a great deal worse than it appeared to be, to agree to such proposals, especially as the dispatches sent by the China would give our friends in America as well as in Europe assurance of our safety and the cause of our delay. A few only of the passengers therefore were transferred; the others preferred to remain. The captain dispatched for a steamer to come to our relief, which, we were assured, could be confidently looked for on Friday; and with this prospect before us we saw the China turn on her course without misgivings. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, were all beautiful days. On Friday evening the ship seemed actually to stand on a sea of glass, so profound was the calm. The sounds on board were as peaceful and domestic as those of a country-house. In fact the stillness was so deep as to be solemn, and almost oppressive; for no ship had come, as we had so confidently expected. During the night the wind freshened, and by morning there were plenty of *white-caps*. Noon only brought stronger winds, and by night we were in the midst of a gale, which continued unabated until Sunday evening. During the whole of Sunday the waves ran thirty-five feet high, and our vessel stood at an angle of 45 degrees as it rocked from side to side. Although we could not step from our cabins on Sunday, we found courage to watch the waves breaking over our small round windows, and giving us, each time, a heaven in miniature. There is nothing so pure this side of heaven, I am certain, as the waters of the sea; and the very azure of the summer sky with its clouds, reflected in the curls of white foam, were to be seen in that circle, which was scarcely more than a span in diameter. When the eye

wearied of this, we allowed ourselves to watch, mentally, the riding of our good ship over the mighty waves. I do not wonder that sailors love a good ship. The Amérique, disabled as she was, rode the sea that day like a living, intelligent being. When we came to an awful wave she did not shiver or twist, but planted her steps on the slopes of the watery mountains as carefully as an elephant would plant his feet on the firm spots of some rocky causeway, and the descent was made in the same manner. But with all this we realized, as never before, our absolute helplessness; for our ship, drifting at the will of the winds and waves, was something quite different from the smallest craft which still owned her sails. Indeed the lifelessness of this great steamer was something appalling to think of. With the sun, however, the wind went down, and by Monday morning we felt as if our greatest peril had passed. But what of the ship expected day by day, night by night; watched for, longed for, and prayed for so earnestly? On Tuesday evening a German steamer came along-side, but the roughness of the sea and the darkness precluded all thoughts of a transfer. She could only take our despatches to Southampton, and go on her way. The weather, however, became balmy once more. Everyone was on deck, and the sweet laughter of the children was heard as distinctly as in the quiet street of some New England village. On Thursday we were entertained by the bringing up of provisions from the hold, and the hours passed quickly; but when Friday and Saturday came and went, with their sunshine, and the sea as smooth as a river, yet no *rescue*, the hearts of all began to languish. We could not enjoy the tropical moonlight, which seemed to wish to cheat us of the knowledge that we were actually drifting into northern seas before that mild southern wind. We could not enjoy the sunrise or sunset; and though our boat rocked as gently as a cradle, few

eyes slept. It was on Friday afternoon, as I sat in the sunshine on deck, my beads lying in my hands, that Father Sorin came up to me with a smile which tried to be his old smile of cheer, saying: "You do not pray at all, or we should certainly see our ship!" "Oh, Father," I said, "I have asked God, over and over again, what he wants me to do, what he wants me to promise him." "Yes, yes, child!" said the kind Father, the smile leaving his face; then lighting up again, he added, "Keep on praying." A few minutes after I remembered what wonders had been wrought by the devotion of the "Thousand Hail Marys," and immediately told Father Sorin. "Say them," he said, "every day, and I will do the same." From that moment the languor left my heart, and my beads never lay idle in my hands.

Sunday morning saw the horizon studded with sails, and no less than thirty appeared before 10 o'clock a. m. About 11 o'clock we saw a barque coming towards us, with that graceful dip and curtseying on the waves peculiar to a sailing vessel, and which is like nothing so much as the motion of a sea-gull on the waves. She was not a steamer, but we appreciated her politeness, and a boat met her with all speed. There was a short delay; our boat turned towards us, and the bark, too, turned gracefully on her ocean course. How buoyant she seemed beside our lifeless steamer with its sails flapping uselessly against her masts! "And that is all!" was said on every side of us. "She can tell no news, nor take any, for who knows when she will reach her haven?" She was, in fact, only a vessel from Newfoundland, and her passengers were only poor fishermen; but how little we knew the gratitude we owed to our courteous visitor of the morning! And we watched the rainbows that appeared from early morning until afternoon with eyes almost blind with disappointment, for that day we were looking, not for the ship from Havre

but for the "*France*," which had left New York one week before, and might be expected to come near enough to us to relieve us. So strong was this expectation, that many of the passengers remained on deck to catch the first lights of "*La belle France*," as she would certainly be to us. But what was their astonishment as well as joy, when they saw lights approaching us, not on the line of the steamers from American or European shores, but from a point utterly unlooked for! Signal rockets were thrown up, and joyfully answered, and a little past midnight W—— came to our cabin door to tell us that a ship, not the France, but our own ship, sent to our rescue, had at last found us! To measure the joy of this intelligence, one must have measured all the preceding anxieties and have realized that our bread and flour had both been consumed. As it was, thankfulness banished sleep, and all were preparing for a transfer with the morning. But when morning came we found the boats, which had been flying all night with provisions, were no longer equal to riding the heavy seas. *We must wait for calmer weather.* And wait we did; waited not only through Monday, but Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday—each day growing rougher and gloomier, and our only human consolation the sight of the good Ville de Brest, which hovered around us, and whose lights at evening shone as cheerfully as some neighbor's house on a low hillside. There was held out to us during this stress of weather one hope, the full moon, which would come on Saturday night or Sunday morning; but weary as we were, Saturday afternoon found us rocking under a gale which put all our courage and hope to the test, and we were looking forward to a night of tempests, perhaps shipwreck, when the wind lulled, the full moon came forth, and all hearts were ready to join in a *Te Deum.* By 7 o'clock on Sunday morning (how eventful had all our Sundays proved!), we had word

that all who wished to be transferred to the Ville de Brest must be ready in half an hour. There was no longer any hesitation; and yet many young faces grew sober and took a worn look as they leaned over the side of the vessel to watch those who went first. We had all heard of *transfers* at sea, and had seen something of it when a few of our fellow-passengers went on board the China three weeks before; but now it was a personal matter. The small children were let down by a rope, and the little things went spinning down like spiders into the hands of the sailors in the boat below; but for the others, due preparation was made, for the deck of the Amérique stood twenty feet above the sea. A rope was carefully adjusted and tied around the waist, and held by two sailors on board. The captain assisted each one to step from a box inside, and close to the ship's rail, to the ladder outside; and then saw the feet of each one planted on the steps, and the hands firm on the ropes. He then gave orders to each one: "Go down carefully; take your own time; when you have come to the last step I will call out '*Let go!*' and you must let go the ladder, let go the rope, let go *everything*, and think of nothing." Neither Saint Theresa, nor any other saint in the calendar, could suggest a more perfect act of abandonment into the hands of God. When the word "*Let go!*" came, we did let go, and remembered nothing more until we felt ourselves pulled down into the boat by the sailors. and the encouraging words of our companions already in the boat. Then came the short row of a life-boat over the blue waves, the oars dipping in and out, until one hardly knew which was the bluest, the sky above or the water below. As we came near the Ville de Brest each one dreaded the ascent. The waves rocked our boat, but any collision with the ship was prevented by staves which kept us on our own waves, until the rope could be thrown down with a noose large enough to

slip over the head and under the arms, and each person was told to hold both hands on the rope above the knot, and *do nothing*. The hands of each were hardly adjusted before the sailors, lashed to the sides of the ship, adroitly pulled each passenger on to the deck of the Ville de Brest; and yet the blanched, absolutely lifeless countenance of each one who came up, told how severe was the mental experience of those few seconds. The transfer was over by noon, and had been accomplished without a bruise or a scratch, and we were all quite ready for the mid-day luncheon. In the course of another hour, the Amérique had been attached to the Ville de Brest, and we had started for Queenstown. There was a sense of relief with the first movement towards port, but the sun was soon overclouded, and the wind freshened, until by Monday P. M. we were rolling fearfully. The night was the most terrible one we had had, and the waves stood on each side of us like walls ready to engulf us. Still all the gentlemen insisted that there was not the least danger, and at a late hour all went to their cabins, but not to sleep. Towards morning the wind calmed, and we were more than grateful for the quiet sea on which we rode into the grand harbor of Queenstown, on the evening of the 19th of December. The old headland of Kinsale was passed at midday and we were glad to see its grim rocks behind us, and to stand on deck and watch the brilliant sunset as we drew near Queenstown. The town was just lighted up for evening as we approached, and seemed to welcome us after all our perils and hardships. There were three days of waiting at Queenstown, but in that time we received our baggage from the Amérique, and many of the passengers braved the rain to step again on shore.

There was one desire deep in every heart—to reach Paris in time for Midnight Mass. We had spent the whole of Advent on the sea, and of all the deprivations of those weeks we

had felt most the deprivation of Jesus present on the altar, and of the early mass. To drift, day after day and week after week, as we did, with the possibility of drifting upon rocky shores or dying from starvation, was bad enough; but there is a Food which alone appeases the hunger of the soul, and of that we had been deprived during all these weeks of terrible trial. Had the weather favored an attempt to visit the shore for any but the hardy and adventurous, we should gladly have visited the shrines in old Cork, and the monument of Father Mathew, and have stepped foot on the soil of that island which is the Island of Saints. But even when once on the boat which plied between the ship and the shore, the violent storm drove us back to our cabins, and we were compelled to look at Ireland from a distance. Some of our party, however, brought us sprigs of holly from Cork, and a cane of Irish blackthorn is another memento of the Emerald Isle. The storm raged fearfully, even in the harbor, until late Tuesday evening, but on Wednesday morning the sun rose clear, and as our preparations for sailing were all made, we expected to move by 10 o'clock, when a squall sprang up which seemed to put all idea of a Christmas in Paris out of the question. Happily, the waves subsided almost as suddenly as they had risen, and by noon we were on the way to Havre. We saw the grand fortifications and the light-house disappear, to find ourselves on anything but a summer sea, although the heavens above were blue. Gusts of wind, rain and even hail, by turns sent clouds across the sky, and the waves dashed over our upper deck with a spitefulness which promised a wild if not perilous night. In fact, until we had doubled the dreaded Scilly Isles, as we did at half past 4 o'clock on Thursday morning, there was no sleep on board. From that time, however, until we were close beside the pier in the old Norman city of Havre, we had no complaints to make of sea or sky.

The air was like that of spring, and we entered the harbor with a sense of relief which few who cross the Atlantic can fully understand. As if, however, to show us that we were indebted to an ever merciful Providence for our safe arrival, we had just come to the wide mouth of the harbor when one of our shafts failed. The Ville de Brest carried two shafts, and we were soon under way and ready for the tide to carry us in; but there could have been few persons on board who did not realize the difference between the breaking of a shaft at the entrance of a port on a quiet morning, and upon the high seas. It was like a parting admonition from our Angel Guardians to remember Who had brought us safely to land.

When the noon express train from Havre started for Paris, almost everyone of our fellow passengers was our companion, to Rouen at least. But the charms of that ride through Normandy on the vigil of the Nativity must be reserved. For the present we can only say, that it would be hard to explain to ears unaccustomed to hear the interior voices which speak to the soul and console it under all adversities, why our long anticipated visit to the Old World should have so solemn a preface. But we can rest assured that all was directed by One who "never willingly afflicts or grieves the children of men;" who, in the words of the prayer which follows the Te Deum, "*suffers none who hope in Him to be afflicted over much.*"

NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES.

"WHERE shall we go for high mass?" asked our young companion on the voyage, on Christmas morning, after our arrival in Paris.

"Oh, to Notre Dame, of course."

"But shall it be to 'Notre Dame des Victoires,' or to 'la Cathedrale de Notre Dame?'"

As she said 'Notre Dame des Victoires,' a dim recollection of certain little statues, not quite to our taste, came over us; and then, too, quite as dim a recollection that the Empress Eugénie, under the pressure of impending calamities, was said to have paid a visit of devotion to the church of Notre Dame des Victoires. But this was all we could think of in favor of it; while 'la Cathedrale de Notre Dame' had been one of our landmarks in Paris ever since we could remember hearing or reading about Paris. Besides, photographs and engravings had made us familiar with its double towers and richly sculptured portals and façade, and it would have required some very wonderful attraction in any other church, to have drawn us from la Cathedrale de Notre Dame when we had so good an opportunity of visiting it, and upon a festival likely to bring out all its treasures. Therefore, in spite of a shade of disappointment on the young face beside us, and a remark that "Mademoiselle (one of the passengers on the Amérique) said she

should make her first visit to Notre Dame des Victoires," we ordered the coupé to the Cathedral.

That very afternoon, however, we heard what suddenly gave Notre Dame des Victoires a singular and abiding claim upon our hearts. If our readers will go back with us to that Sunday morning, the 5th of December, when a small fishing bark paid the disabled Amérique a visit of courtesy, they will remember the slight tinge of bitterness with which the passengers remarked: "She brings no news, and she can take no dispatches; for who knows when she will arrive in port?"

But although she brought no news, and was not esteemed a suitable bearer of dispatches, she was chosen by the Queen of Heaven to take her dispatches in our behalf. And now comes one of those, so-called, "singular coincidences," which baffle the learning of the wise, but which are easily read by the devout. At the very moment when the bark came curtseying towards us with her graceful, sea-gull movement, public prayers and masses for our rescue were being offered up in the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires in Paris. The community of Saint Croix at Neuilly, full of the most distressing anxiety for their Superior-General, V. Rev. Father Sorin, who was known to have embarked on the Amérique, had secured the celebration of special masses, and the public recitation of prayers for those in danger, at the altars of this church, so famous for the miracles of mercy wrought at its shrines. It was during the afternoon of the same day, Sunday, the 5th of December, that the Ville de Brest, in search of the Amérique, met our small fishing bark, which eagerly communicated to our ocean steamer the precise whereabouts of the Amérique. What was the joy of the good commander of the Ville de Brest, when, in one moment, and from a source so little anticipated, he received the information which put him immediately on our track! Before midnight, the Amérique had exchanged

signals with her deliverer, the Ville de Brest, and our rescue could be looked upon as accomplished. There was a delay of six long days before our transfer and the attachment of the Amérique to the Ville de Brest; but had we not been found that night, before the coming up of a dense fog which rose one hour later, succeeded by the cloudy, rough weather of the next six days, there is no reason to suppose that we should ever have been found. We had drifted already, completely off the path of ocean steamers from any quarter, and during the next six days we drifted still more in the wrong direction; but, thanks be to God, the Ville de Brest was allowed to go with us, and to be our companion on the rough ocean. Nor was this all. On the very day of our transfer, the 12th of December, the prayers of the Archconfraternity at Notre Dame des Victoires were asked for us, and well may we ascribe to those efficacious prayers the safe transfer of so many persons of all ages, under almost every variety of physical condition, from one ship to another on a wintry sea.

When our transfer had been made, and the gentlemen who had been passengers on board the Amérique asked the Captain of the Ville de Brest: "How did you find us?" he answered, with all the frankness of a sailor: "It was by a miracle; and do you never call it anything else!" He then went on to say that his orders from the Transatlantic Company were to this effect: "Wait off the Scilly Isles until the Amérique sails by, and then take her in tow." The beautiful weather of the first week after the disaster was thus spent by the Ville de Brest, while we languished, with motionless sails, on the Atlantic, which was as placid as a river. The storm of the 27th and 28th, or the Saturday and Sunday after the accident, drifted us directly away from the Scilly Isles, and so did every breeze that visited us after that time. At last the captain of the Ville de Brest, finding that his supply of coal was

not equal to any long search for a missing vessel, put into Queenstown, where he was further delayed by affairs connected with the line of steamers. On leaving that port his instinct, as an old sailor, told him that if the wind could say anything it would say this: "Wait, captain, as long at the Scilly Isles as you please, but we shall never bring the Amérique to you!" Listening to this voice, he started for latitudes and longitudes indicated as probable for us, under the continued blowing of the wind. But how direct his course after days and days of fruitless search, on that sea which bears no traces of fleets or armaments on its mobile waters? The heart of the good captain began to feel like lead in his bosom. To go on as he was going, was like another search for Sir John Franklin, and yet it seemed an awful thing to turn his ship's prow away from so many hundreds of human beings, thus leaving them to starvation or the risk of running upon some rocky coast. It was just at this perplexing moment that the fishing bark, getting sight of the steamer Ville de Brest, made all haste to bear the dispatches—not of the captain or officers of the Amérique, but—of her whose powerful intercession had been so earnestly invoked in the place where she had been named Notre Dame des Victoires: truly Our Lady of Victories, not only over hostile armies but over every danger which threatens humanity!

It did not require as much time as we have spent in penning these sentences, to make us feel that we could not visit too soon the shrine of Notre Dame des Victoires. The next day, Sunday, was appointed for our visit of thanksgiving, and on our way to the church we heard what we shall now give to our readers as its history; for we may reasonably suppose that some among them know almost as little of Notre Dame des Victoires as we did ourselves on Christmas morning, eighteen hundred and seventy-five.

No longer ago than would be within the memory of many now living, central Paris, as it was called, was notorious for the absolute unbelief of its inhabitants and the mocking scorn with which everything pertaining to religion was treated. In the midst of this spiritual desolation, this "abomination of desolation," in fact, a holy priest conceived the idea of building a church dedicated to the honor of God under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Like many other great works, it sprang from a small seed; a seed watered by prayers and sunned in the light of God's countenance. A confraternity of prayer was established before the church was built, and one of the first fruits of this confraternity of prayer was the conversion of the king, Louis Philippe, from a state of absolute indifference to religion to one of sincere penitence, and in these dispositions he died a happy death. So marked was this answer to prayer, that the faithful among the French nobility and gentry were not slow to take account of it, any more than the humble, and from that time the prayers of the confraternity were asked in behalf of many who had been carried away from the Church and her life-giving sacraments by the tide of popular irreligion. Not only year by year and month by month, but week by week and day by day, did extraordinary answers to prayer verify the singular confidence reposed in Mary, until, at last, the Confraternity, raised to the dignity of an Archconfraternity, could claim for its church the exulting title of "Notre Dame des Victoires." The history of this church is one with the history of religion and its restoration in France, and is dear to the pious as one of the proofs that God hears prayers, especially when offered by the hands of her who is said to "destroy all heresies." So long as the walls of Notre Dame des Victoires stand, they will bear witness to the power of sincere, believing, persevering prayer for the conversion of souls and of nations.

It was with this simple narrative in our minds, of a church built by a devoted priest in honor of Mary, the mother of the world's Redeemer, and blessed by her singular patronage, that we entered the door of the church. Certainly it was very small compared with the Cathedral, with the Madeleine, or the Pantheon; but she who lived so contentedly in the Holy House at Nazareth, does not ask for large temples in order to vouchsafe her most powerful assistance. But if its size did not overpower one, what shall we say of the spirit of fervor which seemed to pervade every inch of space in the church? Every one there seemed to have come, not out of habit, because it was his or her parish church, but as if urged by some special need, some personal necessity. The shrine proper of Our Lady of Victories was on the right hand side, and this chapel was densely crowded. But what sensation took sudden possession of us as we attempted to kneel before this statue of which we had seen so many copies! before this shrine where such fervent prayers had been raised for our deliverance from a terrible danger! During the whole voyage, and even in stormy weather, our nearest approach to sea-sickness had been a sensation as if the great deep were heaving us on its billows. Yet so far from bringing this feeling to land, we had almost forgotten it when we sailed quietly into Havre. But on this Sunday morning in Paris, we had no sooner attempted to kneel on the marble floor of the chapel, specially dedicated to Our Lady of Victories, than this peculiar sensation came upon us almost overpoweringly, and did not cease entirely until we were again quite outside the church. We do not pretend to account for this, but simply mention it as showing what appeared to us some peculiar connection between our voyage and Notre Dame des Victoires.

And now it is time to look at these venerable walls; venerable, not so much through age, as through the wonders to

which they bear testimony. The walls around the altar of Our Lady of Victories were literally made up of *ex-votos*, of every shape, size and preciousness. Nor was this all. Along the sides of the church in some places, so as to form a sort of cornice, were deposited hundreds of other *ex-votos;* some pilasters were covered from bottom to top with the same, and then, as if space on which to record the victories won by Mary's prayers began to fail, marble tablets had been set into the walls, bearing inscriptions in Latin, French, Spanish, and even English, on which were acknowledged the favors gained, the graces vouchsafed, the dangers escaped, through the intercession of Mary. Truly is this place Our Lady of Victories! We also saw lamps, of beautiful workmanship and precious metals, hung before two of these inscriptions, as if the ardent gratitude of those who had received such marked favors could find expression only in the perpetual flame of consecrated oils.

We must believe that this account of Notre Dame des Victoires will appear as an appendix or a note of explanation, absolutely necessary for a correct understanding of our narrative concerning the drifting and the rescue of the Amérique. We made no attempt to adapt our narrative to the taste of the public prints; neither have we done so with our appendix. We have written both precisely as we saw or heard what we have recorded, and believe our record of events to be as correct as it is unpretending. Prayers on the land, prayers on the sea, masses hardly to be counted, and communions and hours of adoration, were to be crowned by those said in the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires on the 5th and the 12th of December, and answered on those same days. We cannot explain these things; "but," as a saintly child said of the dogmas of the Church, "we must adore."

CHRISTMAS IN PARIS.

FORTY-ONE days on the ocean, without once setting foot on land!

"But you were on a sailing vessel?"

No, on a steamer; one of the strongest and best on the line. But we have told the long story of our long voyage, and perhaps you can understand how more than glad, how devoutly grateful we were, when we landed at Havre, on the twenty-fourth of December, the Vigil of the Nativity, just in time to reach Paris and go to midnight mass. We could only take a little refreshment before ten o'clock, and started for the church of the Madeleine. We thought we were sure to be very early; for it was two full hours before mass; but when we entered the vast church, we could find no seats excepting on the very last benches. Yet still the crowds poured in, and stood here, there, anywhere, rather than miss the first *Gloria in Excelsis Deo* of Christmas-tide.

As we knelt, the first time since the 13th of November, before an altar on which Jesus was abiding in the Real Presence; as we remembered the whole of Advent spent on the desolate, wintry seas, we felt as if we could almost realize the desire of the Blessed Virgin and of Saint Joseph to see the face of the Divine Infant. We had asked Saint Joseph so fervently to bring us to the crib of his foster-child, Jesus, and now our

prayer had been answered! While we were still in thanksgiving, far-off voices, so far-off and so sweet that they might have been really the voices of the angels, broke the stillness of the great, crowded church. From beginning to end it seemed one *Gloria in Excelsis Deo!* We do not remember any *Kyrie*, nor any *Credo*, nor any *Preface*. The same voices, like a chorus of sky-larks, but still more of angels, filled the air with joyous melodies. For the first time in our lives we forgot the shepherds of Bethlehem at the midnight mass, and adored with the angels, those celestial worshippers of the Infant in the manger. The stable, cold and dark, and utterly comfortless as it was when the Blessed Virgin and Saint Joseph took shelter there, was far brighter eighteen hundred and seventy-five years ago, when the angels were really singing Alleluias over the new-born Redeemer, than even the Madeleine. There can be no altar for midnight mass in any church, however magnificent, which can be so resplendent with light as the stable in which Jesus, wrapped in swaddling clothes, lay in his manger; and therefore, the Madeleine was no longer the Madeleine, merely, nor did we give more than a glance at the lofty ceiling; it was, that Christmas night, to us the stable of Bethlehem.

But the masses did not end with the one at midnight. We passed out of the church with the thousands who had gone there, like ourselves, for this one mass; but after daylight we found our way to the little church of Saint Louis, very near our hotel. We could not mistake the statue on the left of the high altar, for it was like every good picture we had seen of the holy king of France. He stands there in his ermine, as meek as any peasant saint, and carrying before him, on a cushion, the sacred Crown of Thorns for which he built that beautiful chapel called the Holy Chapel.

At ten o'clock we drove to Notre Dame, the cathedral of

Paris. The photographs of this ancient church have made the front of it familiar to every child in Christendom; but very seldom do we see a picture of the side, which is so very beautiful. In fact we could not find one photograph of the side-view of Notre Dame; but, the interior of this old church! I shall leave you to read about its treasures, its shrines, its painted windows; and shall only tell you that the Cardinal of Paris assisted at the solemn high mass on Christmas Day, with bishops beside him, and that the music was that to which the Roman Pontiff, Saint Gregory the Great, has given his name. We had never before heard the Gregorian music in its grandeur and fullness; and how poor all modern music would have seemed in comparison with the sentences so clearly chanted, so beautifully pronounced, in which we heard the sacred service sung! This was prayer; this was adoration.

Although the sun was shining bright outside, the magnificent windows, so rich in color, and set close with sacred pictures, kept the whole church in a "dim religious light," so that the red robes of the cardinal and the gold vestments of the priests at the altar, were as soft as the colors in an old picture. We did not go to Notre Dame that morning to wander through its mighty aisles. We went to mass, and saw only what we could see, and assist at the mass devoutly.

And this was our Christmas in Paris! The city which is called not only one of the most polished, but the worldliest city in the world! Yet we had found all the churches crowded, and all the people in them devout. Indeed, no one seemed to mind anything about his or her neighbor. For once, we were where no one seemed to think of dress or of fashion; but where everyone was absorbed, perfectly absorbed, by the solemnities at the altar. What tenderness of devotion, too, had we seen among those who received Holy Communion at any of the altars! What a gentle courtesy had been shown

to ourselves, strangers! And how immediately we had felt ourselves at home, as soon as the mass began! How glad we were that the mass was not said in French, but in the same old Latin tongue as in the United States! How consoling it was to realize that mass was the same in Europe as in America, and we just as much at home before an altar in Paris, as before an altar in Boston or Chicago!

SAINT STEPHEN'S OF THE MOUNT; OR, THE LITTLE SAINT GENEVIEVE'S.

OH, how pretty!" and Twinkle's eyes twinkled brighter than the star she was named for.

"How can you call a church pretty?" gravely asked Annie. "And such an old church!"

"Pretty may not be exactly the right word; but picturesque is too modern. Perhaps *quaint* will do," said Twinkle, looking archly at papa.

"You may venture to call it quaint," said papa; "and when you enter the church, Annie will even allow you to call it pretty."

"I think, papa," said Twinkle, encouraged by this, "that I shall venture to call it charming. Only contrast it with this vast Pantheon which we have just left, and which they call *Saint Genevieve's!* No one would ever think of its being a church, in the first place; and then, no matter how many grand sculptures it may have, all about Saint Genevieve, as the guide-book tells us, it does not look the least in the world like dear Saint Genevieve. But this church, which we are looking down upon from the very steps of the Pantheon, with its curious square tower, and one round turret, its window exactly like a large rose, above the middle door, and the buttresses

with side-doors squeezed in between them, as if there were not room enough on that wide front; and the queer little windows set here and there, wherever they happened to be wanted—all this is after Saint Genevieve's own heart, and deserves to be called "Little Saint Genevieve's." Standing behind this desolate-looking Pantheon, it is so cheery, so homelike, I think everybody in the neighborhood must love it."

"Now, my dear," said papa, "you have said the very thing that is true. Not only does everybody, in its neighborhood love 'Little Saint Genevieve's,' but everybody in Paris loves it in the same way. The Pantheon Saint Genevieve expresses quite another set of ideas from this quaint old church. In the Pantheon, Saint Genevieve is honored as the patroness of a people grown powerful, rich, learned, and perhaps a little proud of it all. But in the Little Saint Genevieve's, she is honored as the holy shepherdess of Nanterre, who came to the rescue when her country and her countrymen were in danger, and who was as simple-hearted when she gave advice to King Clovis as when she tended her flocks on the hills and along the brooksides of Nanterre. Little Saint Genevieve's was built as long ago as 1121, seven hundred years after her birth, which was in 422. In 1222 it was enlarged, and this square tower and the round turret you admire so much were added at that time. In 1491, one year before the discovery of America, the church was again enlarged, and in 1537 the nave and the choir were rebuilt. The first stone of this portal, which looks so very ancient, was really laid by Queen Marguèrite of Valois, in 1610. But all these restorers took the same view of Saint Genevieve's as those who built it. The church carries one back to the time when Paris, this noble and beautiful city, was far from being what it now is, one of the wonders of the world. But a city or country need not stand before others in power, riches, art or learning, to possess

saints; and thus, while Saint Simon Stylites, once a shepherd in Asia, saw merchants from Paris stop, in order to satisfy a pious curiosity, at the foot of the column on which he lived thirty-seven years, he entreated them to salute for him the holy woman Genevieve, shepherdess of Nanterre, and to commend him to her prayers."

By this time our little party had come to the side door of Saint Genevieve's, which stood open, and in a moment more they were in the middle of the prettiest of all possible churches. It was unlike anything they had seen in views of churches, and it seemed to tell the same history in every part of it. Their first look fell on the screen, before the altar and the choir, and on the spiral stairways winding round the pillars at the entrance of the choir as airily as if they had grown there like vines, instead of having been cut out by human hands. These stairways led not only to the narrow galleries, which seemed to be festooned from one pillar to another, but to a gallery thrown lightly across, and called, in the olden time of Saint Genevieve, the "*Jube* gallery," because, when the monks sang the office in the choir the reader used to come out on this gallery, at the end of matins, and say: *Jube, domine, benedicere;* "Pray, sir, a blessing;" "a custom," said papa, "which is still observed every year on the feast of Saint Genevieve, when the choir sing her praises in such sweet sentences as these:

"The Lord chose her for his own from infancy. He spoke to her heart."

"Outwardly she watched the flocks of her father, but within the Lord was her shepherd."

"She found a great repose in keeping her flock and the solicitude of her heart was a garden of delights before God."

"Serving her Lord in the simplicity of her heart while watching the flocks of her father."

When all this delicate tracery had been admired, and they had said a prayer before the high altar, they made the circuit of the chapels, all of them shaded, somewhat, by the narrow side galleries, and all gently inclining them to devotion. One of these chapels, on the right hand, was a double chapel, and neither Twinkle nor Annie needed any guide-book to tell them that here was the place where the people of Paris expressed their most ardent devotion to their patron saint; for ex-votos, too many to count, hung all around the chapel.

"There," said their father, "you can study out the story of Genevieve from the time she was a little girl and went to the church of Nanterre to get the blessing of Saint Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, when the saint, beholding her innocent, angelic countenance, and seeing upon it the signs of a holy vocation, laid his hand upon her head and kept it there in the sight of all the people while he sang Nones and Vespers with his monks; and then gave her a medal, asking her if she did not wish to be a spouse of Jesus Christ, to which the little maiden answered, with a beaming, eager look, that she had long asked her Lord to take her for his spouse; to the day when the wicked, envying her happiness, stirred up ignorant people to persecute her, and even to have her accused of crimes and condemned to death; but the holy Bishop Germanus, who never forgot her or lost sight of her, was inspired by God to come to her relief; and still farther on, to the time when, the people of Paris being besieged and ready to die of famine, this Genevieve put her own life in peril to bring grain to the starving people, and thus saved Paris to become the most charming city in the world; and still farther on, to the time of Louis VI. in the year 1129, when a pestilence, which burned its victims like a raging fire, was altogether cured as soon as the relics of Saint Genevieve were carried in solemn procession. It is to this miracle that *Saint Etienne du Mont*

owes its great fame. This Little Saint Genevieve's, as we are allowed to call it, is not to be confounded with the very ancient 'Saint Genevieve's the Little,' which has been destroyed. But the devotion to the Saint has been transferred to this church: for in this chapel is the stone coffin in which her precious relics were first laid, and the church itself has always been considered a part of the abbey church of Saint Genevieve, or the Pantheon."

"No wonder," said Annie, "that the Parisians love Saint Genevieve; and no wonder they wished to build the grand Pantheon to honor her, and put into it the work of their great sculptors to show how she prevented, by her prayers, the terrible Attila from destroying Paris. I like the Parisians better for not leaving their patroness to the small old church, interesting as it is."

"Oh, the Pantheon is very well in its way," answered Twinkle; "but I love better this Little Saint Genevieve's; and I hope I shall be here on the 3rd of January, her festival day, and shall see the grand procession in which walks the Archbishop of Paris, with the Abbot of Saint Genevieve's on his right hand; and when the pilgrims come from far and near to pray in her own chapel; and when I shall almost believe I can see Saint Genevieve, the shepherdess of Nanterre, between King Clovis and his noble queen, Saint Clotilde. It would be worth coming to Paris, from America, to see all this."

THE CITY OF SAINT AMBROSE.

THE pale dawn of a December morning among the Alps greeted our eyes as we came slowly through the last tunnel of the Mont Cenis Road, and what a scene of dreary grandeur met our eyes! Winding along the very edge of precipices, crossing chasms which made one dizzy to glance at, above us towered mighty peaks whose tops we vainly tried to see from the windows of the railroad coach; and all wrapped in snow or hoar frost. No wonder a shiver ran through every bone of our bodies as the awful magnificence of this Alpine region struck our eyes by the light, not of moon or of stars, but of the pale winter dawn. We could realize, also, what dangers we had been carried through during the night; and an ejaculation of hearty gratitude came from our lips. Soon, however, the landscape lost this dreary grandeur. The outlines of the hills grew softer, the trees kept something of their summer green, and before we thought of it we were in Turin, with gardens on every side and clad in all the verdure of a sheltered valley among the Alps. It seemed, indeed, as if the grim old mountains had taken the city, like a dear child, on the lap, and put around it everlasting arms of protection from their own snow and icy breezes. What a lovely surprise this Turin was to us!

Why had no one told us of its one great charm? But before this question had been answered, a new delight was engaging every thought. We were skirting rapidly along the base of—yes, they must be mountains; but mountains transfigured, glorified! How near they seemed to us, and yet how far! They covered vast spaces of the blue sky, but they had no bulk; and if they had vanished at any moment we should not have been surprised, any more than we are surprised when the rosy masses of sunset clouds disappear, we know not where; for these mountains, rising into the calm ether, were of the tint of June roses, with light clouds among their summits, and resting, not so much on the earth, to which they did not seem to belong, as on a purple haze; some atmospheric charm which belongs to the valleys of sunny Italy. High among all these seraphic mountain tops, blushing

"Celestial rosy red,"

stood Monte Rosa, in a sort of ecstasy, one could believe, in its nearness to the heaven of heavens, and as if lighted by some reflection of the Beatific Vision on the faces of angels in glory. Nor had this beauteous summit disappeared altogether from our view when we reached Milan; Milan, surnamed *la grande:* once the city of emperors, but still called, for one who was greater than any emperor, the "City of Saint Ambrose."

"No wonder these Milanese have sent up from its foundations one of the most magnificent cathedrals in the world, under the inspiration of those mountain summits!" said somebody very near us; and what a background for the cathedral itself, which some one else has compared to a colossal structure in frost; so delicate are its snowy pinnacles, so like needle points of frost on a window pane the spears of its angels balanced on these very pinnacles; so multitudinous, and not to be counted, the decorations of its sculptured niches! No wonder

indeed, we added, that He who made the mountains and set them in the heavens in their blush of beauty, made them an inspiration to the minds and hearts of a Christian people; and the temple once planned, no wonder they raised its mighty roof, until, from mid-air, they could catch glimpses, by the clear morning light, of Mont Cenis, Mont Blanc, Great Saint Bernard, Monte Rosa nearest of all; then the Matterhorn, Monte Leone by the Simplon Pass, the Bernese Alps, and the summit of Saint Gotthard, with numberless smaller peaks, the domes of great cities, and lastly the Italian Apennines! Yet all this magnificence of architecture and scenery is only the outside, and the background of the Cathedral of Milan.

Next to Saint Peter's at Rome comes the Cathedral at Seville; but the Cathedral at Milan steps in to claim the honor of being the third largest cathedral in Europe. Its tower stands 350 feet above the pavement, with a horizon of the mountain peaks we have given above. With an interior 477 feet in length, its nave is 158 feet high; and when a traveller, fresh from the New World, walks for the first time beneath its vaultings, he may well draw a long breath and a deep one. This vastness is so different from the vastness of the sky or of the ocean, that we find ourselves trying to grasp it, to hold it, to realize it. We are no longer atoms, mere specks, lost to all but the Eye of God; but the mind of man, which can measure whatever man has planned, stands shoulder to shoulder with the mind of the architect and the sculptor and the painter, like a nobleman among his peers. So exalting is this architecture to the soul.

When the eyes have taken in this vastness, all at once they drink in the glory of the windows; windows that seem to shoot like arrows of light into the dimness of those lofty arches, but are so massive in themselves that we wonder how the delicate stone traceries, in which they are set like precious

jewels, can sustain their weight. For these are not painted windows. Their pictures, all aglow with the richest colors to be found in air or on earth or in the gems from its mountains, are mosaics in stained glass; each piece set in lead, just as each piece of marble in a mosaic pin is set in the mortar which holds it to its neighbor; only the window is a transparent mosaic. Marvels of skill we may well call them. Each window is a study for hours, for the three vast windows of the choir, or sanctuary, contain three hundred and fifty representations of scenes in Scripture.

But this choir or sanctuary! Once behind it—for it stands by itself, quite detached from the wall, like a sacred island—we do not see the unfinished back of an altar, or the unfinished back of a sanctuary wall, but a grand semicircle of—what? Marble? Yes; but not mere marble. There is all the difference in the world between a beautifully squared or rounded block of marble, ever so highly polished, and that same block with a design upon it; and not a mere design like a leaf or symbol, but a living scene, in which we see men working with their fellow-men, or God manifested to these men in some one of the thousand ways in which God makes Himself known to His creatures. Now this is the sort of marble we see, like a high semicircular wall, behind the sanctuary or choir in the cathedral at Milan. Each block of this creamy white marble bears on its face some scene from Scripture; and we walked around it in wonder and admiration, as if through a gallery of sculptures; not statues, but all in relief, like the figures on a medal. We never recall this sculptured marble wall, at the back of the cathedral choir in Milan, without a feeling of profound veneration. Never, unless on the sculptured walls of the winding passages to the crypt of the Vatican, to be seen only by the light of tapers, could work be done more immediately for the Eye of God.

In the right aisle, as we leave the cathedral, is the tomb of Saint Charles Borromeo, Bishop of Milan; and dearly does she cherish his memory. For the beauty and costliness of this shrine, no other explanation is needed than that given by the plain wooden crucifix which stands over its altar; since it was with this crucifix in hand that Saint Charles, barefooted, with a halter around his neck, headed the procession through the streets of Milan, when the city was devastated by the plague in 1576; and it was this crucifix which he held before the eyes of the dying, exhorting them to faith and hope.

As we had entered the cathedral, a flower-girl held up to us her small bunches of fragrant violets. When we came to the shrine of Saint Charles Borromeo, we pressed them through the bars of the railing, that they might touch the place made sacred by his relics and then be sent to one who had borne worthily, for many years, his name in religion. How little did we realize that at almost every step in Rome we should meet with some relic of this great saint, showing how he was reverenced on the very spot where the early martyrs had won their palms!

In a piazza near the cathedral stands the monument erected by the Milanese in honor of Leonardo da Vinci. A nobler portrait statue there is not in all the world, than the one of Leonardo which crowns this monument. Venerable, without having lost one line of beauty from his countenance, he stands among his countrymen like an ideal of gracious manhood; for such he was, who, while a sculptor, still ranks among the four greatest painters in the world; who was a musician as well as a poet, singing his lyrics to his own airs; whose horsemanship was worthy of a knight in the ages of chivalry, and whose hands, so beautiful in their manly proportions, so skilled in touching the lyre and indeed every musical instrument common in those times, were so strong that he could twist a horse-

shoe for pleasure, while he lived and died like a true Christian. From the foot of this monument, where should we turn our horses' heads but to the old Convent of *Santa Maria delle Grazie*, close by the *Porta Magenta*, an abbey-church of the 15th century? For in the southeast angle of the small piazza to the north of this church is the entrance to the former convent of *Santa Maria delle Grazie;* and in what was once the refectory of the monastery, high up on its lofty wall, stands the picture of the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci.

A chill struck to our very souls as we saw what was once the house of religious occupied by government officials; and this picture, sacred even among the most sacred, out of the hands of its rightful owners; not only this, but mutilated to afford the convenience of a door for the cavalry once lodged there. The desolation of the apartment weighed on our spirits; and, worse than all, everything we had heard of the slow decay of this wonderful picture was true. Flakes of color had fallen from every part of it, and what remains seems to be held by some strange tenacity, as if the wall and the picture really loved each other. We looked through tears at this picture, which had drawn us, like a loadstone, to Milan; every print of which, from early childhood, we had preserved with such care; but while we looked at it with such regret, all at once the divine picture came back to the walls. The apostles, the eager Peter, the affectionate John, the grand old Simon, the beautiful Philip, the tender James, Thaddeus in his grave wisdom, Andrew worthy to be the brother of Peter, Bartholomew, Matthew, James the Less, the doubting Thomas, the perfidious Judas, all were there in characters a child could read, but which the learned never ponder without astonishment; and among them all, the one Holy Face, which, for eighteen hundred years, has entranced the imagination of Christendom; the Face of perfect beauty and a divine pathos,

which every artist has prayed and wept and offered sacrifices to obtain grace to render worthily to the eyes of his fellow-men; but never, we believe, with the success of Leonardo da Vinci. "My soul is sorrowful even unto death," breathes through every line of that countenance with its veiled eyes, while the outspread hands consecrate the bread and the wine which is to be His own Body and His own Most Precious Blood! If there is one head in the world which satisfies the ideal of beauty and the sense of devotion, it is this head of our Lord on the walls of the refectory in *Santa Maria delle Grazie* at Milan. Nor is this without reason; for there can be no doubt that Leonardo had seen the handkerchief of Saint Veronica, at Rome, on which was imprinted the Holy Face of our Redeemer on His way to Calvary. The great artists were the very ones most careful to bear in mind the types endeared to the minds of the Christian people by tradition, and thus secured the marked individuality to be seen in all their chief personages.

But at this very west end of the town, is a spot sacred to all Christendom; to the unlearned, as well as to the learned, and to those who have never even heard of Leonardo or of his picture; for here is the Church of Saint Ambrose, fragrant not only with his memory but with that of Saint Augustine. This church, founded by Saint Ambrose in the 6th century, stands on the spot where a temple of Bacchus once drew the Milanese to a false and degrading worship. This was a favorite practice with the early Christian bishops, by which they put Christian associations and ideas in the place of heathen ones; thus "overcoming evil with good." But what a contrast between this Church of Saint Ambrose and the cathedral! The cathedral, with its white marble walls and buttresses and soaring pinnacles, giving out sunshine as well as taking it; *Sant' Ambrogio* standing in a walled court-yard, on each side

arcades, their round arches supported on heavy columns with Gothic capitals, each one different from the others; and rising above the low pointed front on either side, two square towers of brick; of brick, but of such as only the soil of Italy seems to furnish; not of the poor tint known among us as "brick-red," but of a deep purplish hue, called by artists Indian red. These brick towers in Italy are generally square, sometimes pierced here and there with narrow slits for windows, and then again are built into open arches; but they are always beautiful in their lightness or grand in their simplicity; never heavy, never ugly. And this is true, certainly, of the two brick towers of the old Church of Saint Ambrose in Milan. Plain as they are, too, they are still different from each other; the one on the right is without any ornament, just a square tower, with two beautifully proportioned arched openings on all of its four sides; and through these openings we can see as well as hear the bells. The left hand tower, which is larger than the other, is prettily marked with terra-cotta bands, and with the same sort of scallop work in brick which makes a *frieze* or border for the pointed front of the church and along the eaves of the arcades. Instead of the arched openings, we find mere slits for windows, and then at the top long parallelogram openings set close under the roof; while over the top of both towers, and over the sides of the arcades, hang the ends of the tiles of the roof, thus giving a picturesque line to please the eye, instead of one long, uninteresting straight line. There is no marble about all this, not even any stone; but there is a solid and most ancient look about the whole. And something very solemn, too, as one enters the court-yard, and walks over these smooth flag-stones bordered by pebbles set in patterns, with here and there a tuft of grass sending up its green blades, and deep in the shadow of the arcades the tombs of old Milanese families, or of ancient worthies whose names

are thus kept in remembrance, with notable inscriptions and crumbling frescoes. The whole front is broken into arched openings, used for doors in the lower storey, and making a sort of open gallery or *loggia* in the upper storey. On the left hand of the middle door is a portrait of Saint Ambrose, with his mitre, cope and pallium; under a canopy, and beside him, stand the two saints, Gervase and Protase, in their dalmatics or vestments as deacons, whose relics Saint Ambrose discovered and placed with many ceremonies under the high altar of this church. The Church has put the name of these holy martyrs in the Litany of the Saints, and their story is too beautiful to be passed over had we not given it elsewhere.*

The spot where these young martyrs were buried had been forgotten, when, in 386, God was pleased to reveal it to Saint Ambrose himself. This zealous bishop had built, already, a church in Milan dedicated to the honor of God in his apostles; and a portion of their relics had been placed under the altar. When he had built the church which now bears his name, the people of Milan were anxious that he should dedicate it with all the ceremonies observed at the dedication of the other; but Saint Ambrose had no relics to lay in it. Suddenly, as he was regretting this, he felt an extraordinary fervor in his soul, and with this fervor he retired for the night. In a vision or a dream, for Saint Augustine calls it by both these names, the twin martyrs, SS. Gervase and Protase, appeared to the bishop and told him that he would find their relics in the Church of SS. Nabor and Felix. Just as people would in our day, some thought the bishop was doing a very foolish thing when he ordered them to dig close under the railing which protected the sepulchre of these martyrs. Yet, exactly at this spot, over which every one had trod for centuries, were found the bones of two young men of very tall stature, enclosed in a marble

*NOTE.—See Patron Saints, second series.

coffin, and under their heads was this writing on parchment: "I, Philip, a servant of Christ, assisted by my son, have brought and buried in my house the bodies of these two saints. Their mother was named Valeria and their father Vitale. They are twins and named Gervase and Protase."

Then followed an account of the martyrdoms of the whole family, which ended with these solemn words: "I, Philip, with my son, have brought here, secretly, during the night, these holy bodies; and in my house, under the eyes of God only, I have deposited them in this marble tomb, full of confidence that, by the prayers of these happy martyrs, I shall obtain mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, who lives and reigns, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, ages on ages. Amen."

Great, indeed, was the joy of Saint Ambrose, and great indeed was the joy of his people. Miracles on miracles proved these relics to be true relics, and Saint Ambrose himself wrote a letter to his sister, Marcellina, telling her of these wonders; and also, how he had preached to the people standing between the bodies of the two martyrs. When all these ceremonies were concluded, the relics were deposited under the high altar of the church now called the Basilica of Saint Ambrose, where his own relics were afterwards laid beside those of the martyrs he had honored in so singular a manner.

But what of this rusty old door, with its immense hinges and heavy bolts and bars, in the very middle of the basilica front, opened, they tell us, only on great occasions? There is a story about this door which makes it more precious to the Milanese than any door which the art of man could fashion, even if of molten gold.

The Emperor Theodosius was a good Christian and a dear friend of the Bishop of Milan, Saint Ambrose. Never did he go into battle without asking the blessing of God; and never, when at Milan, did he fail to take advice of Saint Ambrose.

Botheric, the commander of the army, moved by a noble indignation against a charioteer of the circus, who had most wickedly injured a servant maid belonging to the commander's household, imprisoned the guilty man, and even when the day came for the public shows refused to release him. This so enraged the people, disappointed of their sport, that they rose up against Botheric, killed several of his officers and at last Botheric himself. When Theodosius heard of this he was exasperated beyond measure, and said the people of Thessalonica should be put to the sword. But the advice of Saint Ambrose calmed his mind, and prepared him to act with clemency even towards the guilty. Unfortunately for Theodosius as well as the Thessalonicans, the emperor was obliged to leave Milan for a time, when quite another person than Saint Ambrose had an opportunity to speak to the emperor and to advise him. This was Rufinus, who easily persuaded Theodosius that clemency would only encourage rebellion. By his advice, an order was sent to the commander in Illyricum to let the soldiers loose on the people of Thessalonica until about seven thousand should be put to death! This order was executed with the utmost cruelty, while the people were assembled in the circus. The slaughter continued for three hours, until seven thousand men were massacred, the innocent as well as the guilty.

Saint Ambrose was holding a council at Milan when the news of this awful calamity reached the city. As the emperor was expected to return in a few days, Saint Ambrose left the city so as not to act hastily, and wrote him a letter full of tenderness, but also of firmness, exhorting him to do penance for his great sin, and declaring that he neither could nor would receive his offering or celebrate the Divine Mysteries before him, until this obligation had been fulfilled.

Soon after this the bishop returned to Milan; and the em-

peror, as usual, went to the church for mass. But Saint Ambrose, clothed in the authority of his holy office as bishop, met the emperor in the porch outside this very door, and solemnly declared it closed against him until he had done penance—public penance for his public sin—and then continued: "It seems, sire, that you do not yet comprehend the enormity of the massacre lately committed. Let not the splendor of your purple robes hinder you from knowing the infirmities of the body they cover. You are of the same mould as the subjects you govern; and there is one Lord and Emperor of the world. With what eyes will you behold his temple? With what feet will you tread his sanctuary? How will you lift up to him in prayer the hands which are still stained with blood unjustly spilled? Depart, therefore; and attempt not, by a second offence, to add to your former crime. Take quietly upon you the yoke appointed by the Lord. It is sharp, but it is medicine for your soul's health."

This sublime address by the pastor of the Church at Milan to the emperor of the West and East, has come down to us word for word; nor is it without a most just and noble pride, that the people of Milan preserve the ancient door thus closed by a servant of God against an emperor, on account of his cruelty to his people. So long as this door to the Basilica of Saint Ambrose in Milan stands in its place, it will be a reproof to all pastors who stand in awe of the principalities and powers of this world, and will be a protest of the Church of God against the oppression of her people by their rulers.

It was at the font just within this door, that Saint Ambrose baptized that great penitent, afterwards Bishop of Hippo, Africa, a doctor of the Church and one of its mighty advocates, Saint Augustine. The story of Saint Monica and of her son Augustine, his course of intellectual pride and of sin, followed by a conversion which was the fruit of this mother's prayers, is

one more charming than any tale of fiction. Saint Monica was in Milan and saw the waters of baptism poured over the head of her beloved son; heard, too, that divine hymn of praise, the *Te Deum*, sung by Saint Ambrose and Saint Augustine and the train of priests in their company, as they went in joyful procession from the font to the sanctuary. This hymn, still used by the Church during her seasons of praise and on all occasions of public thanksgiving, is said to have been composed by Saint Ambrose. Saint Augustine tells us that the bishop of Milan was a sweet singer, and also tells how his own soul was flooded with joy when he heard him sing this heavenly anthem, which has ever since been called the *Ambrosian Hymn*. For this reason, we see Saint Ambrose among the saints who surround Saint Cecilia in the renowned picture of this virgin martyr and patroness of sacred song, by Raphael.

With this halo of holy associations crowding the ancient church, what wonder that we knelt with a glow of devotion before the altar, under which reposed the relics of Saint Ambrose and his great protectors, SS. Gervase and Protase; or that we gave a cry of joy when the custodian told us that he would open the doors of the crypt in which they reposed, so that our rosaries could touch the sarcophagi in which they rest? But our custodian did not stop here. On leaving the church, we found small photographs taken from the picture of Saint Ambrose with SS. Gervase and Protase; and nothing would satisfy us until these pictures, also, had touched the shrines where the bodies of the saints rested in the hope of a glorious resurrection. No doubt some persons would smile at the little picture, for the original was not painted by a Raphael or a Leonardo da Vinci; but to our eyes it has the tender grace, the heavenly joy of the celestial people, and is a cherished memento of the church and the city of Saint Ambrose.

THE FIRST VIEW OF ROME.

MONTE ROSA and Milan had faded in the distance, and on a chilly December morning we heard *Firenze* cried out as the railway carriage stopped. There was time for a cup of coffee and a roll, and time, also, to secure a bunch of fresh roses, grown in the open air, from a woman who wore a broad Leghorn-flat; for we were in sunny Florence, the City of the Lily, and although the season was unpropitious we would not fail of securing this small bunch of open air roses. We did not allow ourselves to turn longing eyes on Florence; nor, indeed, did we realize then how near we were to its dearest treasures, and sped on with a sense of growing expectation in our hearts. We passed Orvieto, too, without a sigh for its Duomo, for before the sun would set, we should see Rome. By degrees all mountains disappeared excepting as far off lying hills. The atmosphere of the Campagna grew golden in the last rays of the sun so near its setting, and here and there in the green and gold of its transfigured herbage, glints of cinnibar, then a mist of amethyst, came and went. There was a hushed solemnity in the gentle movement of the railway carriages as if they sped reverently towards the Eternal City. There was no talking among the passengers; no reading. All the

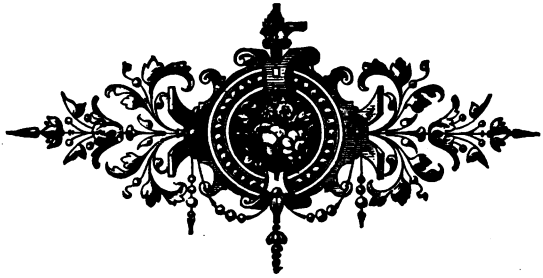
hand parcels were put in order, there was a smoothing down of rumpled travelling wraps, and then each one settled into a calm of expectation, and every eye turned to that point in the low horizon where the one central object in all Rome would first appear; for Saint Peter's is Rome.

The time—or was it the cars?—seemed to drag. The sun would surely set and night would come upon us before we should see Rome! But we did not then know how the winter twilight lingers in these regions. Perhaps the sun had set; but its softened brightness so lingered that we did not miss it as we gazed and watched. Opposite us in the carriage was a venerable priest. He had been to Rome many times, yet even he lifted his eyes, from time to time, from his breviary, to watch. This time without raising his head, he lifted his eyes, then turned them full on us, breathing, rather than speaking, "San Pietro!"

In an instant—in half an instant—every hat was raised and every head bent like that of the good Padre, as a salutation; then every head was thrust from the carriage windows. But the sight we had ourselves came with the look rather than the voice of the Padre, therefore sooner than to others by a half second; and before us like some vision dropped from the skies, a thing of heaven rather than of earth, suspended between both, was indeed, the dome of San Pietro! The vision, for such only it seemed, was in a haze of golden atmosphere and its base faded into blue mist! There was no sign of city nor of people. San Pietro, the single impersonation of Rome, appeared to us in the heavens, then disappeared, like a vision! To others as to ourselves, there must have come with the raising of the hat, with the bending of the head, involuntary as they were, a lifting of the heart to God, perhaps half unconsciously, a venerating, even worshipful recognition of all which this etherealized presence was to each of us, and to

the world. When it had disappeared, a great weight seemed to have been taken from all hearts. It could not have been long although it seemed so, when we had another view. This time not of Saint Peter's but of Rome, which was less like Rome to us, after all; and then, through pleasant vineyards and glimpses of what seemed country, we steamed with great joy of heart into the grand station of the *ferro-via*, or "iron way" of Rome. There was bustle and commotion, but all was cheerful. It was as if an excursion train had steamed into the city. The baggage was soon secured and a carriage which took everything, and we drove away with a feeling of gladness to find the friend on whom we depended to guide our first steps. At the right was the beautiful Santa Maria degli Angeli and we could see the four tall cypresses, said to have been planted by Michael Angelo, made known to us by photographs, then turned from one street to another to come suddenly upon the—"Fontana di Trevi!"—called out W—— in exultation, as if the friend had been found. It was the first really familiar object which had met his eyes. Then came the afterwards well known labyrinth of streets leading to the Piazza Farnese until we faced the grand palazzo and stood alongside Santa Brigida's. The simple wire beside the door did its duty, for in seconds rather than minutes, Father Ferdinando Battista stood at the carriage door. We had heard of this house until it had become one of our day dreams to live here while in Rome, for it had been, from time to time a place where strangers could find a home. But now—how the gates seemed to shut down upon us! The house, all but the convent proper of Santa Brigida's, occupied by the religious of the Holy Cross, was a refuge for the Jesuits expelled from the Gèsu. There was no help for it, and like travellers, rather than pilgrims, as we had hoped to be, we drove to the Hotel Minerva, on the piazza of the same name.

Looking across this we saw the gothic façade of *Santa Maria Sopra Minerva*, which gives a title to our own Cardinal, and it seemed as if this might have been intended for us all along. We drove into the pretty court yard with its fountain, and its flowers still fresh, although it was the 30th day of December; and how thankful we were, after all our perils, to know we were really in Rome! The next morning, while all was still, we crept down to the court, with its fountain and flowers, through the merest half of a leaf of the great door which was open at that hour, and found our way to Santa Maria Sopra Minerva; and there before one of the altars, where a Dominican was saying mass, we made our thanksgiving for all the graces and mercies received on this toilsome pilgrimage, and for the privilege of breathing the same air with those saints whose halos make the halo of Rome.



PIO NONO.

WHEN are we going to see the Holy Father? We have been in this city of Rome more than a week, and no audience."

I could hardly help laughing at my young friend's impatience. "Americans are always in a hurry," I replied.

"But I came to Rome to see the Holy Father," she insisted, "and what if something should happen, what if I should be called home suddenly, and the Holy Father should be sick (I will not say *die*, for that would be too dreadful,) and I not see him! never get the blessing of *Pio Nono*, who has been Pope longer than I have lived, by six years!"

"Our names have been given in already by the Rector of the American College. No doubt we shall receive our *notification*, as it is called, in a day or two; and the very next day may be the one appointed for us to present ourselves at the Vatican."

All this happened as I had supposed. The notification came the very evening before the morning appointed for the audience. It was a printed form, with the names and dates filled in with a pen, and we were told, in a very few words, how to dress, and, also, to present this notification at the door. For years and years we had envied every one who had actually knelt at the feet of the Father of Christendom, kissed his

ring, and received his paternal blessing; yet, now that the moment drew near when we were to be admitted to so sacred a privilege, we were filled with an inconceivable dread of the formalities which appeared to surround this audience with the Sovereign Pontiff. Between the application for an audience and the receipt of our notification, my young friend had asked all the ladies who had had an audience, what they did; and a very formidable array of facts was the result. Putting what we "must do," with what we "must *not* do" on any account whatever, we began to feel that it was a very serious matter to have an audience. We no longer wondered at such of our Protestant friends as had visited Rome and left it without seeing the Holy Father; and both of us, in the secrecy of our own hearts, declared, that "if we were not Catholics, we would never go through such an ordeal." In spite of our dread, the sun of the 15th of January shone cheerily on the beautiful cornices and armorial bearings of the Farnese Palace directly in front of our apartments, and upon the statues crowning the church of Santa Brigida at our side, when we started for the Vatican. The driver paused a moment as he was mounting his box, for the order, and my young companion said, in French, "To the Vatican!" He seemed to understand, but not to be satisfied; when an inspiration seized me, and I called out: "*Da sua Santita!*"

Never could a brighter smile light up a melancholy countenance than the one which broke over the face of our charioteer. He nodded, smiled, nodded again, and finally laughed outright as he jumped to his seat, and even then turned around to smile again and assure us of his happiness. Twenty years before I had heard this phrase, as the one in common use among the Italians when speaking of the Holy Father. The mere utterance of it, and the response on the intelligent face of our coachman, had a magical effect on myself; for it dis-

pelled all my fears of the Vatican and the guards. A short ride brought us to the bridge, *Ponte Sant' Angelo*, which leads directly to the *Castello Sant' Angelo*. It was on the summit of this castle, built for the Emperor Hadrian's tomb, that Saint Gregory the Great, after joining in a procession for the stay of the plague then desolating the city of Rome, saw an angel standing and sheathing his sword. In fact, the plague had ceased in answer to the prayers of the faithful. The statue which still crowns the castle commemorates this event, and the bridge which leads to the castle, is called, *Ponte Angelo*, because on either hand are colossal statues of angels, bearing the instruments of our Lord's passion. The bridge crossed, in a few moments the great square before Saint Peter's, with its fountains and obelisk, met our eyes; our carriage turned to the private entrance to the Vatican, and in another moment our notification had been shown to the guard and accepted. We had then to mount, as slowly as we pleased, those long flights of stairs peculiar to Rome, but which the Romans knows how to make easy; for each step is very wide, and also very low. Two long flights accomplished, we came to a court, or open square, on which the rooms of the Vatican looked from the interior, and crossed the court to ascend another flight of stairs, when we found ourselves at the door of the entrance hall, the one place we had dreaded. It was a large, square room, and rather dim, and we saw attendants dressed in red brocade, and officials in all sorts of costumes, ecclesiastical and military. A very simple gesture from one of the personages in red brocade told us where to leave our heavy wraps, and another gesture, just as simple and natural, pointed to the door which led to the audience-hall. A curtain hung before it, and thus separated it from another hall running at right angles to it. As we lifted the curtain and passed in, what a cheerful reception the room gave us! The room was

very narrow in proportion to its length, and looked like what it really is, *an enclosed* gallery; all its windows being on one side, and opening on the court below. There was no heavy drapery over the windows: nothing but linen shades. The floor was of white marble, inlaid with gray in plain patterns; on each side was a strip of carpet, and on this were ranged chairs in a long row, and here and there a brazier of coals for heating the room. At the upper end of this hall was an arm-chair, such as one sees often in America, gilt, and mounted with red velvet, and over this was a bust of Pius IX., the present pontiff, whom we had come to see. But if all this was so plain, what shall we say of the beauty of the walls and of the ceiling? Above the chair of the audience-room, on the ceiling, was a fresco of our Lord giving the keys to Saint Peter; and this was followed, on one large space of the arches after another, by scenes in the life of our Lord. But these Scripture-scenes were interspersed by every variety of charming details in the way of small groups in plaster or bronze, or paintings, until the walls showed us mystical palm-trees from which the martyrs gathered their palms, around which were grouped all the symbols of the Passion, of the Holy Eucharist, of Christianity itself; flowers, fruits, birds, animals and creeping things, all finding a place in this paradise of Christian art. But of all the birds and living things, nothing delighted us so much as the doves. Their plumage had the very irridescence of the dove itself, and every movement of these innocent creatures as they alighted on the palm-branches, or clung to the trunks, had been caught and studied from the life with real affection. Nor is this to be wondered at, for the dove is to be seen everywhere in Rome. If the eagle was the bird and symbol of imperial and pagan Rome, the dove is the bird and the symbol of Christian Rome. On the sealed tombs of her catacombs, on the pillars of Saint Peter's, of Saint

Paul's, of Saint John Lateran, of all her great temples, on the sarcophagi of her popes and martyrs and confessors, on the very columns of her altars, the dove and the olive-branch are to be found; cut, sometimes, deep in the wall, inlaid with precious marble, or in gilt. The very mosaics in the shop windows of Rome bear witness to the dove as the symbol of the Church and of her pontiffs. Therefore it was not strange to see it painted in the audience-hall of the Holy Father, with peculiar grace and life.

It was not to be a crowded audience, we could see, and every one began to feel quite at home. The ladies, and even the gentlemen, looked at what one and another had brought to be blessed. We had been told so positively what must not be worn, that although the air was sharp that day, and a Roman audience-hall not likely to be heated to the temperature of a hall in America, we had obeyed the rule given, and kept to the evening-dress for a quiet reception. But as the hour passed on, I felt chilly; and as, at the same time, I felt quite sure that a plain merino shawl laid in the ante-room would not be deemed out of place, I stepped into this ante-room, by a gesture asked permission of the official in red brocade, and took up the plain shawl with an assurance that if I had asked for the cloak it would have been granted as readily.

The groups along the hall were chatting quietly, when the curtain was drawn on one side, and we knew this to be a sign of the approach of the Holy Father. In a few minutes a little throng of ecclesiastics appeared at the entrance, and in the midst of them the Holy Father! It seemed as if we could not remember the time when Pius IX. was not the Pope of Rome, and of the world, and here he was actually before us! We did not need the quiet gesture of the ecclesiastic to remind us to drop on our knees. The venerable presence, gentle as it was, inspired awe, reverence, fealty. There was the same

benign countenance which we had seen in picture, in bust, in portrait and in cameo, for so many years. The same, only untold times more benignant. There was the same figure, too; but it gave signs of age, and he carried a cane although he did not seem to lean upon it, and in his countenance and movements was a vivacity in spite of years. As the Holy Father moved from one group to another, there was no hurry, nothing which showed that this audience was, to him, a repetition of thousands before it. Time was given to have each name, the relationship between the members of each group understood, and even the personality of each member given to him; and at hearing these, an exclamation came from his lips every now and then. When our own names were given from Chicago, the Holy Father exclaimed over us as if we had just escaped from the flames, and with so much vivacity, even gayety, that we held up the beads used for years, and assured him that even these had been saved, and had come for his blessing. Never did an aged and beloved father move among his children and grandchildren more benignly than did *Pio Nono* among those who had called to see him and to get his blessing, that day. The etiquette of a public audience only requires the lips to be touched to the ring, on the right hand; but several of the gentlemen, evidently ardent Catholics, begged permission to kiss the cross on his embroidered slipper; and to see those gentlemen, themselves already wearing the silvery crown of age, giving voluntarily this mark of homage to the successor of Peter, and the Vicar of Christ upon earth, was enough to bring tears to any eye.

Every child knows that the Holy Father wears white, instead of black, like priests, or purple, like bishops. The soutane is of white wool; the sash, and the little close-fitting cap on the crown of the head, of white silk, and he wears the cross of a bishop; that day he wore a red cloak over his

shoulders. He did not sit on the large gilt chair mounted with red velvet; but when he had spoken with all in the room, he stood a moment among his cardinals and ecclesiastics, and gave us a little address. It was the feast of Saint Paul the Hermit; and the Holy Father, reminding us of this, said we need not perform austerities like those of the saint who lived longer in the desert than the whole lives of old men; but that we must be careful to detach ourselves from the world in spirit, just as much as Saint Paul the Hermit. After this, he said he would bless us all again, and all the articles of devotion we had brought with us, and all our families; at which we all knelt again, while that kind and venerable hand was raised over us in benediction. As he turned towards the entrance, every eye followed him, and it was not until the head of Pius IX., as white as Alpine snows, had disappeared under one of the portals of his pontifical home, that we were ready to wrap ourselves up for our return to our rooms.

There was but one voice among the visitors, whether Catholic or Protestant; *the audience had been a charming one;* and for ourselves, we were impatient for another. All our dread of the Vatican had disappeared. We were not strangers there, nor guests even; for we had been treated as children. Those who say: "We Americans do not make good courtiers, and therefore we did not try to see the Pope," would have found, had they sought an audience, less real formality than is expected at an evening reception given by their friends, or even a dinner party. We could not help remarking upon the simplicity of manner among the cardinals and ecclesiastics; just as we have remarked it among all the Italians since we have been in Rome. We have seen nothing of the mannered bows and airs which people in society seem to think necessary. Graceful movements, amiable gestures, seem to constitute elegance in Italy, or at least in Rome; and these are accomplish-

ments which belong to the mind, the heart, and the soul, even more than to the body, and are the fruit of interior dispositions more than of social training. If the Pontifical Court were to give the rule to the world, how soon affectation would be banished! For the Church has the same symbol for society as for her temples—the dove and the olive-branch.

SANT' AGNESE.

WHILE the Ordo, which guides every priest in the celebration of the festivals of the Church, receives its authority from Rome, there is still another Ordo which can be used only in Rome itself, inasmuch as it regulates the solemnities according to the feasts of those saints whose bodies repose under her altars, or whose relics enrich the subterranean crypts of her ancient chapels. Nowhere as in Rome itself can these festivals be kept in all their beautiful significance, and with a certain sense of actual contact with the saint, who may have worn for more than a thousand years, the aureole of sanctity. This Ordo is the guide of all those visitors to Rome who wish to visit the "*Stations*," or the churches, observing in a special manner the feast of the day. In this Ordo, we found that on the 11th day of January, a Novena would begin in the church of Saint Agnes within the walls, in honor of that saint.

In America, our private novenas to Saint Agnes were certainly fervent; but here was a public one, and we must try to avail ourselves of its privileges. The church we had learned to recognize only a few days after our arrival. It stands on the west side of the Circe Agonale, the largest square in Rome after that of Saint Peter's and is adorned with three fountains, two of which are from very elaborate designs by Bernini, and

one of these is crowned by an obelisk which formerly stood in the circus of Maxentius. On account of the size and beauty of this *piazza*, it is used as a fair-ground on certain days of the week, where all the ancient and modern trinkets of Rome are for sale in booths and gayly-decorated stalls. In fact, this piazza, with its three fountains, always presents a festive aspect, and Saint Agnes seems to smile on the innocent gayety of a people who remember and love her so well.

But our novena? A few minutes before 11 o'clock A. M., the hour named, we passed through the gate of the iron fence in front of the church, which bears as its emblem the Roman dove with the olive-branch in its mouth, on the sharp pickets. A flight of stone steps led us to the door, which we knew to be open, by the heavy wadded and leather-bound curtain which hung before it. We had learned, already, how to raise or push these heavy curtains to one side, and in a moment more stood within that Church of Saint Agnes, virgin and martyr, which Cardinal Wiseman does not hesitate to say is one of the most beautiful churches in Rome. All the light of this circular interior comes from the top of the dome, and falls, on sunny days, with a softened radiance, over every altar ranged upon the walls.

But our novena? Instead of seeing even a very good number of gentle women and young girls quietly kneeling before an altar to Saint Agnes, to recite some prayers in her honor and to win her intercession, we found a congregation, not only of young girls and young women, but of old women and old ladies, old men and old gentlemen, and young men who seemed to be as devout as any in the church, and this congregation had come to assist at a mass; a mass during which the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and followed not only by the prayers of the novena, but by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. And this is what a "Novena" means in Rome!

To see the fervor of this congregation, one might suppose the saint in whose honor it was made had been just canonized, instead of having given, fifteen hundred and seventy-two years before, her testimony to Christ and his Church. The impression made upon the mind of a stranger in Rome by this devotion from all classes, can hardly be measured, and the narrow, winding streets leading from the piazza, seemed to have lost something of their wintry gloom as we returned from the novena.

Heralded by such solemn offices, the feast dawned upon Rome. We need not say that we hastened early to this church; built on the very spot where the saint passed, in a den of infamy, the last night of her life, only to come forth more radiant than ever in her virginal beauty and innocence— a beauty and an innocence which struck awe into the hearts of the wicked beings around her. As usual on festival days, we found the steps to the church and the marble floor strewn with sprigs of green box, with here and there a branch of ivy. We did not fail to gather a handful of these sprigs for the gratification of those who we know bear the name of Agnes from devotion to the saint. As usual, too, on festivals, we found several masses celebrating at the same time, and this, not only in the upper church but at all the altars in the lower church. Yet, no sooner did one priest leave an altar than another took his place. Especially was this seen not only at the altar dedicated to Saint Agnes, but at the altar dedicated to Saint Sebastian, whose feast came the day before, and whose office blends with that of Saint Agnes in the Breviary. Still, it was at the foot of the altar of Saint Agnes that nearly every one crowded to receive Holy Communion; to receive it under the light of innumerable tapers among which flashed reliquaries, rich with gold and jewels as well as rich in sanctity, and amid the perfume of fresh flowers which had bloomed under the open sky

of Rome for the feast of her favorite saint, who is seen above her altar, standing amid flames which have no power to consume.

The day was already bright, and the fountains threw up their water with even more than their usual joyousness, to catch the sunshine over the high roofs built around the ancient piazza, when we left the church and hurried through the winding streets to a late breakfast. But the day had still its solemnities in prospect. This church, beautiful as it is, cannot claim the highest title to veneration on the 21st of January. Outside the walls of Rome, about one mile and a half beyond the Porta Pia on the Nomentan Way, stands the church built by Constantia, the daughter of Constantine, over the very crypt where the relics of the virgin-martyr were "deposited in peace," on the very day of her martyrdom. The villa of Agnes is close by, and to this villa, from which opened a way to the catacombs, the body of Agnes was taken to be laid in an arched subterranean chamber at the entrance to the catacombs, with the passage which led to it open at the top so as to admit both light and air. To this open crypt, the faithful of the early Christian ages were accustomed to bring their many needs, imploring the assistance of Saint Agnes for their relief, not only such humble clients as her dear foster-sister Emerentiana, who thus earned martyrdom at the hands of pagan ruffians who cast down dirt and stones on the head of the innocent child, but such persons as Constantia, the daughter of the reigning emperor. Although not yet a Christian, the pains and disgusts attending a virulent ulcer had not only been dispelled by a vision while praying at Saint Agnes' tomb, but the ulcer perfectly cured. Her conversion followed, then her baptism, and as a tribute of gratitude she built over the humble chamber in which lay the precious remains of Saint Agnes,

the beautiful basilica which is called *Sant' Agnese fuori le Mura*, or "Saint Agnes outside the walls."

Our readers will find the Porta Pia and the Nomentan Way, with the charming views on either hand, described in the "Fabiola" of Cardinal Wiseman. But not even that accomplished pen has done justice to its varied beauties. Villas, gardens, ruins, the hills and groves of an undulating country, make the ride one succession of delights; and through this Porta Pia, and over this Nomentan way, the fairest carriages in Rome were driving on the 21st of January. The space before the court and garden attached to the basilica was thronged; but we passed through this throng to see the box-edged beds of the convent garden, which had been clipped close for the sprigs that strewed the very outmost steps of the place made sacred by the virgin-martyr; and also to see, on our right, the room in which is the fresco that commemorates the escape of the Holy Father, his cardinals, the students of the Propaganda and many of the nobility of Rome, when the flooring of the church gave way and precipitated them many feet below. In this picture are to be seen the youthful likenesses of three Chicago priests: the late Right Reverend John McMullen, D. D., Very Reverend Thaddeus J. Butler, D. D., and Reverend James McGovern, D. D. From this room we crossed a court, where the door opens upon a long flight of steps, by which we descended to the basilica itself. Although chairs were to be had, and although everyone had a chair, yet all seemed to be standing, and the nave of the church was already full. Moreover, the galleries (which are seldom seen in European churches), on three sides of the church, were full also. For a moment we despaired of catching one glimpse of the beautiful ceremony performed nowhere in the world but in this church of Saint Agnes outside the walls of Rome, and on this one day of the three hundred and sixty-five, which we had

longed to see for so many years. But we found the side aisles less crowded, and made our way carefully until we were really close to one end of the altar and with a pillar behind us. Here, surrounded by priests of all nations and visitors from all countries to the city of Peter, we assisted at two masses, when the hurrying of acolytes to and from the sacristy seemed to show that the ceremony was soon to take place. The silk vestments of the celebrant were of a bright blood-red, delicately embroidered with gold, as were those of his deacons; but those in the choir wore white wool soutanes, over which hung their lace surplices. We were not mistaken (neither was the crowd, which pressed from the very entrance of the nave to the steps of the altar) in thinking that the ceremony peculiar to the day was near at hand. A faint cloud of incense, and then appeared two acolytes, each bearing in his arms a lamb, white as the driven snow, its feet tied with rose-colored ribbons, and on the side of the gentle creature, plaited ribbons of the same rosy tint were set in the form of I. H. S. Thus adorned as symbols of the Lamb of God offered for us, the two lambs were laid, each on its side, upon the altar. No sooner did the lambs appear in sight in the arms of the acolytes, than a murmur of admiration ran through the whole church, hushed only when the celebrant, with the formal invocation according to the ritual, the sprinkling of holy-water and clouds of sweet incense, solemnly blessed the lambs, from whose wool were to be made the palliums which are worn by the archbishops of the Church as a symbol of the meekness belonging to their high office. When all this had been done, the lambs, hitherto dumb, not opening their mouths, gave a low *bleat*, as much as to say: "We are living lambs and symbols of a living Lord and a living sacrifice." At this low bleat even the celebrant smiled, and the crowd felt at liberty to express their admiration aloud,

as the lambs were carried again, in the arms of the acolytes, to the sacristy.

All that we had heard or read of this ceremony fell short of its exquisite simplicity, beauty and significance, and as we drove away from the basilica of *Sant' Agnese fuori le Mura*, we exclaimed: "After all, what can ever be so beautiful, so absolutely captivating, as the ceremonies of that Church which is the spouse of the Lamb!"

We hardly know how to convey to our readers any idea of the happiness of this day. Our sprigs of box and ivy are still green; but, better still, every sight of an archbishop's pallium, as long as we live, must bring back to us the picture of the two lambs as we saw them blessed on the altar of Saint Agnes. Happy, indeed, are those who bear her gentle name; still more those who, with her name, bear her virtues in their hearts and make them blossom in their lives; for these virtues are full of fortitude, full of hope, full of joy, since Saint Agnes had not only the innocence and gentleness of the Christian virgin, but the heroism of the Christian martyr.

Another memorable visit was made to *Sant' Agnese fuori le Mura*, on the 20th of May, the feast of Saint Agnes of Montepulciano. If the drive had been so lovely in January, how much lovelier in this charming month, when every villa and wall was overhung with roses in full bloom, and Campagna and sky in all their vernal tints! The tower, unlike all others in the world, we said, the basilica half under-ground, the walls of the long flight of stairs set close with fragments and inscriptions from the catacomb below, the altar with its canopy supported by four porphyry columns, the confession before the altar, with its marble railing bearing large vases filled with the choicest flowers, from which we could take a memento of the visit, the exquisite side altar, adorned with mosaics by the Cosmati, and above it the relief in creamy tinted marble of the two youth-

ful deacons, Saint Stephen and Saint Laurence; above all the sunny atmosphere which pervaded this ancient church, left an impression of peace never to be forgotten.

On this visit we found our way to the round temple, as it is called, of *Santa Constantia*, to whom we owe the basilica itself. It is reached by a winding path through shrubbery and is seldom visited; but once known, is sure to attract attention. Perfectly round, the dome is supported by twenty-four double granite columns. Between this dome and the wall, the vaulting is covered with mosaics of the time of Constantine, and about the year 325; flowers, birds, fruit in garlands, in the brightest colors on a white ground, with representations of the gathering of the vintage; even the heavy wains of Italy ladened with grapes and vintagers, drawn by the same mouse-colored oxen with long horns, which we see on the Campagna to-day. The same symbolical decoration was given to the beautiful porphyry sarcophagus, containing the relics of *Santa Constantia*, which once stood opposite the entrance door, as we could see by the scars in the pavement; but which stands now, opposite the porphyry sarcophagus of her grandmother, Saint Helen, in the hall of the Greek Cross, in the Vatican. For several late centuries, it has been the habit of foreign writers upon Rome, to call this round church of *Santa Constantia* a temple of Bacchus, on account of these representations of a vintage. But learned writers in Rome, at this time, have ample authority for calling these vintage scenes symbolical representations of our Lord as "the true vine."

THE CRYPT OF THE VATICAN.

MARTINA! Father Wallace has permission to say mass in the Crypt of Saint Peter's on Thursday morning; and not only permission to say mass, but to take six ladies with him, for his sister, of course, would wish to go; and we, Martina, have been invited to go with her. Just think of it! Not in the great church where everybody can stroll about, even when the priest is celebrating mass; but down in the crypt, for which no one less than a cardinal can give us permission. This is more than I expected, even in Rome. But why do you not exclaim over my news, Martina? Why do you not say: 'Oh, how good of Father Wallace, and of his sister, to give us such a privilege!'"

"It is very good of Father Wallace, and of his sister, too, Celia," said Martina; "but I have a dread of these crypts. They must be like the catacombs or like tombs."

"But remember, Martina, who lie in this tomb; no others than the great apostles, Saint Peter and Saint Paul; and you remember how the shadow of Saint Peter cured the sick in his life-time, and how Saint Paul shook a viper from his hand and was unharmed by its bite. As to the catacombs, it is a privilege we can never have, to be present at a mass in the places where so many saints and martyrs were prepared for

their victory; but if I had an opportunity of doing so, as I have of going to the crypt in Saint Peter's, you may be certain I should improve it."

"I know you would, Celia, and so would I; but still I do not feel quite as you do about it. They oppress me; I seem to be in my own tomb."

"And you have the name of a martyr as well as I! Those martyrs not only visited these underground chapels, but often, for years, never heard mass above them. The pleasant light of the rising sun, which is so beautiful in any church, but, we think, nowhere so beautiful as in Santa Maria Maggiore, never touched the walls of these underground chapels. There were none of these delights to attract the early Christians to the small chambers in the catacombs, yet how bravely they bore all these privations; bore them not for one year or two years, but sometimes their life long; while we who claim their names, and think we are very devout to them, dread to enter the places in which they served God so faithfully!"

"I know, Celia, that I deserve all you say; but do not lose patience; I came to Rome to learn the lessons which the martyrs teach, quite as much as to see sights. I do not forget that Saint Martina was a martyr as well as a virgin; and when we went to her lovely church on her feast-day, opposite the Mamertine Prison, and saw her statue lying just above the high altar, and I gave my rosary to the priest that it might touch her relics, I asked Saint Martina to obtain for me, by her prayers, the grace of courage and of fortitude; I not only asked her to obtain this grace for me, but I resolved to acquire it, with the help of God. Ever since I have been in Rome, I have wondered at the courage of the martyrs; because we realize here what they suffered. Not only what they suffered just at the hour or moment of death, but what lives of privation they led, and their continual expectation of a painful

death. I often ask myself if I should have had the grace to be a martyr, if I had lived when Saint Martina did."

"Yes, indeed you would, Martina," exclaimed Celia, very earnestly. "It was not the people who were naturally the bravest who endured the hardest martyrdoms, but those who had the most love for Our Lord Jesus Christ. And you, dear Martina, are certainly very pious. So do not be afraid of yourself, with God's help, nor of the crypt," she added, laughing.

Martina laughed too at this, and the two girls went on to lay their plans for going to the crypt on the next Thursday morning.

"We must be ready to start at half-past eight o'clock, Miss Wallace told me," said Celia, "as the time named for Father Wallace's mass is nine o'clock, and other priests may be waiting to say their masses in the crypt. Every priest who visits Rome asks for this privilege, and sometimes several masses are said there, one after another. As soon as one priest leaves the altar, Father Wallace says, another is ready to take his place."

When Thursday morning came, Celia and Martina were ready to go to Saint Peter's. They had also prepared themselves by confession to receive Holy Communion in the crypt; "for," as they said, "when will another such opportunity be given to us."

No one can ever drive, or walk, or approach Saint Peter's in any way, without feeling how grand is the open space before this church, which may be said to belong to the whole world. The curved colonnades on each side of the church seem like the arms of our Holy Mother outspread to receive and embrace her children, coming to her from all climes and all lands; while the two fountains serve to welcome us as they send up their spray against the blue of the Italian sky. Then, too, how the piazza, or great square, seems to widen as we ride

or walk over it, and when we come to the obelisk which stands in the centre, we find we are still far off from the door of Saint Peter's. If this is true the first time we go there, it is true still more the third, or even the fifth time. We learn only by degrees how vast is the square, how extensive the colonnades which lead to the largest church in the world.

Martina and Celia had visited Saint Peter's times enough to feel its grandeur, and they were glad to find themselves beside Miss Wallace, and to see Father Wallace's white head leading the way up the long flights of steps. They did not walk too fast to look again at Saint Peter on the sea, or *La Navicella*, as it stands over the middle and outside entrance. They knew that it was copied from one by Giotto, which used to stand in the entrance-court of the earlier Saint Peter's, and they loved to remember that the artist whose works, even when copied, could be chosen for such a place, was taken from tending his flock of sheep on the hills of Florence, to study art. How humbly and how fervently Saint Peter kneels at the feet of his Master, and how gently that Master reproves him for his want of faith! And yet Saint Peter was the rock upon which his church was to stand, and against which not even the powers of hell should ever prevail. Martina took courage for her visit to the crypt, as she looked at Saint Peter above the great door-way, and saw how mildly our Lord raised him up while sinking. Then they crossed the portico, lifted the heavy curtain, leathern and padded, which hung before the door, and found themselves in a sort of square vestibule, with the same heavy, leathern and padded curtain to be lifted, and then they stood in the nave of Saint Peter's itself. Just before them was a round slab of red porphyry, on which the Roman Emperors were crowned ages and ages ago. On the right hand, in a chapel, they saw that true master-piece, executed by Michael Angelo when only twenty-four years of

age, called the *Pieta*, or the Blessed Virgin bewailing her Son, who lies dead on her knees. It was a mere glance which they could now take of it, but it touched their young hearts, and they stepped more gently than before towards the holy-water font, held up by two angels as large as themselves. How grandly the founders of the religious orders looked down upon them from their niches in the great pillars on either hand, as they walked up the long nave, while before them shone more than a hundred lamps, which burn day and night before the relics of the two holy apostles, Saint Peter and Saint Paul. Before they reached the lamps, however, they passed the statue of Saint Peter sitting in his chair as pope, and they did not pass it without kissing the bronze foot, worn by the lips of those Christians who are not ashamed to own Saint Peter as their guide, and as the Vicar of Christ upon earth. They knelt, too, a moment, before the Confession of Saint Peter, with its ever burning lamps, over which is the altar at which no one says mass but the pope himself; and then found the little gate that opens to the crypt under the statue of Saint Veronica. They stood here alone with Miss Wallace for a moment, for Father Wallace had already gone in, when they were met by the sacristan, who was looking for them. A few steps led to a door, where the sacristan knocked, and in a moment it was opened by a lively little fellow hardly twelve years old, with a large wax candle in his hand, wearing a crimped white surplice and high-heeled shoes with buckles. He seemed to feel all the dignity of his office, as he let the party through the entrance to the crypt, but ran on so fast that it was difficult for any one to keep up with him. In a moment he found he was alone, came back laughing, and walked very quietly along the curved passage which led to the chapel, on which the girls caught glimpses of sculptures in the finest marble, and found themselves presently under the low but richly gilded arches

of the chapel. Every inch of the walls, of the arches, was adorned with works of art, illustrating the history of Christianity, the life and passion of our Lord, or the story of his two apostles. There was no tabernacle on the altar; but the golden candlesticks were there, and great wax tapers lighted up the whole crypt. The altar itself, under which lie the relics of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, was of marble, and the whole was one piece of beautiful Florentine mosaic. On the front of the altar, exactly in the centre, was represented the cross with the head downwards, on which Saint Peter was crucified, and the sword with which Saint Paul was beheaded. Around these, in the same Florentine mosaic work, was a wreath of lily leaves in pale green marble, and, on each side, stems of blooming lilies of exquisite form; while at the side, this front of the altar was finished by narrow panels of marble, in which were represented the keys of Saint Peter, and the tiara, or triple mitre of the popes. This same design of the keys and the tiara, was seen woven into the red damask which covered the cushions on the kneeling-stools. The girls found that there were seats in the chapel for exactly six persons. A priest was saying mass when they entered, and the little boy who had opened the door for them was one of the acolytes. It was evident that he was in a hurry to return to his place at the altar, when he left them behind him in the winding passage-way.

When Father Wallace's turn came to say mass, he wore a red vestment, like the other priest who had just finished. A priest, who seemed to watch over the mass in the crypt, arranged the missal and pointed out everything to Father Wallace with the greatest courtesy, and the little boys who served seemed to feel a tender respect for this white-haired stranger, who was so fervent, so recollected. It was, indeed, a great day for Father Wallace; one on which a priest can thank God for his vocation, and for the graces by which he has kept it.

Celia and Martina took good care to pray not only for the See of Rome, and the successor of Saint Peter in the person of Pius IX., but also for Father Wallace, that he might ever be in the most perfect unity with the See of Peter, and ever be instructed by Saint Paul in all things belonging to his ministry.

But what a great day was this for our two American girls! How many there were to pray for! For some, that they might possess the gift of faith; for others, that they might keep and practice it; for themselves, that they might never be unfaithful to this singular privilege of not only hearing mass, but actually receiving Holy Communion in the Crypt of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. When all had made their thanksgiving, the same bright little boy took up his great wax candle and showed them the relics, in gilt, bronze and marble, in the small sacristy, then led them along the winding passage from the chapel. They could have spent hours in admiring these noble sculptures, below the floor of the great church over their heads, where people were walking about with their red guide-books in their hands; but they had a long ride to take from Saint Peter's before they could have breakfast. So they allowed their little guide just to flash his taper over every relief as he passed, with an explanation almost as short as the flash of light upon it. There had been nothing gloomy, nothing oppressive in their visit to the crypt. It had not been so much a visit to the Tomb of the Apostles, as a visit to their precious and holy relics, and the hearts of both Celia and Martina had been lifted into those heavenly regions where we breathe only the pure and invigorating air of faith, of hope and of never-dying charity. As they came again to the *Confessio* with its burning lamps, how fervently they prayed before it. As they passed again before Saint Peter in his chair as pope, how they bowed their foreheads, as well as their lips,

to the worn bronze of the foot, humbly asking God to enlighten their minds and sanctify their intellects for his divine service. As they crossed the portico again, and stood on the steps overlooking the square with its obelisk, its fountains, its two embracing colonnades, with their statues relieved against the sky, and looked up on the left hand to the rooms of the Vatican, where Pius IX. was really a prisoner, Celia said to Martina with a smile:

"The crypt was not so very much to be dreaded, after all, was it?"

"Oh, no!" answered Martina, laughing, "I believe Rome will cure me of my cowardice. I am ready now for a mass in the catacombs."

"Take care, my child," said Father Wallace, "not to lose this present grace of holy courage. Our own country has seen martyrs, their garments red with their own blood. But there are also bloodless martyrs, and to this band many a Christian of to-day is called. After this morning you can never shrink from that call; for, timid as you are by nature, God's grace will become your strength in the midst of weakness as he was of Saint Peter, and of Saint Paul, and of all his saints and martyrs."

SANT' AGATA.

WHEN I wrote the story of Saint Agatha, virgin and martyr, I little thought how soon I should keep her festival in her own church, within the walls of Rome; but when the fifth of February came around and found me in Rome, I resolved that no distance should keep me from Saint Agatha's church. There, I knew her feast would be celebrated with all possible splendor, and this was all I really knew about Saint Agatha's. It was one of the cloudy days in Rome; but not a gloomy one. We seemed to feel the sun behind the clouds, and there was something charming in the very air, as we drove around the Villa Aldobrandini,* and saw the cypresses lifting their heads above the high walls of the garden, and, close to the dark cypresses, the orange trees and their golden fruit. Can it be February, and the feast of Saint Agatha? we asked of ourselves; but we could have no doubt about it when we came to the church. There was a side court, with green moss on its walls, and looking as if it had stood there for ages, through which we found our way into the church. It was still early for the solemn high mass of the day; therefore, as preparations were still

*See Saint Agatha, Patron Saints, second series.

going on in the sanctuary, the principal door was not yet open; but everything within and without wore a festive aspect. The ancient granite columns were draped in crimson damask, and rose-colored and white draperies gave warmth and sunshine to the venerable aisles. We had time for two low masses at the side altars, upon one of which is the head of Saint Agatha in a case of silver gilt. To this altar we saw all the poor people and even the little children hurrying, for this one was dedicated in a special manner to the saint. Upon this very spot, so long ago as the fifth century, had stood a church in honor of Saint Agatha; and here the beautiful round arches of her basilica still bear up the frescoes painted above them, which tell the story of her sufferings and final triumph.

These sufferings were so terrible, so almost unheard of, that the church singing her praises, says: "Let us all rejoice in the Lord, celebrating a festival day in honor of blessed Agatha, virgin and martyr; at whose passion the angels rejoice, and give praise to the Son of God." Suffering, was not a word which said enough; the church called her martyrdom a *passion*, so terrible was her torment, so fervent the love for Christ which sustained her courage and her constancy.

The guide-book does not say one word about these pictures; but every child who runs in and out of that church, stretches out its little arm to reach the holy water font, then looks upward as it blesses itself and learns from these pictures the story of the virgin-martyr. In one picture we see her in her beautiful garments, with other ladies of rank, and everybody seems to admire her. Then we see her before the prefect, who commands her to offer incense to the gods; but we can also see, young and beautiful as she is, that she will never offer incense to the idols, whom her countrymen blindly worship. The next picture shows us the torture to which she was put; for there she stands bound, while an executioner, with his

cruel shears, cuts off her breasts. We should have been chilled with horror as we looked, had not the face of the virgin martyr told us that her soul had risen above the touch of mortal pain, for she is thinking not of her torments, but of Him who once died for her The next picture, and the one which first caught our eyes, was the visit of Saint Peter to Saint Agatha, as she lay in her prison after her torture; where, as she lay on the floor, her soul still sustained by her confidence in God, her wounds were healed instantly at the word of Saint Peter. The church is careful to remind her faithful children of this every year; for in the communion of the mass, she says: "He who vouchsafed to cure me of all my wounds, and restore my breasts to my body, is the living God, on whom I call!" these being the very words used by Saint Agatha, when the prefect questioned her concerning the cure of her wounds. In the next picture we see Saint Agatha about to be beheaded; and in the last of all she lies in the calm sleep of her martyrdom, crowned with red and white roses. One must see this last picture to realize the holy rapture of that young face, radiant with her love of Christ, which took all the sting from death.

But these pictures, and even the relics of Saint Agatha on the altars, were not all we saw there. The friend who was with us led us to the wall of the church, on which was a tablet with a picture cut in the marble. It represented a statesman and patriot, defending the liberties of his country in a national assembly; but what will you say, when I tell you this statesman and patriot was Ireland's noble son, Daniel O'Connell? And what will you say when I tell you, that, behind that marble tablet lies the true and good heart of Daniel O'Connell himself? What will you say, again, when I tell you, that, dying on his way to Rome, in his own words he gave *his soul to God, his body to Ireland and his heart to Rome!* If he

could not offer his homage in person to the See of Peter, he would, at least, proclaim to the world that his patriotism, which even his enemies admired, had been inspired by his faith.

But where in Rome should the heart of O'Connell be laid? Well as he had loved his faith, he was not a martyr, nor even a saint, in whose honor an altar and a church could be raised. But there was a place in Rome where those who loved him as the "Great Liberator," who loved him as only his countrymen could love him, would guard the unseen treasure of his heart, bequeathed to that Rome to which he was proud to own his allegiance. This place was no other than the Irish College, to which had been given the beautiful old church of Saint Agatha, virgin and martyr, and under her protection rests the heart of Daniel O'Connell!

As we have knelt, day after day, in the churches of Rome, as we have walked slowly up and down their long aisles, or, as in the Pantheon, we have walked round and round under their high domes, we have seen many monuments that were more beautiful than the tablet which tells how Daniel O'Connell left his heart to Christian Rome. Great theologians, great jurists, and doctors of medicine, great artists and poets, have found a place within the walls of these wonderful Roman churches; and, rich as these churches are in pictures, in statues, the eye of the traveller still searches for these names on some small tablet or some costly tomb. We had not searched for this tablet, for we were thinking only of Saint Agatha when we went to the church. It came before our eyes like a joyful surprise, an unexpected happiness; something, in fact, to be proud of, in behalf of that nation to which America and American Catholics owe so much. It was while standing by this tablet that we heard how Saint Agatha's church and the Irish College were all one; and just as we had heard this, the little bell at the door of the sacristy

told us that the solemn high mass of the day would be celebrated. How beautiful was the blood-red veil of the tabernacle, with its gold embroidery. How beautiful the red dalmatics of the deacon; and, above all, the vestments of the prelate who was to celebrate mass; no less a person than Bishop Moran of Ireland, nephew to the venerable Cardinal Cullen! Within the inclosed square before the altar were ranged the Irish students of the college, and all the responses came from them instead of the choir. When the bishop had given the blessing and the last prayer for the Holy Father had been said, and not until then, we left the church of Saint Agatha, in which we had found so much to interest us, and passed again below the gardens of the Villa Aldobrandini with their cypress and orange trees. But we resolved to treasure up the memory of this holy festival; and never again shall we think of Saint Agatha's church without remembering the Irish College and the Great Liberator, whose heart protected by its walls, is, like them, under the patronage of a virgin-martyr, to whom the church has given one of her most beautiful offices. There is not a child, in whose veins runs one drop of Irish blood, who should not feel proud and grateful to have the name of Ireland's beloved champion associated with the name of Saint Agatha, and with all the holy titles of her basilica to veneration. Within that basilica O'Connell's heart rests; and this should inspire in every child upon whom he has a claim, a new devotion to Saint Agatha, as the friend of Ireland, and an intercessor for the children of Ireland all over the world.

THE CATACOMB OF SAINT CALLISTUS.

WHAT a stir and whirr there is, all at once, in the dove-cote of the old tower opposite our window! Among the doves, too, I see now and then a gold-finch and they all fly and whirr together; the large and the small, the old and the young.

Just so it was, one morning in the apartments from which the Norrises overlooked the narrow "*Via dell' Umilta.*" Who could have thought, that in this narrow street would be found apartments so much to the Yankee mind? "We have found comfort in Rome on the Way of Humility," writes Mr. Norris to a friend in America. But this morning all the Norrises are in a state of most happy commotion, for Mr. Norris has come in with a piece of news.

"At last," he said, "your wish, children, is to be gratified. We are to visit the Catacomb of Saint Callistus, on Friday afternoon; not, as I have protested against, at the mercy of a guide, but in the company of Monsignore, the Rector of the American College, who has kindly offered not only to be our companion, but to point out everything to us, and explain everything to us as if we were *all* children. You can ask as many questions as you please, and stay as long as you please,

provided you take a set of fresh tapers; for we must not be left in the dark."

There were no bounds to the delight of the young Norrises at this intelligence. To go with Monsignore was a great honor; but, better than that, they would really learn all about the catacombs, which had been one of their dreams on coming to Rome. They had all read the *Fabiola* of Cardinal Wiseman, and Ned declared he would like to have been one of those good fossors who knew how to throw up, in five minutes, a wall of earth, which would cheat any band of marauding pagans of their prey; and could then afford to laugh in their sleeves, to hear the bewildered persecutors so near them. All the children, too, had had their own dreams about the catacombs, and had been impatient to visit them; but Mr. Norris had been just as resolved to wait until they could see them satisfactorily. He declared he had never forgotten the disappointment of his first visit to the catacombs in company with a party of tourists and a guide.

"Your aunt," he said, "actually cried with disappointment. Since then, I have never been contented with a mere guide on a visit to the Catacombs. It is a solemn privilege, and should be regarded as such."

Friday afternoon was as beautiful as could be desired for the ride of a little more than half an hour from their door to the Catacomb of Saint Callistus. Their road took them within sight of the Coliseum, through the arch of Constantine, past the church of Saint Gregory the Great, with a glimpse on the left of San Stefano Rotondo, and the Navicella; past the old convent of Saint Dominic, San Sisto, and the two churches standing with San Sisto in a sort of cluster, SS. Nereus, Achilleus and Domitilla, and Saint Cæsario, both named for martyrs in which are to be seen frescoes, giving the stories of these martyrs as no written or printed page

could do; and where are such precious mosaic floors, pulpits, bishops' chairs, altars, all of the choicest white marble, and inlaid with brilliant mosaic.

"I wish we could stop a moment at San Cæsario, and see that quaint little pulpit again, with its emblematic evangelists, and the winged creatures which make the capitals of its twisted columns, set close with gold and gem-colored mosaics," said Lucy.

But she was obliged to content herself, this time, with gazing as long as she could on the church itself; for they "must be at Saint Callistus by four o'clock," Mr. Norris said, "so as not to keep Monsignore waiting one moment."

They came to the city walls sooner than the children anticipated, and they exclaimed with delight when they saw the picturesque Gate of Saint Sebastian, with the Arch of Drusus before it so as to look like one object, standing with its towers crowned with the fresh herbage and blossoms of April, just giving up its honors to May. "Of all the gates," they said, "Saint Sebastian's is the one to sketch; and some day—"

"Yes," said Mr. Norris, "some day Lucy shall come to Saint Sebastian's Gate, and stay long enough to secure a good sketch of it."

And now they were at the gate on the right hand of the Appian Way, or *Via Appia*, on which the Catacomb of Saint Callistus lies. The children barely had time to look around and begin to wonder what this and that might mean, and especially the small brick pent-houses, roofed with glass, which they saw scattered irregularly about the field, when Monsignore himself appeared and all clustered around him as the centre of knowledge. Never had they seen Monsignore "more in his element," as Ned said to Lucy; he seemed to guess all they wanted to ask him. And first of all, the ruin in front of the gate, with its arched ceiling. Can it be, each one

thought, "that this is a common ruin?" and while this was in their minds, Monsignore began to say: "The whole of this extensive field belonged to the Cæcilia family; that noble Roman family of most ancient lineage, which not only gave a Cecilia Metella to pagan annals as one of the most virtuous of Roman matrons, but a Saint Cecilia to the Church of Christ. The ruin, whose elegance you must admire, belonged to this family; and yonder is the beautiful tomb of Cecilia Metella." The children could all see it, rising in its beauty amid the green swells of the Campagna, with a background of violet-tinted hills.

"Was Saint Callistus, for whom the Catacomb was named, buried here?" asked Lucy.

"Although a pope and martyr, he was not laid in the catacomb which he enlarged and beautified while he was archdeacon to the holy pope, Zephirin. It was on account of these pious labors that it was called by his name; although one hundred and seventy-four thousand martyrs, and forty-six illustrious bishops, sixteen of whom were popes, were here deposited in peace."

"And the pent-houses," thought Ned. He had the question at his tongue's end, when Monsignore began to point them out, and explain how they served as landmarks to those acquainted with the catacombs, having been recently built over the openings, for air and light, in the principal chambers. "If you look straight before you," he continued, "almost opposite the gate, you will see a building which looks like one line of windows. Under this very building was found the body of Petronilla, the spiritual daughter of Saint Peter, who baptized her. Her relics were deposited in the Catacomb of SS. Nereus and Achilleus, whose church we passed on our way."

"So our favorite old church really owns a catacomb," said Lucy.

"Yes," replied Monsignore, "like the church of Saint Sebastian and the church of Saint Agnes; thus proving the veneration in which these saints were held in those early ages."

"It looks near enough to us," said Ned, "to be the Catacomb of Saint Callistus."

"These two catacombs lie side by side," replied Monsignore; "and with the Catacomb of Saint Sebastian, leading from his church, which lies a little this side of the tomb of Cecilia Metella they form one vast underground city, connected, in fact, but entered by different gates from different directions, like Rome herself. The Catacomb of Saint Lucina, which we shall enter to-day, has now an open connection with that of Saint Callistus, and it is plain to those who know the catacombs well, that there was an understanding among the Christians in regard to all the catacombs; inasmuch as all were under the supervision of the pontiffs, and had in view the same ends, which were to give not only a place of sepulture to the dead, but an asylum to the living, in those ages of most cruel persecution."

"But what are these irregular piles of brick and stone?" asked Ned; "they look as if they had lost their original shape with the storms of centuries."

"As they really have. Formerly these were covered with marble, like all the tombs on the Appian Way; and, like the ruin you saw at the gate, contained the urns in which the ashes of the Roman families were deposited. Many of the noblest houses among the ancient Romans are represented in these shapeless piles of brick and stone on the *Via Appia*. But here is the entrance to the catacomb," and a guide stepped forward to light the tapers of the party. Monsignore said a few words to him in a low voice, and after this the children saw him only hovering on their track, and watching to prevent any mishap.

It was very solemn, this going down, down into the earth, their small tapers throwing scanty light on the stairs, and the rude wall of *tufa*, or soft rock, from which they were cut. As soon as they came to a landing, Monsignore held his taper close to the wall, to let them see the inscriptions, as delicately written as with an etching-point, on the sides of the narrow passage-way; written hundreds of years ago, by pious pilgrims to the tombs of saints and martyrs. For these were not mere idle inscriptions; there might be a name, and sometimes a name still famous in the Christian world, but generally they were sentences, or short ejaculations, in Latin, Greek and the Oriental tongues, expressing the pious emotions of the pilgrim, or invocations to the saints, whose bodies reposed so near. "Thus," said Monsignore, "at the very entrance to the catacomb we have the most convincing proof that the Christians of those ages believed in the intercession of the saints; and it is like finding the footsteps of some voyagers on a strange shore to spell out, in these delicate tracings, the belief of those early and so ardent, Christians.

"But we must not linger here," he continued, "this is only the dim threshold to still greater wonders." And forthwith he led the way along the narrow, dark corridor or passage, into which they seemed to plunge. On each side, from the floor to the low ceiling, were the narrow beds in which the faithful of the first ages of the Church had been laid in the full hope of a resurrection. These narrow beds are empty now, for the bodies of those who were known to be saints were removed ages ago, and those which remained have long returned to dust. The tiles, or thin slabs of marble, by which they were originally closed from view, and sealed in the fresh mortar with some symbol of Christian faith, have also disappeared, and the children saw tier after tier of these empty beds which had been cut in the soft rock, and which still bore the marks

of the pick-axe as freshly as if hewn only yesterday. Lucy involuntarily put out her hand to gather a little of this precious dust, the dust of saints, perhaps of martyrs. But her father caught her hand, and Monsignore said, with a smile: "You can take nothing without the risk of excommunication, Miss Lucy; not even a pinch of this fine dust."

Lucy blushed at her eagerness; but then said: "Ah, well! it is a consolation to be thus assured how carefully their dust is guarded."

"The Church is a most careful mother," said Monsignore; "careful of the very dust of her children, though men have forgotten their names and their history. But here we are at the 'Chamber of the Pontiffs;'" and they turned into an apartment which seemed spacious after walking in that mere foot-path among the dwellings of the dead. The ceiling was an arch, and lighted by one of those very openings which they had seen covered by the pent-houses, before entering the catacomb. But what a strange mingling of broken columns, blocks of precious marbles, pieces of sculptures and inscriptions! The fragments of columns were of exceeding beauty, being of the same spiral order with Corinthian capitals, still seen in the more ancient Roman churches. Even the bases of these columns were of the choicest African marble, richly veined, and of various tints. Here, too, was a marble slab that had been broken into forty pieces, perhaps more, but put together again with untold care. The inscription had been made under Pope Damasus, as was plain from the letters which mark all the inscriptions made for this pope. Where a letter had been broken, and a piece lost, this was restored, but in such a way as to show exactly how much of it was original. "If you would know, here repose the bones of a great number of saints; these venerable tombs guard the bodies of the elect from which the kingdom of heaven has called sublime souls.

There repose the companions of Saint Sixtus, bearing the trophies of the enemy; there are numerous princes who guarded the altars of Christ; there is deposited the pontiff who lived during a long peace; there repose the holy confessors sent from Greece; there sleep young men, children, aged men, with their chaste race who loved and preserved virginal modesty. There, too, I confess, I, Damasus, desire to repose my members; but I fear to vex the ashes of the saints."

This inscription was translated for the party by Monsignore; for good Latin scholars might stumble before these ancient inscriptions, which are without pauses, almost without spaces between the words. He also explained to them how it had been restored to its original place, above an altar; for, as they could all see, there were grooves in the floor where an altar had stood, and the spiral Corinthian columns, and the most precious blocks of African marble, all belonged here, as one could tell by their bases, which still remained. He then pointed out to them four slabs, covering four long cavities in the wall, just like those which they had seen along the narrow passage-way. On these slabs were inscribed, in Greek characters, the names of four popes: Anteros, Fabien, Lucius and Eutychianus. "Four popes really lived between Lucius and Eutychianus," continued Monsignore, "and four spaces, as you see, are here. Their inscriptions are not to be found; but no doubt these four popes, Stephen, Sixtus II., Dionysius, and Felix, were laid here with their predecessors and successor. And remember we are among the people of an early age of Christianity; for all these popes sat on the chair of Peter between the years 252 and 275; from fifty to twenty-five years before the martyrdom of Saint Agnes, which you are familiar with."

"No wonder the columns have been broken!" thought Anastasia aloud.

"The columns are scarcely so old," said Monsignore. "We

must try to remember that when these good popes were brought here, they were brought as martyrs, often hurriedly and at night, after the fossors had dug out a bed in the rock, to seal it up again with a slab bearing the name rudely cut in marble, as you see. But afterwards, in some time of peace, Christians took a pious pleasure in decorating these venerable places where saints and martyrs reposed. And especially, as you see, did Pope Damasus, a saint as well as a pope and a poet, who was pontiff from 366 to 375. It was in the same spirit, also, that the walls of the large chambers in the catacombs were decorated, as you will find them to be. Even this one, which now wears such a look of ruin, has been decorated again and again, as you will perceive if you look sharply at the walls."

All the tapers were held close to the oldest parts of the wall, and the children saw traces of frescoes, which some rude hand had destroyed.

"But how were the frescoes and the columns so spoiled?" asked Anastasia.

"Ah," replied Monsignore, "to answer your question we must not only tell how the Roman emperors persecuted weak Christians in the first centuries, but how barbarous nations, overrunning Italy, gave barbarians for emperors to civilized Rome; and how these emperors not only pursued Christians, but tried to desecrate their most venerated sanctuaries—the chapels in which were the bodies of their martyrs. Through the openings which they discovered above ground, they threw rubbish of all sorts when they found it impossible to find their way among the catacombs; and this was carried to such an extent, that, so soon as they were able, the pontiffs removed the bodies of the most celebrated martyrs to places of greater safety. At one time, in the reign of Diocletian, who forbade the Christians to assemble in the catacombs, or even bury in

them, in order that he might open them to be despoiled, the Christians, with incredible toil, filled up many of the principal galleries and tombs or chapels with earth, and thus protected them from sacrilege. In fact, they were so well protected that they were almost forgotten. We may say that they were closed from the eighth to the nineteenth century, with the exception, perhaps, of the catacomb of Saint Sebastian, which has always been open in certain parts. To this danger we are now indebted for the freshness of these discoveries, which have been made since your father can remember; the most important ones, indeed, since the year 1854."

The children were astonished. "Why, Monsignore," exclaimed Lucy, "I supposed they had always been open, and always visited, just as Saint Jerome says he visited them when a boy; and when the memory of Saint Agnes, and Saint Sebastian, and Saint Pancratius were fresh in the minds of Christians."

"Had they been so," said Monsignore, "you will see how much would have been destroyed, which now comes like a new proof of the doctrines of the Catholic Church. After lying buried, sealed up, for a thousand years, they are now re-opened, and prove that the Catholic Church of to-day is the very same as it was one thousand eight hundred years ago. But which one among you knows the most about Saint Cecilia?"

"Saint Cecilia the martyr and virgin?" asked Anastasia.

"The very same," replied Monsignore.

"Oh, I remember a great deal about her," continued Anastasia. "I have been to her church, built on the spot where her house stood. I have been into the chapel which was the bath-room in which they tried to put her to death, and where she was finally mortally wounded with a sword—not beheaded—but where she died after three days. I have seen,

too, in the same church, the beautiful statue, in creamy-white marble, which was modelled from the body of Saint Cecilia as she lay hundreds of years after her death."

"Then you will feel interested in seeing where she was laid, and where she was found by the good pope, Pascal I." So saying, Monsignore turned directly to the left, and without going through any narrow, dark passages, they found themselves in another beautiful chamber lighted from the top, and—

"Oh!" exclaimed Lucy, "here are the very pictures I have wanted to see all my life! Here is the very head of our Lord, with its cruciform nimbus; one hand raised to bless, the other holding a book, and the countenance so grave, so grand, which I have seen described in books, and even copied; but here I see it exactly where, and exactly as, it was painted! This is to visit the catacombs indeed!"

"But see the figure beside our Lord," said Ned. "And running down the side of the picture, instead of across the wall below it, is the name: *S. Urbanus.* He holds a book, also, and he wears a nimbus, but not a cruciform one; and then he wears a pallium with little black crosses on it, just like the pallium of our own archbishop. And above both of these is still another figure, representing a beautiful woman, adorned with rich robes and pearls, while roses are springing up all around her."

"It must be Saint Cecilia herself," said Lucy, enthusiastically, "and this was her tomb!"

"You have read the pictures well," said Monsignore. "It was indeed here that her body was found by Pascal I. As I have told you, soon after the year 800, Pope Pascal removed the relics of a great number of saints deposited in the catacombs; among others, those of the pontiffs whose names you have read here. While engaged in this pious work he

wished to secure the relics of Saint Cecilia, virgin and martyr, but was not successful in his search. Four years after, as he tells us in his own words, seated on his throne at the dawn of day, he was overpowered with fatigue, and, while listening to the matin chants of the choir, a gracious vision presented itself to his eyes. Saint Cecilia was before him, and said: "While you were removing the relics of the popes from their tombs, I was so near you that we could have talked together." No sooner had Pascal roused himself than he renewed his search, and found the body of the saint, as she had told him, close to the spot where the popes had lain, only on the other side of the wall."

"But how could he have missed seeing this tomb?" asked Lucy.

"When Saint Pascal gave up his search for the relics of Saint Cecilia, it was because he supposed they had been stolen by the barbarians years before. The same means which had protected them from sacrilegious hands very likely prevented their discovery by those who sought them from pious motives." How freshly did the whole story of Saint Cecilia come to their minds, her martyrdom, the finding of her relics, their removal to her church to be placed under the high altar; then the opening of the sarcophagus, hundreds of years after, to find this same body so unchanged to the eye that it could be copied in the clay of the sculptor to be perpetuated in the marble statue which they had seen and admired, declaring that it was like nothing so much as a lily snapped from its stem; how freshly did all this come to their minds as they stood in that dim vault, lighted only by its high tunnel of a window above, and their torches below! Before this, Saint Cecilia might have been, to some of them, like a beautiful imagination; now she was a beautifully solemn reality. As Lucy and Anastasia turned from this richly adorned chamber,

they cast a glance over every corner of it, as if to remember it as long as they lived, and, with a sigh, followed their party again along the passage-way leading to a very interesting set of chambers called the chambers of the sacraments, so fully were the sacraments illustrated on the walls of these underground rooms, or chapels; for they could not have been intended to serve merely as tombs. There was, also, an evident connection between them, one chamber sometimes leading into another, as if the inner one was of the most importance. It would be impossible for any person who had not visited this catacomb many times, to remember exactly how one of these apartments succeeds another, still more impossible to make this clear on paper. Indeed the decorations in many of them were repeated, with slight variations, just as the same story is told in words slightly varied. To the astonishment of the children, they found that what looked, at first, like ornaments merely, were really instructions upon the most sacred dogmas of the Church. On a bit of plaster still clinging to the tufa rock of the walls, they saw, more than once, the figure of a man striking a rock, and water gushing forth. At first they called this Moses, striking the rock for the children of Israel. But they soon saw, and upon the same wall, what convinced them that it was not Moses, but Saint Peter; for not only was the rock struck until water gushed forth, but the same figure of Saint Peter would be standing by the stream, and pouring water upon the heads of his companions. In one case this companion was a child, and the manner of pouring the water precisely the same as the children had seen on many a Sunday afternoon in America, while lingering around the font, to watch the crowd of little babies as they were baptized. Again and again did this symbol of baptism appear before them. Sometimes Saint Peter seemed to welcome this neophyte, newly washed in the waters of regeneration, leading

him forth by the hand; and sometimes Saint Peter would be seen sitting on a rock by this stream, casting in his fisherman's line, or net, for the souls of men, in allusion to what our Lord said to him: "Henceforth thou shalt catch men;" while a dove, with an olive-branch in its mouth, would be hovering near. In one instance, they saw not only Saint Peter fishing very intently and a child being baptized, but an adult reclining as if very ill; and then, after baptism, carrying a bed on his shoulders, like the paralyzed man of the gospel, who was cured by our Lord, then took up his bed and walked. Thus showing how sins are forgiven in the sacrament of baptism.

Looking up to the ceilings of these chambers, on what gracious and lovely designs did their eyes rest! In the centre would be our Lord himself under the form of the Good Shepherd, bearing a lamb on his shoulders, and lambs at his side. Once Monsignore said: "Look very sharp, now, and tell me what you see. Does our Lord, the Good Shepherd, carry a bottle of wine for his sheep, hungry and thirsty from their rambles over the hills?"

The children did look; and then the most simple-hearted among them, little Anastasia, said: "Why, Monsignore, our Lord seems to be carrying a pail of milk!"

The other children all laughed at Anastasia's guess; but Monsignore looked very much pleased, saying: "You have hit the mark exactly. Do you not remember what Saint Peter himself says, about feeding Christians with 'the pure milk of the word?' And our Lord is doing it here. *As new-born infants*, he says, *desire the rational milk without guile.* If you read over the Epistles of Saint Peter, when you return home, you will be surprised to find how many of the images used by Saint Peter are to be found on the walls of the catacombs. But here are other groups of the Good Shepherd

and his sheep; and see!" Monsignore continued, holding his taper to the low ceiling above them, "see how gracefully all these vines and branches and singing-birds, and bunches of grapes, are disposed; just as if they were thinking of nothing but beautifying these walls under ground; and yet, if you study them, you will find everything helping to tell the story of the love of Jesus to sinners in the Sacrament of Penance."

And so it really was. Every group of figures seemed to let in a flood of light on their young minds, and they could see for themselves that the Church of the Catacombs was the same Church into which they had been baptised, and by which they had been instructed. "Now," said Monsignore, after they had passed from one wall to another, peering at every mark by the light of their tapers, "now tell me what these groups mean; for these were painted for the children of the times of the catacombs, as well as for the grown people."

The children saw several persons, generally seven, sitting at a table, and in front of the table baskets filled with bread, on each of which was laid a fish. "The fish means our Lord himself," replied Ned, very thoughtfully and slowly, as if he must speak very correctly.

"And the bread," said Lucy, "certainly means the bread of the Holy Eucharist."

"At first," said Anastasia, "I thought it was the miracle of the loaves and fishes; but the disciples were not sitting at a table then; they were sitting on the green grass."

Monsignore left them to spell out the pictures for themselves, and the conclusion which the children came to was, that they symbolized our Lord in the Holy Eucharist. Ned went on to say, "A fish, in Christian art, stands for our Lord; because, in Greek, the letters of this word, fish, make the monogram of Jesus Christ. And this fish, laid on the bread, tells us that the bread and the fish become the food of Christians."

That they might feel quite sure about this, Monsignore showed them group after group in which the same idea was given under the same symbols. "But here is one," said Monsignore, very enthusiastically, "which is worth all the others!" and he led the way to the next chamber, where they saw on the wall, two pictures just alike, and at the end a long picture around which the plaster had fallen from the wall. Both of these pictures represented baskets filled with bread; not bread in the common form, but flat, unleavened bread; cakes baked in the ashes, as they could see by their color; just such unleavened bread as the Hebrews were told to bake on the night they fled from Egypt, and which was always eaten at the Feast of the Passover. In each basket, too, showing through the wicker-work of the basket, and among the cakes of unleavened bread, was a bottle of red wine; and most wonderful of all, this basket, containing the bread and the wine, was carried on the back of a living fish!

The children exclaimed again and again over this most beautiful and most clearly to be understood symbol of all, as Monsignore had said. "How can any one," they said to each other, "who has seen these pictures on the walls of the catacombs, doubt that the first Christians believed our Lord to be really present in the Holy Eucharist?"

"But we have not done with our symbol yet," said Monsignore. A few steps brought them to the wall on which was—"Now look for yourselves," said Monsignore. Ned, whose eyes and brain were all alive to the wonders of these old walls, was the first to put his taper close to the picture.

"I see, Monsignore, a tripod, and on the tripod I see loaves of bread marked with the sign of the cross, and also a fish."

"Very well," said Monsignore, "let us go a little farther. Put your taper close to the wall and tell me what you see."

"I see the same tripod, and fish and bread laid upon it; and

on each side a figure clothed in vestments or loose robes. One touches a rod to the fish and the bread on the tripod, and the other figure is standing with arms outspread, as if in prayer."

"But what does a tripod mean here?" asked Monsignore.

"The tripod was used in the pagan sacrifices," answered Ned, promptly.

"And therefore," put in Lucy, "the tripod is here the symbol of sacrifice."

"Precisely so," said Monsignore; "now look at the outer end of this long space. What do you see?"

"I see two figures which represent the sacrifice of Isaac; and I should say, Monsignore, that it is given as a type of the sacrifice of Christ, which is here represented by the offering of the bread and the fish on the tripod."

Not only Monsignore, but Lucy and Anastasia, said this was "as plain as A B C." And now they had seen, as Monsignore told them, "how the early Church regarded the Holy Eucharist as a sacrifice, and the unbloody sacrifice of Christ himself, just as the Church does to-day." The children drew long breaths over these proofs of the truth of what they had been learning, as long as they could remember, from the mouths of good priests and religious in America. "Proofs," as Monsignore remarked, "which have been sealed up for a thousand years and are now brought freshly to light for the people of the nineteenth century, who have no longer, if they had ever before, any excuse for saying the church teaches, in her doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, a *new* doctrine."

"Before we pass on to the end of our walk, to-day," continued Monsignore, "there are some pictures on a wall near us which will interest you." They represented a woman sitting with a child in her arms. In one picture a person stands beside her who seems to point her out to those who see her, as one to be admired and honored. In the other, two swift at-

tendants are bringing offerings to her. No sooner did the children see these pictures, than they all exclaimed: "The Blessed Virgin, with her divine and loving child Jesus!" To understand the delight of these young hearts, one must have said the rosary every day, as they were accustomed to do; must have honored the Blessed Virgin as they had delighted to honor her, as truly the Mother of him who was true God and true man, and the Redeemer of the world; for was not all their veneration and love for her fully testified to by these pictures on the walls of the catacombs?

From this interesting set of rooms their way led to others, which took up another dogma of the Church. The pictures which contained this dogma represented, first, Jonah and the whale. Nothing could be more graphic than the story of Jonah, as it was painted on these walls; but then it was not merely Jonah's story, wonderful as that was; for had not our Lord used Jonah's story as the type of his own lying in the tomb, and his resurrection from the dead? Then, too, the raising of Lazarus by our Lord, was found in too many places on the dim walls, not to make the children feel how much the early Christians were accustomed to meditate upon it, and how precious it was to them in those days of terrible trial. But not alone to the keeping of these frescoed walls had this beloved dogma, or, indeed, any of these dogmas, been committed. In this part of the catacomb had been found sarcophagi, or stone coffins, sculptured after the manner of those times; all the sides being closely covered with groups cut in the marble in very high relief, so as to be almost like small statues. The central figure was Daniel in the lions' den, as any one could see, and the prophet Habacuc was bringing him food, as we read in the Scriptures. Daniel, to the early Christians, was a type of themselves, beset by so many troubles; and the bread of the Eucharist, for the loaves brought to him were precisely like

those in the baskets on the walls, was their support. But at one end of the sarcophagus was sure to be the raising of Lazarus from the grave, while his sister Martha was just as surely at the feet of our Lord, in humble adoration and thanksgiving. Before leaving this part of the catacombs, Monsignore drew their attention to a small symbol on a wall dark with age and dampness, but from which this little figure shone out perfectly distinct. It was a fish on a trident. "Now tell me what it means," said Monsignore.

"Our Lord on the cross!" replied Ned, deeply moved; for there was something wonderfully expressive in the manner in which this living thing clung to the stem of the trident; and some idea of the mystical meaning of the tripod and the trident, in connection with the Holy Trinity, passed rapidly through his mind. Symbols were fast becoming sacred things to Ned.

And now the guide who had been hovering on their track all this time, took charge of the party. On, on, on they went, turning very frequently, but always from one narrow passage to another. It seemed, indeed, a much less frequented part of the catacomb than the one they had been in. Many of the tombs were still sealed up. They could see how the tiles were cemented into the wall, and then some figure, a dove, a cross, or an inscription, praying that the one there laid might *rest in peace*, was seen in the cement, as if scratched in while it was wet. Sometimes, too, they came to a tomb where a martyr had lain; and beside one, was still to be seen the lower part of the vial of blood; a proof of martyrdom. The blood had dried upon the glass, until it looked like a bloody irridescence. The children were no sooner told what this meant, than they were filled with awe. To find themselves close to the tomb of a martyr, to see the blood which had been shed for Christ! what a privilege! Every rosary was drawn forth,

to be laid upon this broken vial, or vase, which not only had contained, but still contained, the blood of a martyr!

But what has caught Anastasia's observing eye? While the others were still lingering over the broken vase, she exclaimed: "Oh, Monsignore! see! what a mere baby's crib for a tomb! Our Josey could scarcely lie in it!"

"And yet," replied Monsignore, "you will see, close beside it, what is supposed to be the vial containing the blood of a martyr."

"A martyr, and so young, so small!" again exclaimed Anastasia.

"Do you not remember Saint Cyr, Anastasia?" asked Lucy; "the child who, hearing his mother call herself a Christian in answer to her judges, made the same answer when asked his name? The prefect was so enraged when the little Cyr called himself a Christian, that he dashed the child's head against the steps of his own judgment-seat."

"And this same child, Saint Cyr, with his mother, Saint Julitta, is honored by a church in Rome to this day," said Monsignore. "Small as this bed seems, the one who lay in it is supposed to have been a martyr, by this vase at the head."

How profound was the reverence with which each of the party bent over this resting-place of the child-martyr; and how close did that lesson come to the hearts of the children, amid the gloom of the catacombs!

From this ever to be remembered spot, to be discovered only by the light of their tapers, they still walked on and on through a perfect labyrinth of galleries, glancing now and then into narrow passage-ways crossing their own, or into deep chambers which looked like huge cavities, all lying in profound gloom, until they stopped, at a word from Monsignore to the guide, before an opening leading to a chamber of great interest, as it proved. Standing alone in the midst of this

maze of passages, a vast gallery opens before a chamber which must have been also a chapel. The lofty ceiling is not thrown into one arch, but dug out so as to form four arches in the one roof, through which the light is strongly admitted. Here, too, were traces of fine marble, and here again were paintings; and a slab, once broken but now joined together, gives the name of *Cornelius*, *Martyr*. Here, then, was the tomb of another of those martyr-pontiffs, whose blood cemented the Church in those early days, as their virtues had edified it during their lifetime. On the wall was a picture of the pontiff, with the picture of Saint Cyprian, martyred in Africa the same day of the same month, but in a different year; for which reason they have always been named together in the calendar. Corresponding to these figures, two personages, also bishops, are painted on the other side of the tomb of Saint Cornelius.

The children, as Monsignore told them to observe, could see no traces of any altar here, for the sarcophagus, in which were laid the relics of the saint, had served also as an altar. But now appeared a new feature of the catacomb-tombs, preserved most perfectly in this tomb; which was a low, heavy column of marble close beside it, in which had been scooped a hollow large enough to contain a lamp. "In those early days," said Monsignore, "it was the custom, as it still is in our own, to burn a lamp before the shrine of a saint. Moreover, the oil in this lamp was regarded with veneration as an actual relic of the saint. Thus we read in the *Itinerary*, or travels, of a certain Abbot John, that, coming to Rome during the pontificate of Saint Gregory the Great, he wished to secure relics of the martyrs to take with him to his own country. It was not then, however, the custom to part with any portion of the relics of a saint as at present; but Saint Gregory allowed him, instead, to collect portions from the oil burned before the different shrines or tombs of the martyrs. Abbot John, who seems to have

been very exact in everything, made a list of these holy oils, which appears in his Itinerary, which has come down to our own day, and among them is mentioned the oil taken from the lamp burning beside the tomb of Saint Cornelius, pope and martyr, and carried by Abbot John to his queen, Theolinda of Lombardy. Thus we have," continued Monsignore, "the most undoubted authority for our own veneration of the relics of the saints, our invocation of them, and for the honor we pay to them by the burning of lamps before their shrines."

There was one more tomb, that of Saint Eusebius, also a pope and a martyr, with an inscription composed by Saint Damasus. The original stone seems to have been destroyed during some incursion of barbarians into the catacombs; and this copy was made on the reverse of a stone which had before served for a heathen tomb. Very likely large pieces of marble were sometimes obtained with difficulty, and pieces were taken at second hand. Even this copy had been broken into many pieces when found on the floor of the chamber. "Some difference in the form of the letters from those made during the life of Saint Damasus proves this to be a copy," said Monsignore. "As you see, these letters all end in two points, while the letters cut in the lifetime of Saint Damasus end in three, like the *fleur de lis* of France. The stone also proves that what have been called pagan inscriptions in Christian cemeteries have been misunderstood. They are to be found only in cases similar to this, when necessity compelled the sculptor to use an old block or slab of marble for a tomb."

Their way was now through the remaining space of the ancient Catacomb of Saint Lucina, connected by an open gallery with that of Saint Callistus, and thence up a steep stairway once more to the light of day and the open air. How blue the sky looked, how fair the earth! how beautiful the views across the green and blooming Campagna to the blue

mountains beyond. Our party realized how lofty must have been the courage, how untiring the perseverance of Christians, in those ages when the catacombs were their refuge, their chapels, their homes, as well as their resting-place in death. As they stood looking over the landscape around them, Monsignore pointed to the distant peak, rising above all others, and which they already knew as *Monte Cavo.* But they did not know before, that on this peak, where once stood that temple of Jupiter where every conqueror was obliged to pay his vow after a victory and in a manner quite as humbling as was ever asked of a Christian warrior, a Passionist monastery had established itself, and thus overlooked, in the name of Jesus Christ, the land so long under the dominion of the fiercest idolatry. To the last moment this visit to the catacombs was full of great lessons. When, at length, admonished by the sun in the west, they found it was time to go, the children exclaimed, in one breath: "Oh, Monsignore, how can we thank you enough, not only for the pleasure we have had, but for the increase of our faith, after seeing such things!" Monsignore replied: "Remember, *Blessed are those who have not seen, and yet have believed.*"

SANTA DOROTEA.

"HOW it rains!" said Laurence.

"Say, rather, how it pours!" echoed Lauratina. "See how the rain runs in streams down the sides of Bernini's elephant on the piazza!"

Laurence and Lauratina, twin brother and sister, were standing together at a window on the Piazza della Minerva, Rome, on the 6th day of February, 1876. Directly before them in the square, stood the bronze elephant carrying on its back the small Egyptian obelisk which made, in classic times, one of the decorations of the Campus Martius. Laurence's eyes were fixed on the obelisk, and he said: "How little did the Egyptian king, Hophres, of the 25th dynasty, know the use his obelisk would be put to! or how Roman scholars would spell out his hieroglyphic inscriptions! or how we Americans, from a land undreamed of in his time, would look down upon his obelisk and hieroglyphics as the work of semi-barbarians! Those proud old kings would feel wonderfully humble if they could step back into the world and hear what is said of them."

"I wish it would stop raining," said Lauratina, breaking in upon Laurence's historical reverie. "It is the feast of Saint Dorothea, and I had set my heart upon going to her church to-day."

"What! that ugly little church in Trastevere?"

"Indeed"—answered Lauratina, quite sharply—"Indeed I do not mind whether it is ugly or handsome; the relics of dear Saint Dorothea are kept there, and she is honored there, especially, of all the churches in Rome, to-day."

"Forgive me," said Laurence, with a coaxing caress to his sister, whom he loved very dearly: "I believe I was thinking more about the old Egyptian king, Hophres, when I spoke, than of your favorite saint. But I, too, love Santa Dorotea, and I do not see why the rain need prevent our visit to her shrine to-day. See, the square is full of carriages! I have only to beckon from this open window, and half-a-dozen whips would snap the ears of half-a-dozen small Roman horses, and they would bring half-a-dozen snug vetturas to the door for my little sister. Shall I beckon? or, shall I wait until your water-proof is on your shoulders and rubbers on your feet?"

"Oh, wait, I pray you!" said Lauratina, laughing, and in the best of humor. "I must be all ready, and standing at the door, before you beckon to such a crowd of coachmen on a rainy day. But it is so delightful to find I can really go to Saint Dorothea's, even if it does rain!"

In so few minutes that they were not worth counting, Laurence and Lauratina were tucked inside one of those pretty Roman carriages called *vetturas*. The two small wheels in front turn under the high seat of the driver, so that, as Laurence declared, they could turn on a pin's head. The chaise-top, which could be thrown back in pleasant weather, overhung our twin brother and sister like the deep eaves of a thatched cottage, and they were sheltered from the storm without being shut up in a close cab. How they dashed along the almost empty streets, for the Romans love only a sunshiny day! but soon the small black horse slackened his pace before the ascent to the Ponte Sisto. In spite of the rain,

Lauratina put out her head to see her favorite fountain, with its one cascade and two droll jets of laughing water; and when they were on the bridge, both looked to the right for Saint Peter's. "I am never willing to lose a view of Saint Peter's," said Laurence; "and how grandly the Tiber flows along to-day between the palaces on its banks! Think, too, how many martyrs have won a crown at this bridge: Saint Symphorosa under the Emperor Hadrian, Saint Sadas under Aurelian, Saint Calepodius under Alexander, and Saint Anthimius under Diocletian, were thrown into the Tiber from this bridge; and their bodies, floating down to the Island you admire so much in bright weather, were taken up by their fellow Christians and carefully preserved. Neither must we neglect to pray for the soul of the good Pontiff, Sixtus IV., who rebuilt this bridge in 1473 and 1475, and who had an inscription, asking for our prayers, set in the solid walls. But here we are, driving down into one of the hundred narrow streets of ancient Trastevere, where the Roman is proud of being a Roman still."

There was a whirling around sharp corners, and the crowds on foot began to appear, so that the driver's "*Ugh! Ugh!*" startled many a pious pilgrim to the shrine of Santa Dorotea, for the Romans of the Trastevere never neglect their saints; but at last he drives, triumphantly, to the door of a small church, with its festival badge of red velvet and gold fringe over the door.

Unlike any other church in Rome, the inside of the church was as plain as the outside. But it was a festival day for all that: and the generous branches of box, no mere sprigs, strewn all over the brick floor, proved that the people of Trastevere loved Saint Dorothea. How piously, too, is every one engaged! How these Italian women, with merely a handkerchief of bright colors on their heads, are absorbed in their de-

votions! and even these handsome children, with their brown cheeks and large dark eyes, tell their beads.

"What delicious music!" whispered Lauratina.

"But look at the grand array of chanting canons in the choir before the altar?" whispered back Laurence. "Before the altar instead of behind it; I wonder what that means!"

In a few minutes Lauratina was quite as absorbed in her devotions as any one aronnd her. But as the long solemnity went on, she began to look around for something resembling her saint. At last she caught a full view of the sarcophagus of rosy-veined marble under the bed of the altar. She could also see a relief, on a circular piece of white marble, let into the front of the sarcophagus, representing Santa Dorotea giving apples on a plate to an angel, who was to carry them to Theophilus.*

"Her relics must be under the altar," she whispered to Laurence. "Can you not find out if they are here?"

"After mass," he said in a soft whisper.

The solemn high mass was over, and the chanting canons in their crimped surplices fitting so elegantly to the body, and their fur capes lined with red silk, had all left the choir in front of the altar, when Laurence found his way to a side door on the right. The door opened on a large hall of stone and very solemn. The canons, now in their broad-brim hats and cloaks, were hurrying to and from what seemed a monastery. He then remembered that it belonged to the Order of Theatines; a set of men, all from distinguished families, who, in 1524, had bound themselves to an austere life while preaching and attending to the sick; the admiration of their age. In a few moments the custodian came that way, and Laurence had an opportunity to ask him about the relics of Santa Dorotea. How his eyes brightened! for "Santa Dorotea" was

* See "Patron Saints;" first series, Life of Saint Dorothea.

the one saint in all Rome for him. There was no rule to keep Lauratina from the sacristy, where she followed them; and then into the regular choir behind the altar. Laurence saw, now, why the canons sat in front; for on this day, they wished to give every one an opportunity to visit the relics of their dear virgin martyr and patron saint. And who would not venture out, even in a pouring rain of February, to visit this shrine, on the one day of the year when it is exposed to view! Lauratina's eyes overflowed with tears as she crept close to the grating between her and the relics of her charming Santa Dorotea. The costly sarcophagus of rosy-veined marble no longer stood between her and the virgin martyr. The grand sarcophagus was to honor her in the eyes of the world; but when her own loving friends came to see her on her feast day, she invited them to come very close to her, and bade them stand on no ceremony with her. Behind the bars, which were crossed so as to leave diamond-shaped spaces, was the small coffin, or real sarcophagus of lead, in which the relics of the saint were translated to this church, as an inscription stated, in 1718. But it was not the bare sarcophagus of lead which she saw behind iron bars; for sprigs of box, green and fragrant, were set in every diamond-shaped opening, and close before it were set five lamps—the lamps of the five wise virgins, Lauratina fancied—not beautiful lamps of silver or glass, but lamps made of pottery cups, in which little floating lights swam on the pure olive oil. Everything was so simple, so like an age of martyrs and of Christians who did not mind giving up everything for Christ, comforts and friends and even life.

Again and again Lauratina pressed her lips to the iron bars, laid her rosary on the very lead in which the relics lay; then took some sprigs of the fresh box which had lain nearest to it, or had, perhaps, touched it. With a sigh of tender love

for the dear saint, she looked around on the plain wooden stalls where the canons chanted, every day in the year, the Office of the Church and of her saints. What a privilege it seemed to her to live always near the mortal relics of this virgin, who had known how to love Christ above all things and to win others to love him also—love him so well as to die for him, as Theophilus did when he had seen the apples she sent to him from paradise!

"It is not a pretty church, Laurence; but for all that—"

"For all that we are glad we came here to-day," said her twin-brother, as he again tucked her snugly into the vettura, and told the driver to take them to the Piazza della Minerva.

SANTA MARIA IN TRASTEVERE.

HEAR what the guide-book says, *Maria mia!*" called out Bernard. "Santa Maria in Trastevere, the first of the eighty churches now in Rome, dedicated to the Virgin."

"Eighty churches in one city dedicated to the Blessed Virgin!" exclaimed Matilda, and her jaw actually dropped with astonishment.

"But, my dear sister," said Maria, "you must remember that there are—I had it at my tongue's end to say three hundred and sixty-five churches in Rome, one for every day in the year; but I believe Rome lacks one or two of this particular number. Yet, as you can see, eighty out of three hundred and sixty, even, leaves a margin for many others, and the Blessed Virgin does not get quite one third, after all."

"Now listen," said Bernard, who was impatient at having his reading interrupted. "If you expect me to do all this reading from the guide-book you must pay attention. This Santa Maria in Trastevere, or Saint Mary beyond the Tiber, was built by Calisto, Callistus or Calyxtus—I give you the choice as to spelling—"

"Saint Callistus!" again interrupted Matilda. "Why Saint Callistus is the one for whom the great catacomb is named, and he lived in the third century."

"Yes," continued Bernard, "and this church of Santa Maria in Trastevere was founded and built by this very pope, and in the year 224 was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin by him."

"So early!" broke in Matilda again. "I did not suppose any churches were built in Rome before the reign of Constantine, in the fourth century; certainly there were no churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin so early as 224."

"And why not?" asked Bernard. "Do you not remember what Mr. B—— told us about the Catacomb of Saint Priscilla, which he saw nine years ago, at the time it was opened, after having been closed for centuries? Indeed, when he visited this catacomb it had not yet been opened to the public. He saw it by favor, having permission to go in with a photographer who was making the first copies of these pictures, which are among the most remarkable in the world."

"I remember," said Maria; "for you know Mr. B—— said that these pictures, painted before the year 100 after the birth of our Lord, in the very first century, prove that the Christians of the first century adored the Virgin Mary exactly as Catholics do now; and mamma answered: 'Oh no! not *adored*, Mr. B——, but venerated.' And then Mr. B——, in the most good-natured way, said: 'I beg pardon; what I wish to say is, that the pictures on the walls of the Catacomb of Saint Priscilla prove that the Christians of the first century had the same regard and honor for the Virgin Mary which you Catholics have at the present day.' And then he went on to tell all about these pictures, these Madonnas as we call them, the Virgin Mary with the Infant Jesus on her lap. In one the Prophet Isaias was standing beside this Mother and Child, pointing to a star, as if he saw the fulfilment of that beautiful prophecy: 'A Star shall arise out of Jacob;' the very star which the three wise kings followed to Bethlehem. Then he saw these three kings bringing their gifts to this Mother and

Child; the dispute with the doctors in the temple; the finding in the temple, and nearly every subject which later artists have painted from the Infancy and Childhood of our Lord. 'In fact,' Mr. B—— said, 'to my surprise I saw more Madonnas in this old cemetery of the first century than in any other.' Some of these very subjects or scenes we have seen painted on the walls of the Cemetery of Saint Callistus. It seems perfectly natural that Callistus should follow in the steps of those very earliest Christians, who lived, like Priscilla and her son Pudens, in the time of Saint Peter and Saint Paul and in the time of their disciples, Pope Linus, Pope Cletus, and Pope Clement, all of whom died before the last day of the year 100 of the Christian era."

Matilda was silent, and Bernard said to her a little sharply; "Tillie, of course you remember all about this; for Mr. B—— gave mamma a fragment of a slab which he was allowed to take by special permission from this catacomb. There are two or three letters scratched rudely on this stone, part of an inscription, and Mr. B—— said that on another fragment of the same stone, a palm-branch, still the symbol of a Christian martyr, had been scratched also, and as rudely as the letters."

"Yes," said Tillie, "I remember." But she said it in such a dreamy way that Bernard and Maria thought she did not more than half understand what they had said to her. Bernard, however, was very persevering, and again took up his guide-book and began to read about Santa Maria in Trastevere; "for," said he, "you must know the *station* is there tomorrow, and we want to understand all about the church before we visit it. The history of the church reads in this way: In the time of the Roman emperors there stood on this very spot a large edifice called *Taberna Meritoria*, a sort of hospital or inn for sick soldiers. At the very time Mary and Joseph were in Bethlehem, where they had gone to have their

names enrolled by the order of the Emperor Augustus, at the very time when our Lord was born in a stable of Bethlehem because there was no room for them in the inns, a fountain of oil burst forth from the midst of this old Roman inn, and this stream of oil was so copious that it ran through the Jews' quarter into the river Tiber. From this time the inn was given up to desolation; but when the Romans who became Christians under the preaching of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, found that the day on which Jesus Christ was born was the very day on which, as these Romans remembered, the wonderful fountain of oil had burst forth, they conceived a great esteem for this deserted spot, and finally got possession of it and built an oratory there. But the innkeepers of the neighborhood gave them no peace. Finally the matter was brought before that amiable emperor, Alexander Severus, who was liberal enough to say that it was 'better that God should be honored, no matter how, in the *Taberna Meritoria*, than to have it given up to the innkeepers.' This decision put it into the hands of the Christians, and the church was begun by Callistus, and consecrated in the year 224 after Christ."

"Let us be sure to go to this church to-morrow," said Tillie.

"Of course we must go to-morrow," said Bernard. "I do not know why we have not gone before."

The next morning a vettura was speeding across the Tiber, driving through the streets which open in every direction from Ponte Sisto. "*Santa Dorotea!*" called out Bernard to the driver; and a crack of the whip told with what alacrity Signor's order would be obeyed.

"Why Santa Dorotea?" asked Maria. "We have been there already, and the time is short for Santa Maria in Trastevere."

"It is not a dozen paces out of our way; indeed lies in our way; for one street is as good as another at this particular spot.

Besides, the head of Saint Dorothea is preserved at Santa Maria in Trastevere; and a moment spent before her altar, in her own ugly little church, will not make our visit to her in the grand church of Santa Maria less acceptable. A few squares would take us to the noble Corsini Palace, and to the Villa Farnesina exactly opposite. But not to-day."

There is not in all Rome a more picturesque set of streets than those which lie between Ponte Sisto and the Piazza Santa Maria in Trastevere, and where this beautiful square opens before one, it has all the charms which a contrast with the narrow old streets can give.

"See!" exclaimed Bernard, "what a column of moving crystal the fountain sends up, only to fall in rainbow-tinted spray! the whole set in relief against the brilliant façade of Santa Maria in Trastevere and the dark front of the old Palazzo Moroni, where the Benedictine monks of Saint Paul outside the walls, find a refuge during the summer from the malaria of the Campagna. And see! just on that corner of the palace is a church, which will have almost as much interest for you as Santa Maria itself, for it stands on the spot where the founder of Santa Maria was martyred, and bears his name."

"San Calisto!" said Tillie, in almost a whisper, and Bernard saw that tears had sprung to her eyes. "The Saint Callistus, pope and martyr, who, while archdeacon, enlarged and beautified the catacomb which is still called for him; and then, while pope founded the first church in pagan Rome built in honor of the Blessed Virgin! What a glory to have such great things said about him for fully fifteen hundred years; and yet all this is as nothing compared with the happiness he has had in heaven for these centuries!" But suddenly the same dreamy look came back to her eyes and dried up her tears.

"I wonder what Tillie is so solemn about!" thought Ber-

nard. "But Rome *is* a solemn old city, and the tears come to my own eyes sometimes before I think to keep them back."

Just then the vettura was nearing the gate of Santa Maria, until Bernard gave the driver an order in a low tone, and they stopped at a side door of the Benedictine monastery of San Calisto, close at the angle where it joins Santa Maria.

"We will ask for my learned and amiable Benedictine friend, Dom Gregorio," said Bernard. "He has told me to call upon him whenever he can be of any service; and I think, Tillie, he will tell you everything you wish to know, even without your asking."

Bernard was gone but a few minutes when he returned, saying: "Dom Gregorio is at home, and will come down to us. But you had better come into the little reception-room at the door, as I can present you to him there more respectfully."

The room was very small, with a brick floor, and a desk or two at which persons were writing. A blue cambric curtain took the place of the door opening upon the square, the door being swung back. In a few minutes Dom Gregorio came in, and was, as Bernard had said, a perfect specimen of an accomplished Italian gentleman as well as ecclesiastic. He spoke English perfectly, having resided in England for a time among his brother Benedictines. On his head he wore the little skull-cap of a monk; and the beautiful Benedictine habit, with its long scapular hanging at the back and front, might tempt any artistic pencil in the way of drapery. Certainly he would make the visit to Santa Maria in Trastevere with his young American friends, and they must ask all the questions they could think of.

At these words, spoken in such clear English, with so refined an accent, and in a tone so cordial, Tillie's face lost all its dreaminess, was actually beaming. "O," said she, "If I could have some living, actual person tell me about these places, I

should feel so much more confidence than when I am reading from a guide-book! Can you tell me, Dom Gregorio, when this Church of Santa Maria was really founded, and by whom?"

"Certainly, Signora; there is no doubt at all that this church was founded by San Calisto, the place of whose martyrdom is scarcely a stone's throw from here."

"The same Saint Callistus who enlarged and beautified the grand catacomb on the Appian Way?"

"The very same," replied Dom Gregorio.

"And he lived?"

"In the first quarter of the third century; was pope in the year 219, and governed the church five years and two months. In the year 224, very shortly before his holy death, Pope Callistus consecrated this church, which he had founded upon the very spot whence had gushed forth a most plentiful fountain of oil at the very time, as was afterwards learned, that our Saviour was born to be the healing of the nations; and he gave the name *Santa Maria* to the church, in honor of the Blessed Virgin. It was the first church in Rome dedicated under this gracious name, as you have no doubt heard."

"O yes! I have heard this," said Tillie; "but, indeed, Dom Gregorio, I did not believe that Christians were allowed to build any churches in Rome so early."

"Ah, my young friend," said Dom Gregorio, "a very nice piece of history comes in exactly at this time. Heliogabalus, a monster of cruelty and wickedness of all sorts, was the emperor when Callistus I. was made pope. But when Alexander, surnamed Severus, came to wear the imperial purple, the Christians had a just and kind ruler. It was this Alexander who gave Callistus permission to build his church here; and he honored, after his pagan fashion, the God of the Christians; quoted, even practiced, some of our moral precepts. Callistus

suffered death during the reign of Alexander, but not by his permission; for the emperor both loved and respected him. During a popular tumult stirred up by the Roman magistrates, Callistus was sought for and found in this very house, which was then called the house of Pontianus. The prefect no sooner heard this than he stationed soldiers around the place, so that no person could come out of the house alive; and, at the same time, made it impossible for Callistus to receive food from any one's hand without the knowledge of his guards. For four days the holy pope was left without nourishment; but neither his prayers nor his cheerfulness ever ceased. One of his guards, named Privatus, was struck by this miracle of life without food or drink; for Callistus was as fresh and strong as ever. Suddenly a ray of faith lighted up the soul of Privatus. He was afflicted by a grievous ulcer, and throwing himself at the feet of Callistus, he cried: 'Your God, Jesus Christ, healed a paralytic, and you can heal my dreadful sores!' 'My son,' replied the persecuted pontiff, 'if you believe with all your heart in the Lord Jesus Christ, and will be baptized in the name of the Holy Trinity, you will be cured.' 'I believe,' cried Privatus; 'and if you will deign to baptize me with your own hand, I am certain I shall be healed.' Saint Callistus baptized him as he desired, and his ulcers were healed instantly. In his gratitude he cried out: 'The Lord Jesus Christ, whom Callistus preaches, is the only God, true and holy. Dumb idols are worthy to be burned, not worshipped!' When the prefect heard this, he did not wait to know what the emperor would say, but ordered Privatus to be struck with whips loaded with lead, until he died, and Callistus to be thrown, ignominiously, from the window of the room in which he was confined into a well below. The venerable pontiff was pitched into it with the utmost rudeness, and at the prefect's orders the well was filled up to the very top with stones. Seventeen

days after, a pious priest, named Asterius, came with his clerics during the night, opened the well and drew forth the mangled body carrying it with honor to a cemetery or catacomb; not the one which Callistus had adorned, but to one less famous, the Catacomb of Calepode, who was martyred only two years before, and which was on the Aurelian Way. One week after, Asterius was arrested by order of the same wicked prefect and thrown into the Tiber. So you see, my young friend, how many martyrs might be crowned under a kind emperor; and how churches could be built and consecrated while martyrdoms were going on."

"Yes, I see now," said Tillie. "But, Dom Gregorio, have you seen with your own eyes the Madonnas on the walls of the Catacomb of Saint Priscilla?—the Madonnas painted in the first century? I have seen the Madonnas in the Catacomb of Saint Callistus, but these were painted after his time."

"Then you must see the paintings of Saint Priscilla," said the kind priest. "Perhaps," added he, and he spoke very gently, "perhaps, although you are a Catholic, you have never realized how tender and constant has been the devotion of the disciples of Christ to his Blessed Mother, from the time our Lord, nailed to the tree of the Cross, gave her in charge to Saint John, until this present moment! Perhaps you have thought the present devotion towards the Blessed Virgin in Rome to be without any authority, a mere sentiment; may have taken it for granted that the Madonnas you have seen have been painted to suit the extravagant devotion of Catholics, without any other guide than that of a pious fancy. Very possibly, when you have heard of the Madonnas painted by Saint Luke, one of which you have been told is in Saint Mary Major, it has seemed to you like a mere legend, without any claim upon your belief? This Rome is an old, old city. Her monuments take you back beyond the time of Christ. But

when you become familiar with Rome, you are delighted to find that Christianity has monuments as well as paganism. You learn to respect these monuments, and the longer you are in Rome the more intelligently you believe in them. If you go to the very ancient Catacomb of Santa Priscilla you will find paintings of the Blessed Virgin, of her Divine Son, of Saint Joseph, and of the wise men; of every subject which you see painted in any modern church; and you can never again wonder that Catholics, of this century or of any other century, have dedicated churches in honor of Mary the Mother of Jesus."

The dreamy look, the unsatisfied look, had quite gone from Tillie's face as Dom Gregorio spoke. Bernard saw in an instant what his sister had been thinking about; so did Maria. With a sigh of relief, Tillie said: "It was only a half doubt, just like a thin cloud, which passed between me and the devotion to the Blessed Virgin which I saw around me. The guide-books always put a doubt into one's mind, if they can. They tell the facts, but tell them with a sneer. I have thought Bernard and Maria were credulous; and all this came over me last evening when we began to talk about Santa Maria in Trastevere. But everything is plain now. Shall we go into the church?" and with a bright smile she stepped out of the door beside Dom Gregorio, followed by Bernard and Maria. The pleasant splash of the fountain came to their ears as they stood for a few minutes in front of Santa Maria, its old mosaics on their gold ground flashing in the morning sun. "We do not give Saint Callistus the credit of these mosaics," said Dom Gregorio, laughing. "To found a church and even to consecrate it at so early a time as 224, is not to build such a church as we see before us. In truth, we find the church rebuilt in a little more than a hundred years after; *i. e.*, in 340, under Pope Julius I.; then in 1139, a long time afterwards, as

you see, Pope Innocent II. again made the church over, and what he left unfinished was completed by Eugenius III. between the years 1145 and 1150, and then the whole was consecrated by Innocent III., that great pope, who, among other good things, approved the rule of Saint Francis of Assisi, and wrote the hymn *Ave maris stella.* The mosaics which we have before our eyes date to several different periods. The straight band or frieze below the triangle of the pediment and above the windows, was begun before 1150, under Eugenius III. but was finished by that true Christian artist, Pietro Cavallini, of Rome, who died in 1364. You can see the Virgin and Child there enthroned, and on each side five female figures with lamps, two only of which are not lighted; therefore we cannot call them, as some do, the five wise and five foolish virgins; but they may refer to the fountain of oil which broke forth on this spot at the birth of our Lord. Now if you look up on the campanile or bell-tower, you will see another very old mosaic, faded by the weather of as many hundred years as the dulled mosaics of the twelfth century. But the fresh ones on the façade which strike your eyes the moment you raise them, belong to our own time; they were finished no later than 1869, under our Holy Father, Pio Nono. The upper one, filling the whole pediment, represents our Lord enthroned, with angels on each hand. The lower one, which takes up all the spaces between the windows, gives us the mystical palm trees, the twelve mystical sheep, and on either hand the mystical cities, Jerusalem and Bethlehem, signifying the birth and death of our Redeemer."

When they entered the portico within the iron gates, they found the rough plaster of the walls garnished with what pleased them more than blocks of the fairest marble; fragments of early Christian sculpture and inscriptions; a sarcophagus representing the story of Jonah, and two Annunciations, one

by Cavallini. But when they had stepped through the portico, into the church itself, what a picture of solemn magnificence met their eyes! It was as if all the ages from San Calisto down to the present, had left here some votive offering. The nave is formed by twenty-two ancient granite columns, so ancient that we see the heads of forgotten deities of the pagan world upholding the walls of the basilica; and the floor, or pavement, is of the richest Alexandrine mosaic. But through all this grandeur of ancient columns, their feet treading a floor which seemed made for angels, their eyes were drawn towards that apse behind and above the high altar with its canopy, on which the glory of some celestial vision had been arrested as it were, rather than wrought in, by the hand of man. In the centre of this vaulted apse is a throne, on which our Lord is seated in heavenly majesty and beside him is seated his Immaculate Mother. For not only has he crowned her, but he has laid his hand most tenderly on her shoulder in token of his filial affection, while a tablet which he holds on his knee bears these words: *Veni, electa Mea, et ponam te in thronum Meum:* "Come, My chosen one, and I will place thee upon My throne." In the hands of the Blessed Virgin is a scroll, with its inscription: *Læva Ejus sub capite meo; et dcxtera illius amplcxabitur me.* "His left hand is under my head; and His right hand shall embrace me." On either side of the throne are glorified saints, and among these venerable bishops and popes is that beloved saint of Rome, the deacon Saint Laurence; while Innocent II. carries in his hand a model of the church, as one of his choicest offerings. Winged evangelists, prophets with their scrolls, the mystical lambs, the mystical cities, with the phœnix or peacock, symbol of immortality and the palm trees, are given on this golden vault. "And all this," said the grave Benedictine at their side, "was done a full century before Giotto or even Cimabue had begun their

noble works." To their young eyes there seemed no end to the symbolism to the uppermost point of this arch, while below the grand coronation they could study the life of this Queen of Angels while on earth, in the six scenes put into mosaics by the saintly Pietro Cavallini. On either side of the vaulted apse in which monks chant the Divine Office, each one in his seat or stall, stretch the transepts, which give to the church the form of a cross, the nave making the body of the cross, and the transepts the arms. The organ stands in one of these transepts, its gilded pipes bearing up the figures of angelic hosts singing canticles of praise; and the walls and the shrines which cling to them seem golden-hued reflections of the magnificent apse. When they had examined every one of these, with Dom Gregorio instead of a guide-book, they came again into the nave and stood before the confession below the high altar with its canopy. On the front of the altar are painted five small figures, representing the five popes whose relics make the chief treasures of the confession below. Among these five saints is Saint Callistus, the founder of the church, whose body, ages ago, was brought from its resting-place on the Aurelian Way, to receive the veneration of Christians in the very church which they owed to his zeal. No wonder they lingered to take in, at one eager glance, this monument of the devotion of Christians to Mary, Virgin-Mother, from the year 224 of the Christian era to this present one. Not a cloud was to be seen on one of their faces, not the lingering shadow of the faintest doubt. "And now," said Dom Gregorio, "you must visit the plain Church of San Calisto; for there you will see the well into which he was thrown by the order of the prefect." They found the well within the walls of the church, close at the right hand of the altar, and looked down into its dark waters, for it is still fed by a spring; and then Dom Gregorio led the way to the garden of the monastery. It was occupied by the soldiers

of the Government; but a word from the Benedictine ensured respect for his young friends. "Take out your pencils and sketch-block," said Dom Gregorio, "for you must carry back to America a likeness of the curb which stood, for centuries, around the well of San Calisto." There was one exclamation of delight over this exquisite piece of sculpture, now turned into a garden-vase. The pencils were out in a trice, and an umbrella in the hand of the patient Benedictine scholar gave them a shade while they worked. "It is no easy matter to shape this fluting," said Tillie, who had sketched the most eagerly of the three. "See how delicately one line falls into another!"

When it was done, she said: "Dom Gregorio, you must have the goodness to believe that my little sketch will be precious to me as a memento of a holy martyr, pope, and devoted servant of Mary, in the year 224 of our Christian era. No one can reproach us for loving and honoring the Blessed Virgin, who have heard, on the very spot, the story of San Calisto and of Santa Maria in Trastevere."

THE CHILDREN'S AUDIENCE AT THE VATICAN.

ONE would suppose, to read the papers, that only the grown up people love the Holy Father. Every week I see an account of some audience with the Holy Father, but not a word about children. When the priest says, after mass, 'Let us pray for our Holy Father, the pope!' I do not believe the grown up people pray any harder for him than we boys; and I believe the boys in Italy love the Holy Father just as well as their fathers and mothers. Why, then, are not children admitted to audiences? Why are not they allowed to kiss the hand of the Holy Father, the cross on his foot, and to get his blessing?"

"You have talked so fast, Laurence," said his mother "that no one has had time to answer any of your questions; but I have seen Aunt Mildred open her lips several times, as if she had something to tell you about this matter."

"O yes!" exclaimed Laurence, "I had forgotten that Aunt Mildred knows all about these things. But tell me, auntie, why do not children ask for audiences with the Holy Father, and why do they not get them?"

"They do ask for audiences," replied aunt Mildred, "and always get them."

"I never heard of children's audiences," said Laurence.

"You mean that you do not see accounts of them in the newspapers; and so you have taken it for granted that there were none. The papers report only those things which they can make some political talk over. Yet all the while the most charming intercourse goes on with the Holy Father and the Romans and Italians, in his palace of the Vatican, which the newspaper editors know nothing about and care for still less. Indeed, Catholics from every country are admitted to the presence of the Holy Father in so charming a manner, that it is no wonder so many go to Rome for little else than to see him and to get his blessing. They may know very little about the history of pagan Rome, its emperors and conquerors. They may not have read enough about her saints, even, to understand a great deal which they see in the churches; while they know still less about pictures, and statues, and architecture. But every Catholic knows about the Holy Father, who has sat on the Chair of Saint Peter longer than Saint Peter himself; and if they do nothing else, when they get to Rome, but visit the relics of Saints Peter and Paul in the two wonderful churches named for them, visit the Holy Father and get his blessing, they are quite contented."

"But the children?" interrupted Laurence.

"Yes, the children; for certainly all the children who live in Rome have the same feeling about the Holy Father as those who visit Rome on purpose to see him. They may not know very much about the masterpieces in the galleries of the Vatican, but they know that Christ's Vicar and representative on earth lives there in the form of a most gentle and holy priest of God, whose smile is more beautiful than any other they expect to see this side of Heaven. The time was, when all the Roman children could see the Holy Father as he rode or walked. They could get his blessing almost any day in the year. Now, they must go to the Vatican for it, and they do.

But the papers tell none of these things, or very seldom, so I will tell you about a children's audience which I attended."

"Then you really know all about these audiences!" said Laurence. "Why, auntie, you are better than all the newspapers put together. But how did you come to be admitted with the children?"

"It all came about naturally enough. I was not obliged to ask any influential person to obtain permission for me, for if anything can be simpler than the usual way of getting an audience with the Holy Father it is going with the children. Two, perhaps three hundred children, who were learning to sing, thought they would like to sing for the Holy Father. Like all priests, Pius IX. loves children; and the younger and more innocent they are, the more he loves them. Some of these children were very small, not ten years old; but they were willing to take a great deal of pains with their singing if they could only sing to the Holy Father. Those who knew the pope well, knew that he would enjoy all this as much as the children; and it was arranged that as soon as they had practiced their piece they should sing it to him in the Vatican. Then, every child could invite two friends to the audience. The fathers and mothers generally went; but when there were two and three children going from one family, there was an opportunity to invite other friends. A lady who had lived many years in Rome, had attended these audiences very often, and knew how much I should enjoy this one, obtained an invitation for me, and I went to the Vatican in the company of a Polish lady and her two daughters. As a proof that it was nothing strange for them to visit the Holy Father, I could see that they were quite as familiar as their mother with everything about the Vatican. In fact they had been there only a few days before, when the 'Children of Mary' were admitted to a special audience. In America we

are supposed to love the pope very much when we call him, habitually, '*Holy Father*,' but these children did still more; they always said, '*The Blessed Father*,' as we say 'The Blessed Angelico of Fiesoli,' because he was a monk who painted angels as if they were really blessed spirits, and these children associated Pius IX. with everything that was holy and blessed. When we reached the Vatican we were not taken into the usual audience chamber but into one much nearer the Holy Father's apartments.

"Oh, tell us about the room, Aunt Mildred," said Laurence.

"Of course it was a very large room, for it held, easily, several hundred people. The ceiling was decorated like the ceilings in many of the Roman churches, the raised stucco-work being painted and very richly gilded. The walls were painted crimson; and the windows, and end of the room where the Holy Father's chair stood, were draped with plain crimson hangings. The ceiling and the pictures were the only things in the room which were even as costly as the furniture and hangings in many American parlors. Chairs stood all around by the walls, and some other conveniences for a great number of people. In the middle of the room stood a piano, and on the floor was spread plain green baize. In this large square made by the piano in the middle of the room, were arranged the children, while their friends occupied three of the sides. There were between two and three hundred children, boys and girls, and I have seldom been to a school exhibition where the pupils were dressed as plainly as these children who had come to sing to the Pope of Rome. Every little girl wore a white dress, but a very plain one, a blue sash and white veil. Those who were 'Children of Mary' wore their medals, just as they do in America. The boys, like the girls, were dressed very neatly, but there were no fantastic fashions among them any more than among the girls. Nothing could have been

more radiant than the faces of these children, and when the Holy Father's white head and venerable figure, all in white, appeared in the crimson frame of the door, every knee bent and every head bowed. There was a hush of a moment, and then every one rose, while the Holy Father walked all around the room, giving one hand and then the other, and generally both at once, to be kissed, every one feeling at liberty to take his hand without any presentation or introduction. Among the friends of the children were very young children, not more than three years old, and I even saw some babies. The Holy Father was sure to give his hand to these very little folks. When he had gone all around the room he took his seat, which was raised from the floor by two or three steps, and the cardinals and other ecclesiastics stood or had seats near him. At this moment a little girl took her place in front of the Holy Father and recited a very short address, which seemed to please him. Then a boy of your size, Laurence, recited quite a long address. The Holy Father listened to him very attentively, and made gestures in return in such a way that the boy must have felt as if he were talking with the pope, who gave him a very hearty commendation when he had finished. This was followed by an address from a girl of twelve years old, and very prettily, too, it was spoken. The cardinals, and indeed all who accompanied the Holy Father, seemed to take a lively interest in what the children said, and the children themselves seemed to enjoy it.

"When these little speeches were over, the Holy Father made one in return; and how musical was that voice, how beaming with kindness was that venerable face; how graceful, how speaking was every gesture of those aged hands! Now he was gay, even playful; now a solemn earnestness came over him which touched every heart; but whether grave or playful, he was always understood by his young auditors.

At the close of his address, a movement of his hand was a sign for all to kneel while he gave us his solemn blessing, and then he made another sign to the children to sing. At first the young voices trembled; but when the children saw the Holy Father keeping time with his hands, and following every bar and note of the music, they took courage and sang like so many skylarks. At the very last note the Holy Father clapped his hands and cried 'Bravo! bravo!' and I do not believe," said aunt Mildred, "that any *prima donna* ever left the stage, with the applause of an opera house in her ears, more thoroughly elated than were these happy children with the applause of the Holy Father and the smile of approbation which beamed on his face.

"They were then told to go in double lines to the Holy Father; and each one, after kissing his hand and foot, received a little picture from him. There was no crowding or pushing, and every action was respectful and full of veneration; but neither was there any fear or shyness. It was like a Christian family: the Holy Father, the cardinals, the ecclesiastics, the children, their parents and teachers, all mingling together without formality. When each child had received a picture, and when those which were left of the package had been given to the conductors of the little concert, for any child who could not be present, the Holy Father rose, and, leaning on his cardinals, left the room. But before he disappeared, '*Viva! viva Pio Nono!*' broke from every mouth, while every pair of hands kept time with the '*Vivas!*'

"'Charming,' everybody exclaimed as they left the hall and filled the wide staircases; and *this*, Laurence, was the audience granted by the most venerable of sovereigns and the most venerable of priests to the lambs of his flock."

Laurence did not try to speak; his eyes had long been full of tears, and now they ran down his cheeks. After a moment

he said: "Oh, Aunt Mildred, how happy those Roman children ought to be; and how they ought to love Pius IX.; and how they ought to stand up for his rights and the rights of the Church! And yet, Aunt Mildred, perhaps they do not really love him any more than we children do in America, who, without having seen him and without having had any of their privileges, still pray for him every day of our lives. But what you have told me will make the Holy Father dearer to me as long as I live; and not only the Holy Father, but every priest and bishop in Christendom, of whom he is the head."

"And," continued aunt Mildred, "the model also; for what the Holy Father does in the Vatican, that every priest does in his parish and among the children of his parish. He reminded me of every good priest I had ever known; because every good priest follows the model set before him in the Vicar of Christ and the Chief Shepherd of the flock."

SAN STEFANO ROTONDO.

WHAT would you say, Marcella, to a picture-book one hundred and thirty-three feet in diameter?"

Marcella opened her eyes so wide that they were as round as the Rotondo itself, and threatened to be as large. "A picture-book one hundred and thirty-three feet in diameter!" she repeated slowly.

"Yes," replied Paul, "a picture-book; but instead of being on paper, or even on linen, it is a picture-book on walls; circular walls, with a diameter of one hundred and thirty-three feet; the largest round building in the world, for the Coliseum is oval."

"But what are the pictures?" asked Marcella.

"The most famous martyrdoms during the first three ages of the Church."

"How dreadful they must be!" said our young friend Marcella, with a sort of shiver.

"It is all in the way we look at them," returned Paul, in a very decided tone. "If we love our own ease too well to suffer for Christ, we may at least try to realize what others have been courageous enough to suffer. Next to being heroic ourselves, is to admire the heroism of others and to give it due honor; but to shrink from looking at the pictures which

represent the sufferings of Christian martyrs, because they will make us uncomfortable for a few minutes, and perhaps ashamed of ourselves, is to be a coward indeed."

"Do not say such reproachful things, Paul, for surely you cannot enjoy looking at these pictures."

"I do not enjoy looking at them, for they were not painted to give us enjoyment, either through our eyes or through our imaginations; no one can enjoy being thoroughly humbled, and one is humbled to the very dust before these pictures of the early martyrs. You must go with me to *San Stefano Rotondo*, as the Romans call it—and go with me to-morrow, for the Station is there."

Marcella could never resist her brother Paul's eloquent appeals. Besides, she felt a good deal of curiosity to see this wonderful Rotondo, the largest round building in the world, and she promised to go with Paul the next day.

"How far must we go to see this huge picture-book, Paul?" she asked, playfully, as they started for the Rotondo.

"When we come to the Coliseum I can show it to you. There, look on a straight line beyond the Coliseum, to the right of Saint John of Lateran. Do you not see a vast, round building, and to the right of this, on a rising ground, a long parallelogram of a building which you would call a church anywhere?"

"Oh, yes, I see both!"

"The vast circular building is the Rotondo, and the church to the right is called *Santa Maria in Domenica*, or more often the *Navicella*, from a marble boat which stands before it; we shall pass it on our way to the Rotondo, and in this green open space they say San Lorenzo distributed the alms of the Church before his martyrdom."

"They look as if we might take a short walk to them

across the fields; and see! there is the ruined arch near the villa *Cæli Montana* we admire so much."

"Yes, it all looks very near us; but our best way is to go through the arch of Constantine, and take the shaded road to the church of Saint Gregory."

In a few moments they were walking in the shadow of the high wall between the *via San Gregorio* and the ruined palaces of the Cæsars; while on the left hand was a square, open to the public, and set close with large trees. Indeed, this street of Saint Gregory itself was a deeply-shaded avenue. Marcella was charmed, and thought she had never seen this venerable church of Saint Gregory the Great look so imposing as then, crowned with sunlight, and groves opening upon it from every side.

"We must turn to the left now," said Paul; and they had scarcely done so, when the ancient church of SS. John and Paul, with its beautiful rounded apse and the arches and pillars which adorn it on the outside, came to view, and they found themselves walking under the arches, which, like flying buttresses, support the walls and are thrown across the narrow street. The old arches were all a-bloom, however; and the grasses and buttercups and the delicate coliseum-ivy, with its purple flowers, nodded to Marcella as she passed in and out of the light and shadow of the flying buttresses.

"How wonderful this old world is!" she exclaimed to Paul, charmed with the variety of objects on the way; and just as she said this they came in front of SS. John and Paul, and in front of the tall bell-tower and the pleasant villa *Cæli Montana*, on the right. Here the road made a curve, and a huge ravine seemed to stand between them and all they had started to visit, when they came face to face with the Rotondo in the valley, and the Navicella on the hill.

"Let us take a look at what gives *Santa Maria in Dom-*

enica its most popular name," said Paul. "When we return we should go in, for they tell us that it was built by Saint Cyriac, whose name in Greek would be Domenica; that the portico was designed by Michael Angelo, and the interior by Raphael. But there is the famous marble *boat*, the 'Bark of Peter,' we may call it, in full sight on the open green of the hill on which the church stands! Do not ask me, 'Who made it?' or 'Where did it come from?' for I do not know, nor will any of the books tell you. It is a bit of picturesque old sculpture, placed there without a name; but, in reality, gives one to this church on the Cœlian Hill, as Lady Fullerton says."

"This is the very spot to sketch the Rotondo from, with the pretty Navicella in front," said Marcella.

"So it is; but it is the interior of that Rotondo," said Paul, "which I most wish you to see. It will take so many modern notions out of your head, little sister," he continued, with a wise shake of his own. But he had still great difficulty in coaxing Marcella along, so much did she find to interest her. Even at the court of the Rotondo her eye caught sight of a well, over which was a simple, straight canopy, supported by four columns; but all of such beauty of proportions that she could not be drawn away from it until her eyes had taken in its whole form and even every sculptured relief on its sides.

"To think," she said, "of finding a well so adorned, in an old, shabby court like this!"

"But you must remember," said Paul, "that the well of a monastery was a sort of holy thing; and in more than one monastery-court in Rome, you will find a well with its canopy pointed by a cross, and making one of the artistic attractions of the spot. This one was designed by Michael Angelo."

"No wonder I thought it beautiful, then," said Marcella, as she turned at last to the entrance of the Rotondo. But if her

mind had been diverted by the varied beauties along the way, how hushed and awed she stood when once within this circle, dedicated to the glory of God in the martyrs who had confessed to him by their lives! Her eyes took in its vastness, more as a matter of feeling than of actual sight. It was impossible for her to measure it at one glance. There was the outer wall, and within it another circle, supported, Paul told her, by thirty-six immense granite pillars. She did not care to count them, for she knew somebody had done it before her; but she wanted to stand and let the grandeur of that outer circle and of that inner circle, with its wonderful columns, pass into her memory, into her very soul. Then she looked up, and saw the three arches thrown across the circle as if to secure it; and then looked higher still, to the very point of the round roof, with its bare timbers, which seemed so much grander than any gilding or painting. When her eyes really came down again to the walls, she found there was nothing to distract them from the belt of pictures which ran the whole circle of that marvellous interior. Paul saw that she stood quite helpless, over-awed, in fact, and he said gently: "Let us kneel a little while before the Blessed Sacrament."

When Marcella knelt before that ancient altar, bowed her head to that altar railing, she realized, as she had never realized until then, that she was kneeling before the "Ancient of Days," in whose sight "a thousand years are as one day." All those trivial things which had distracted her at other times when kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, had gone utterly from her mind. When she did raise her eyes, it was to look on the beautiful old mosaic pictures on the arched wall above the altar; on the cross which seemed studded with gems, so brilliant were its colors, while at the top of this cross, set in with the most delicately tinted stones, was a head of our Lord, and above it the hand of the Eternal Father, extended in ben-

ediction. Standing beside this cross were two figures, which Paul told her represented SS. Primus and Felicianus, whose relics were here. The whole of this mosaic was as delicate as a painting.

Paul turned to the left hand of this chapel, when he saw that Marcella was ready to look at the other pictures of the church. The first picture was the crucifixion of our Lord, with two of the Holy Innocents near him; the Holy Innocents whom the church calls, in her hymns, the "*flowers* of the martyrs," and whom she hails as we do the first blooms of spring.

Marcella looked at the picture a moment, then she said: "Our Lord was not a martyr."

"He was the *Head of the Martyrs*, Saint Augustine tells us in one of the Lessons of the Tenebræ for Holy Week, and the Litany calls him the "*Strength of the Martyrs*."

"I understand now;" and with this admission, that the Christian artists, who painted these pictures, knew what they were doing, Marcella seemed to have lost her spirit of criticism, and she stood with Paul before each picture, as one who had come to learn what the church had to tell her about these Christian heroes and heroines. There was Saint Peter, crucified with his head downwards; there was Saint Paul beheaded by a sword; there was Saint Vitalis, buried alive while his wife was beaten to death; Saint Faustus and his companions, clothed in the skins of wild beasts and torn to pieces by dogs; Saint John, the beloved disciple of our Lord, in the cauldron of boiling oil; Saint Domitilla, roasted alive; Saint Ignatius, a disciple of Saint John the apostle and evangelist, devoured by lions in the Coliseum; and Saint Perpetua and Saint Felicitas treated in the same way, and in the same place; Saint Margaret, stretched on a rack and torn with iron forks; Saint Martina, Saint Euphemia, Saint Agatha, Saint Cecilia, Saint Agnes, Saint Barbara; Saint Anastasia, who was burned

at the stake; Saint Catherine, lashed to a wheel; Saint Lucy, shut up in a den full of loathsome serpents; Saint Bibiana, flogged to death and then thrown to the dogs in the Forum, that they might devour her body. There, too, were hundreds of brave soldiers deliberately given over to be shot, or even butchered. There were parents with all their children, to die before each others' eyes in torment; but Marcella passed from group to group of heroic sufferers, to see, not only pain, but the triumph over pain. On the faces of some was a smile of joy, on others a look so patient, so full of holy fortitude, that they impressed Marcella even more than the triumphant ones, for she was sure they felt all the anguish which their tormentors intended for them. At last they came to a group of Christians in which was a boy, who might have been of the age of our Paul; one hand had been cut off, and the executioner was preparing to cut off the other. This boy stood with his eyes lifted towards heaven. There was no look of pain on the young face, no regret for the loss already endured, no shrinking from that which was still to come.

"Is not that a brave Christian boy, Marcella!" exclaimed Paul, in his enthusiastic way; "they gave no ether or chloroform for such operations, remember!"

"Oh, Paul!" replied Marcella, in a subdued voice, "there is something better than courage in that boy's soul. Do you not see? He is offering both his hands, and his life with them, to the Lord for whose sake he is thus mangled and tortured. It is the spirit of sacrifice, Paul, not courage merely. Do you not remember the picture of Saint Laurence in the Vatican gallery? He has not been laid on the gridiron, but the torture is before him, the rough hands of the executioners are already on his shoulders, and he kneels, or as much as they will allow him to kneel, and offers himself to God as a sacrifice. And this boy, Paul, no older than yourself, is doing exactly what

Saint Laurence the deacon did, before he laid himself down on his bed of torture. I begin to see, Paul, what martyrdom really is. Some of these martyrs, like Saint Appollonia, whose teeth were pulled out, have a look of great pain; but the look of sacrifice is there too, and this makes their pain so different from all other sorts of pain."

"You are right, little sister," said Paul, touched to the heart to see how quickly she had learned the lesson taught in the Rotunda of Saint Stephen; "but come a little farther and you will not only see the last of the pictures, but the consummation of all true martyrdoms."

It was as Paul had said, for here, indeed, was Jesus Christ in glory, the wounds in his hands and feet no longer bleeding and livid, but raying forth beams of light; while all around him, in joyous groups, were the martyrs who had borne the ignominious pains of petty tyrants, to receive their crowns and palms from the eternal King of Heaven and earth. "You know," said Paul, "that martyrdom has been called the short road to heaven, and we may also say, the sure road to the highest seats in heaven. I have heard people say, they would rather die a sudden death than have a long sickness; but these martyrs did not make any bargains with their Lord and Master about the duration, any more than the severity, of their sufferings. To them it was all one. Heaven, they knew, would be worth infinitely more sufferings than they could endure and live. What a poor figure these persons who ask for a sudden death, in order to escape a few days or weeks of sickness, would make beside these martyrs of the Rotunda!"

When Paul and Marcella knelt again before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, and before the delicate mosaic above the tabernacle, Paul was not afraid of shocking his sister by pointing out to her the figures of Primus and Felicianus under their torture, beside the altar on the wall, as well as in glory beside

the gemmed cross of the mosaic in the arch. Before leaving the church they visited the small temple in the centre, in which repose the relics of Saint Stephen, the first martyr, then gave one long look over the whole immense circle; and the longer they looked at it the more vast it seemed. They saw a great many persons walking slowly before the pictures, leading young boys and girls by the hand. "It is here," said Paul, "that the Roman fathers and mothers bring their children to learn the history of the church and the story of her saints and martyrs."

"The great picture-book of the first ages of the Church, Paul, exactly what you told me it was. I have learned more about the martyrs this afternoon than I could learn by reading a year. It is almost as if we had seen these holy men and women, and these holy children too, dying for their faith."

When they had come through the gate-way of the Rotunda in sight of the Navicella, Paul was turning his face towards it, but Marcella said: "Let us come again to the beautiful Navicella, Paul. To-day I wish to take home with me just the pictures of the martyrs. And some of them, Paul, really suffered within the walls of that grand Coliseum which we pass so often, which everybody in Rome passes; where gay parties go just to look and wonder at the beautiful ruins. Is it not a solemn privilege, Paul, to live even for a few months, where the martyrs and saints lived, and where mortals, like ourselves, have died such deaths?"

SAN PIETRO IN MONTORIO.

AND you have not yet visited *San Pietro in Montorio!* have not yet seen the most beautiful view of Rome! Then let me take you there this very afternoon; it is my favorite drive; and the fountain I love best in all Rome lies on our way."

It was a bright day in March, as we stepped into one of the open carriages common on the streets of Rome and drove towards the Tiber. Just before we reached the bridge which spans the yellow stream, we heard a gush of water like the gush of a cascade, and turning our eyes, saw on our left hand a real cascade forcing its way through a crevice high up in a rock, while two jets of water spouted into it from the sides. No one can see this fountain for the first time without an exclamation of delight. There is such a dash and play of clear waters, as if there were no end to the supply given from the fountain-head; and, then, it is so unlike all other fountains! We stopped the little open carriage, and sat quietly listening to the many voices of the fountain, while the muddy stream of the Tiber flowed at our feet, and while the multitudes, which always seem to be abroad in Rome, passed to and fro over the bridge. But my friend remembered Montorio, and after this pause of a few minutes we soon crossed the bridge

Ponte Sisto, and began our way up the mountain; for it is even more than a hill, on which this church dedicated to Saint Peter stands. The steep ascent has been cheated of its weariness, however, by a road that winds to the very top among lovely gardens, where the cactus and the aloe flourish as if in their native soil; where there are paths leading by steps cut in the rock to every pleasant off-look, and where people on foot can linger, for hours, with delight. We looked back, again and again, over the widening view spreading below us, when another gush of waters, or rather dash of waters, came to our ears. This time it was not one cascade alone, but five! and each of the five just as abundant as if no other cascade were within a mile of it. How gayly they kept time with each other, and how their crystal waters laughed in the sunshine!

"Rome should be called the city of fountains, for it has no rival, as to their number, or variety, or the abundance of their waters," said our friend, who is familiar with all the noblest cities in Europe.

The road to San Pietro made still another curve at the fountain before we could see the church, of which we might say, as of so many others in Rome: "All the beauty of the king's daughter is within." But what a view spread out before us! Far off on the Campagna rose the round tomb of Cecilia Metella, that pagan matron who was a model of womanly virtues. There, too, is Saint Paul of the Three Fountains which looks near, and Saint Paul outside the walls; and the old city walls, themselves, show among the green of the newly springing grass and the cypresses. There is the pyramid of Cestius. Still beyond are the Alban mountains, and Monte Cavo and Frascati rise up into the blue sky. There we see the ruins of the Cæsars' palaces and the Coliseum, and beyond them Saint John Lateran. There, too, is the Capitol, with its statues, and close beside it the famous church of Ara

Cœli, where a Sibyl of ancient Rome prophesied that "a Virgin should also be a mother." Then the bell tower of Santa Maria Maggiore; the Quirinal palace, with the pope's arms still adorning its front, and the church of S. Trinità de' Monti, with the groves of the Pincian Hill; while nearer, we see the Farnese palace, and the grand church of San Andrea della Valle, Castello San Angelo, and the dome of Saint Peter's; while at the foot are seen Santa Maria in Trastevere, its front adorned with mosaics on a gold ground, and the old church of Saint Cecilia, virgin and martyr. Just before us were the stones for the foundation of the monument to be erected to commemorate that council of the Vatican, held in 1860, which defined the dogma of the infallibility of the successors of Saint Peter. For here, upon this high mountain, before the eyes of all Rome, Saint Peter, the first pope, was crucified with his head downward; and upon this same mountain, his successor, Pius IX., would proclaim, not the infallibility of Saint Peter only, who was appointed by Jesus Christ himself, but of all who have sat, or who will ever sit, upon the Chair of Peter. One must stand upon this mountain and see all Rome below, to realize the grandeur of this plan of a monument on the bit of table-land before San Pietro in Montorio.

"But where does this church get its name?" we were tempted to ask of our friend full twenty times; but she was always telling us something too pleasant for us to interrupt her. Here was Saint Peter, and here was the mountain; but the *orio?* for we knew this gold must mean something. All the names in Rome have a meaning. There is not a street, not an alley, however narrow, not a court or a square, which does not tell us by its name to what church or palace it leads. There are no A, B, C streets in Rome; no First, Second, Third or Twentieth streets in Rome. Every street has a history, every name has a meaning; so we knew there

was some meaning hidden under this name of San Pietro in Mont *orio.*

While our eyes were feasting upon this magnificent array of historical monuments, the monuments of pagan and Christian Rome, we saw a few persons toiling up a steep path at the left side of the church, and discovered a veritable Calvary, —an out-of-door *Via Crucis*—on the side of a winding hill path. We found each station enclosed and making a shrine; and we could easily imagine the picturesque procession of Franciscans, making this way of the Cross in the hour preceding the "*Ave Maria*," on any Friday of the year; the blue Roman sky above them, and Rome, like another Jerusalem to them, at their feet. But what of this "daughter of the king, who is all glorious within?" On entering the church we were struck by the bare walls of the sanctuary, back of the high altar, in contrast with every other part of the church; for it was exactly this part of the church, with the bell-tower, which was thrown down during the siege of Rome in 1849. With this painful remembrance we turned our eyes from the tribune, in which the Blessed Sacrament is not generally kept, to the treasures of the church in its side-chapels. On the right hand the first one gives us the Scourging of our Lord, from a design by Michael Angelo, with Saint Peter on one side and Saint Francis on the other; and on the arch above, one of Michael Angelo's prophets and Sibyls. The next chapel is radiant with the crowning of the Blessed Virgin and groups of angels, by the pupils of Perugino; but so charming, so full of the grace peculiar to that master, we must always believe the designs were from his own hand and the paintings executed under his own eye. The religious joy expressed in these figures is not to be put into words. It is a joy which belongs only to the saints and angels and to those who converse familiarly with them.

Opposite to this chapel we were transported with delight at recognizing the original of an engraving in our possession, very small but very choice, of the Blessed Virgin holding our Lord on her knee, and above her Saint Anne. The picture is by Pinturicchio, and is one of the most charming from his pencil. It was like seeing a friend, face to face, whose picture only had been in our possession, and who had been known only through this shadow of a self. The next chapel, which is on the left hand and the first from the door, is a wonder in marble. It is called the Chapel of Saint Francis, for the Franciscans have a home at San Pietro in Montorio. The saint is represented in a marble relief, receiving the stigmata, and this relief is over the altar. The sides of the chapel are taken up with two monuments, belonging to one family: but the monument of the younger one claims our attention. The head, in statuesque relief, represents a youth with a book in his hand. His face has all the beauty of his age, as in life, and full of that happiness which looks to the future for the realization of all its dreams. Below him is a sarcophagus in which he is seen again, but lying dead; while on the side of the sarcophagus is sculptured, with a most startling and present reality, the resurrection of the bodies of the just, who come forth from their graves, skeletons as they are, not with fear and trembling but with joy, as they hear the trump of the archangel. Above, we could see the two lovely angels beside the happy youth, looking down on this scene with delight. Throughout, the beauty of the conception was carried out in the execution. In a narrow border, no wider than the length of a hand, which ran all around the chapel from the altar-piece, under both monuments, to the railing itself, was a continuous relief, sculptured in the most delicate marble, of roses, buds, leaves, as if actually studied from life, with all the variety and grace of stems picked from the tree. These were no tradi-

tional or conventional roses, but they had all the softness of living roses in May; while among them flitted birds with swelling throats which actually warbled! or *might* have warbled, so full of life were their little bodies. Altogether, this chapel is one of the most charming to be seen in Rome.

But—San Pietro in Montorio! There was something to be seen even after this chapel; and this was the very spot upon which Saint Peter was crucified, ignominiously, in the sight of Rome and all her palaces and temples. From a side door we stepped into a small cloistered court, in which stands what is called the *Tempietto*, or small temple; an exquisite dome resting on sixteen Doric columns, built by the great architect Bramante, in 1502, and enclosed by its own walls so as to give a circular interior. It is interesting to know that the tabernacle of the altar of the Blessed Sacrament in the Basilica of Saint Peter at the Vatican, is a copy of this same *Tempietto.* Within is the statue of Saint Peter, and the ceiling and walls are enriched by gilded stucco, representing the various scenes of the life and death of this prince of the apostles; to whose honor, as the inscription reads, this temple was built. Directly in the centre of the marble floor is a hole over which hangs a lamp, by the light of which we could look down into the yellow sand, bright as gold, into which was set the cross on which Saint Peter suffered, the exact spot having been kept by tradition. When we left the *Tempietto*, our Franciscan guide brought us papers in which was wrapped some of this golden-tinted sand which gave the name to the hill on which Saint Peter was crucified, and therefore the church was called *San Pietro in Montorio;* or, Saint Peter on the Golden Mount! It was, then, the little paper of golden sand, which led to the explanation of the name of the church. The sand from this hill is used only on occasions of religious solemnity connected with the dignity of the See of Peter. In the palmy days of

Pius IX., as of his predecessors, it was strewn before them in processions; but now, the little parcels given out by the Brothers, each paper marked with the inverted cross of Saint Peter, alone tell the story of the golden sand in which was planted his cross who said he was not worthy to be crucified like his Divine Master.

We believe our hands trembled a little as they closed over the small package of sand from *San Pietro in Montorio*, even while we lingered once more before Perugino's coronation of the Blessed Virgin, and Pinturicchio's lovely Madonna, and the beautiful youth over his own sarcophagus, and the wreath of roses and singing birds; until, indeed, we stood again on the steps of the high church overlooking Rome, and saw how her Christian temples, under the sway of Saint Peter ignominiously crucified, had risen above all that pagan Rome could boast of in her proudest eras.

When the announcement of the death of the Very Rev. Panfilo da Magliano, M. O. R., was sent to us by a friend, it seemed not more than a week since we had seen him, not in his new College of Saint Bonaventure in Alleghany, New York, but in the ancient monastery of *San Pietro in Montorio*, Rome, of which he was the venerated and beloved Prior. As we stood, only in May, at the unpretending door of the monastery, until our pull on the bell-wire was answered, our eyes took in one of the most imposing views to be had of Rome from any of her Seven Hills; while to pass within that door, was to stand before the *Tempietto* which covers the spot where Saint Peter was crucified. It was among such surroundings that we had the privilege of meeting Father Panfilo, and well did that figure and that face of the venerable

Franciscan comport with the grandeur of the place and of its associations!

Tall, and naturally of a noble presence, with eyes full of the imaginative splendor of his race, no Roman *toga* could have added dignity to his mien as he came toward us with a gracious smile, clad in his brown Franciscan habit, his tonsured head bare, and his bare feet thrust merely into the poor sandals of a Friar Minor.

We had taken with us a young American sculptor to see the treasures of San Pietro in Montorio, and Fr. Panfilo insisted upon being both host and guide. We had thought ourselves well acquainted with Montorio before this visit; but found everything with which we were familiar invested with a fresh charm under his comments, while new treasures came to view as the light of his learning flashed along the ancient walls. The monuments in the chapel of Saint Francis, of the youth dreamily happy above his own sarcophagus, and of the carnival scene above the distribution of the blessed ashes, with the frieze of roses and singing birds; the sarcophagus, on which is a beautiful figure of Julian, Archbishop of Ragusa, who died in 1510, the inscription on which reads thus: *Bonis et Mors et Vita dulcis est:* To the good, both life and death are sweet; the frescoes by Pinturicchio, and Perugino's pupils, and the miraculous *Madonna della Lettera;* the angels, by Michael Angelo, which support a marble altar railing, and finally, that wonder of a painting on stone by Piombo from designs by his master, Michael Angelo, at the first glimpse of which Raphael exclaimed: "*Bravo, Michael!*" all brought out that facility of expression and glow of eloquence which made us sure that Father Panfilo must be a preacher as well as a friar and a scholar. But when we entered the *Tempietto* with him, all the depth and fervor of his soul seemed to flame forth anew. There was not a design in marble, from the re-

lief on the altar representing the ark as resting on the Janiculan hill, to the most minute stucco in the gilded ceiling preserving some incident in the history of Saint Peter, which did not spring into life under the charm of his words; and when we turned to leave this exquisite little temple, his own hands brought up the *very large* pinch of golden sand from the spot where the inverted cross of Saint Peter was planted by the servants of Nero.

The very morning we left Rome, the second volume of Father Panfilo's "*Storia compendiosa di S. Francesco e de' Francescani*," was handed to us. This work, when completed, will give a history of the Order in all its branches, to the present day. It is remarkable not only for the vivacity of its narration and the candor and patience of its researches, but for the personal acquaintance of its author with everything concerning the Order, at present, in America as well as in Europe. It was befitting that the last work to which this zealous son of Saint Francis set his hand should have been the story of his Order and of its seraphic founder.

SANT' ONOFRIO.

TO the right, as I have said, far off on the campagna, you can see the tomb of Cecilia Metella; and straight before you rises Saint John Lateran and the Coliseum," said the friend who was our guide to *San Pietro in Montorio.* "And on the left you can see the dome of Saint Peter's, but not wholly; for between us stands the monastery of Sant' Onofrio."

"Sant' Onofrio!" we exclaimed; "and so near!"

"Let us go there to-day," she replied. And so it was that we drove from *San Pietro in Montorio*, past the fountain with its five dashing cascades, past the gardens with their huge cacti and aloes and the winding steps leading here and there to some pleasant off-look, past the Villa Farnesina and the Hospital of the Holy Spirit, to the foot of a steep, unpaved street, at the very summit of which stood the monastery of Sant' Onofrio. We could see the steps leading up to its portico, and the round arches which led to the church. "We must walk from here," said our friend. "I can never allow myself to be drawn up this steep ascent;" and we began our pilgrimage to Sant' Onofrio. Every few moments we found ourselves looking back upon the view which opened through this narrow street, then took heart by turning our eyes again upon the beautiful round arches of Sant' Onofrio, saying to ourselves:

"It was up this steep ascent that the horses of Cardinal Aldobrandini drew the dying poet. The good monks came to the foot of those high steps to receive him;" and with these memories we forgot the toilsome way.

No sooner had we gained the last step than Rome, the Rome of the Cæsars, and the Rome of Saint Gregory and the whole line of Roman pontiffs, from Saint Peter to Pius IX., lay before us. We had only to seat ourselves on the portico to overlook it all, and to rest at the same time. But we had come to Sant' Onofrio for something besides this view, magnificent as it was. And first, Saint Onofrio himself stood out from the desert with its cave and its one date tree, in a way to draw our hearts, had no other association given a charm to this old monastery. Crossing the portico, with its three pictures of Saint Jerome, for whose Order the monastery was endowed, and in whose hands it has ever since remained, we entered the church, built in 1439. The first chapel on the right contained the Blessed Sacrament, as we knew by the veil over the tabernacle, and it also proved to be the chapel of Sant' Onofrio. This chapel seems to have retained its original form and its ancient decorations. The arched ceiling is richly ingrained and covered with frescoes so dark with age that the fresh gilding of the tabernacle and its *triptich* shone out of the twilight like a sunshiny spot in a dark landscape. In the centre of this triple-picture, on a gold ground, is Sant' Onofrio, as he lived in the desert, with a girdle of leaves about his loins. The saint is kneeling, and his aged hands are joined in earnest prayer. It has all the freshness of a picture recently painted, and yet is as religious as if painted by Lorenzo di Credi. One small window, set across an angle of the chapel, lights it from without and also gives a glimpse of the Eternal City lying at its feet. And this reminds us to say that nothing can be more charming than these glimpses of magnificent views which are

given from the old churches; sometimes by grated apertures in the heavy doors, sometimes by an irregular window, set in, it would seem, for this very purpose. We still recall this window in the chapel of Sant' Onofrio with a feeling of delight. The picture above the altar, our Lord himself dwelling within the tabernacle, might be imagined watching over the city through this small lattice in the wall.

Beside the second chapel is a lunette, in which Pinturicchio painted one of his loveliest pictures: Saint Anne teaching the Blessed Virgin to read; before which everyone lingers, even with the rich decorations of the arch over the main altar leading them onward. There is no gold in this picture, but the clear air of the country surrounds the beautiful heads, so full of simplicity and the grandeur of a supernatural innocence. The apse, or tribune, or, as those accustomed to see but one altar for the Blessed Sacrament in a church would call it, the sanctuary, is an arched recess, and may be called a richly decorated grotto, in which are represented some of the most picturesque scenes in the life of our Lord as an Infant, and the glory of his Mother in heaven. The lower line is occupied by the Nativity, the Murder of the Holy Innocents, and the Flight into Egypt, by Baldassare Peruzzi; the line above, by the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin and eight groups of saints and angels; while the centre, or highest point, is filled by a representation of God the Father in the act of blessing. The depth of tint, the richness of gilding, the elegance of the forms, in these frescoes, is such as to leave a profound impression upon the mind, and one turns from them with reluctance after the longest study. The last chapel on the left is the one in which the present pontiff, Pius IX., has caused the new monument of Torquato Tasso to be placed. The entire chapel has been renovated, and the Papal arms are seen on the ceiling, on the pavement, and also above the slab on which the inscription

concerning Tasso has been inscribed. The altar-piece represents Saint Jerome; beside him is the lion of the desert and of Bethlehem, while an angel blows that trump of doom to which Saint Jerome listens, as he ever did in his lifetime. The monument of Tasso gives the full-length figure of the poet in statuesque relief, and in the dress of his period. He is looking towards Jerusalem, of which he sang; his poem in his hand, supported by a shield which bears a cross and this motto: *Pro fide.* Above the poet, on an arch, are sculptured the Blessed Virgin and her angelic attendants, whose praises he recited with so much fervor. Below, in a bass-relief, we see Tasso dead, but crowned, and carried in triumph to the capitol.

It was from the contemplation of this fresh memorial to the genius of the Christian poet, that we again stepped upon the portico to enter a door at the left, opening upon a cloistered court. The lunettes on the wall correspond with the round arches of the court, and upon these lunettes, on all the four sides, are represented scenes from the life of Sant' Onofrio, with a Latin inscription under each. The beauty and absolute seclusion of this enclosed court has (or must have had before visitors thronged to Sant' Onofrio), something most impressive in it, and gives one an idea of the spirit, so interior and so elevated, engendered by these cloisters adorned with noble works of Christian art, as the daily companions of its inmates. From the court we ascended a flight of steps to a corridor leading off in several directions; but our own way led through another corridor still, with windows overlooking that loveliest of all possible views of Rome. At the end next the entrance, we saw immediately that charming Madonna by Leonardo da Vinci, which he left as a memorial of his genius and of the generosity of the donor, whom he has represented, standing with

uncovered head before this celestial Lady and her Divine Infant.

It was through this enclosed gallery, that we approached the room which the monks of Sant' Onofrio put at the disposal of the poet when he came, as he said, to die among them. The first visit of Tasso to Rome after his early youth, had been one trance of happiness. He was then known as a poet, and was praised and feasted by the venerable Cardinal Hippolyte of Este, in his palace of Monte-Giordano, where were to be met all those men the most distinguished in Rome by their position or their merit. In the midst of all the beauties of a palace where the eye followed, at pleasure, long umbrageous avenues, ending with one of those Roman fountains which spring towards heaven with such joyfulness, while at their base start up beds of the most delicate blooms; or, looking in another direction, where the eye lingers on the beauty of the Roman campagna to be again attracted by the purple hills in the ever beautiful distance; surrounded by such loveliness in nature and by the charms of so brilliant a society, the young Tasso gave himself up to his poetic fancies. Three years after he is again seen in Rome, but now with the pilgrims who crowd to the Holy City in the year of Jubilee. This time his soul is absorbed, not by the glories of ancient Rome, not by its arches of triumph, nor the pleasure grounds of modern opulence, but by the contemplation of those spots on which the blood of martyrs had been shed for Christ; and in the fervor of his pious enthusiasm he would gladly cover these sacred spots with his kisses and his tears.

Once more Tasso revisits that Rome which must have had such a charm for his poetic soul. In 1575 he returned to finish there, with the aid of so many inspirations, his *Gerusalemme*. We are told that a sincere and lively admiration was excited by his poem, but the hearts of poets are exacting. Some

praise which he had hoped to win had not been given, and all other praises failed to console him. For more than twelve years he did not go to Rome. Finally, in 1587, he went to the holy shrine of Loreto, there to accomplish a vow which he had made to the Blessed Virgin. From Loreto he went to Assisi, to pray before the altars and the tomb of Saint Francis. From Assisi he continued his pilgrimage until, on the 4th of November, the Roman campagna was again spread before him. He had tasted the cup of life to find its sweetness turned to bitterness. Disappointed, unhappy, drawn to religion by the necessities of a suffering soul, he had come to Rome for consolation. "It is a grace from God," he writes to a friend, "that I am allowed to visit once more this holy city." This time he found a home with the abbot of Olivetani di Santa Maria Nuovella upon the *Via Sacra*, Father Oddi, one of the most ardent admirers of the Jerusalem of Tasso. But not even the kindness of Father Oddi could save him from a certain sense of humiliation which came from his poverty. In one of his moments of depression he fled from the abode of his friend and took shelter in a hospital founded by a cousin of his father, Jacques Tasso. "Here," he could say, "if I live upon alms, it is upon the alms of my own family." But while the poet was thus weighed down to the dust by his misfortunes, Rome and her Pontiff were preparing a triumph for which, years before, he had sighed in vain. The poet had returned to Naples, where a letter from Cardinal Cintio Aldobrandini announced to him that by a decree of the Senate, approved by the pope, Clement VIII., the crown of laurel would be given to him at the capitol. How had the charm of this triumph been broken? God, who reads the heart, who knows its dangers, had opened the eyes of Tasso to the vanity of worldly fame; and now it was only the solicitations of his friends

which induced him to accept what he had once desired and had even felt he had a right to claim.

Returning to Rome, he took the route which led over Monte Cassino, that he might compose his whole soul before those shrines where Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica had overcome the world.

Even before he entered Rome, he was met by his faithful friends, the cardinals Cintio and Pietro Aldobrandini, with their families, and also a representation from the house of the Holy Father. He was welcomed with transports of joy, and was received the next day by Clement VIII., who said to him: "I hold for you the laurel crown, that you may honor it as it has been honored by others."

The ceremony, however, was deferred on account of the weather and the gloom of the winter months. "Let it be given," it was said, "in the month of April, in the midst of springing flowers and all the joys of spring-time." But the poet had heard a voice which had not reached the ears of his most devoted friends. When he learned that the coronation had been deferred, he was profoundly moved, and begged Cardinal Cintio, his beloved friend, to take him to the monastery of Sant' Onofrio. His wish was gratified, and the carriage of the Cardinal, in which he accompanied the poet, was drawn up the steep *Salita di Sant' Onofrio* to the steps of the monastery, where they were met by the religious. Here it was, at the foot of these steps, that Tasso said to them, with all the pathos of his soul in his melancholy eyes: "My fathers, I have come to die among you!" From this moment he seemed to give himself into their hands. With the greatest tenderness they aided his trembling steps up the flight of stairs to the portico, and then through the same cloistered court which we have described; up the same stairs to the gallery, with its windows overlooking Rome, to the best room in their lovely

abode; to no other would they lead the poet of the "Jerusalem Delivered." But in vain did they seek to chase from his mind the idea of approaching death. It was from this sacred seclusion that he wrote to his dear friend, Antonio. "I have come to the monastery of Sant' Onofrio, not only because the air is praised by physicians more than that of any other part of Rome, but that I may begin, on this elevated spot and in the conversation of these holy fathers, my conversation in heaven."

Cardinal Cintio Aldobrandini seldom quitted his friend Tasso, and nothing was left undone to cheer and sustain his courage and his failing strength. The oak is still shown towards which his feeble steps delighted to turn through the garden of the monastery, and from which he could see, through the mild air of early spring, the Roman landscape, the Tiber and the holy city. But nothing could stay the hand of death. Two weeks after his arrival at Sant' Onofrio the latent fever declared itself. He still lingered fourteen days, and then he asked for the last rites of that Church which never seems so rich as when invoked by the dying. Absorbed in the contemplation of divine things, holding to his breast and to his lips the crucifix sent to him by Clement VIII., and enriched with every blessing for his last hour, he could say: "Behold, the laurel crown which I was to receive at the Capitol, has been changed for a better one in heaven!" From the time he received the last Sacraments, he desired to be left alone with a religious and his crucifix. Slowly and to the sweet chant of the choir, to which Tasso had so often listened with tears of happiness, the monk chanted the Hours until the morning when Tasso murmured, with great difficulty: "*In manus Tuas Domine*," —and all was over! The last words of his Redeemer, "Lord, into Thy Hands," were the last words of Tasso.

Who can say with what a pathetic interest every object in

that chamber is invested! There stands the chair on which he had sat; his writing-case is preserved, and above all his crucifix; also a letter, written by his own hand to his dear friend Antonio, and a bust, the mask of which was taken from his face after death, and on which one sees how all the natural enthusiasm of the poet had been supernaturalized by years of suffering, and, more than all, by those few weeks among the holy souls at Sant' Onofrio.

Tasso died between seven and eight o'clock on the morning of the 25th of April, 1595, in the fiftieth year of his age. That same evening his body was interred near the steps of the high altar, amid a vast concourse of people. For centuries the spot was marked by a stone bearing this inscription:

"Here lie the bones of Torquato Tasso. Stranger, lest thou know it not, the Brothers of the monastery have placed here this stone, in the year 1601. He died in 1595."

When the guide had shown us all that his room contained, he led us to a door opening on the garden of the monastery, its path leading to the oak of Tasso. A great part of it has been destroyed by tempests, but enough remains to show where the poet's seat must have been. Near it is the tree under which Saint Philip Neri drew around him the Roman boys and won their young hearts to God. A flight of mossy steps leads still higher, where we could see plainly the near dome of Saint Peter's and the line of stone pines stretching almost from the spot where we stood to the colonnades of the great basilica. The beautiful views of Rome before us, the far off peak of Monte Cavo, on which we could catch the gleam of the Passionist convent, and this while still in the shadow of Tasso's oak and Saint Philip's cypresses; a shadow not too dense, but giving sunshine through the boughs; the fresh but still mild air, with every little while the sweet bells of Sant' Onofrio breaking the stillness; this was Italy! The Italy of the

poet and the painter. Between us and Rome seemed to stand only the picturesque stone wall over-run with ivy and wild roses. At our feet the green turf was set close with pink and white daisies, spreading their small corollas to the sun. We gathered a handful, for they would speak not only to us, but to many across the sea, of Sant' Onofrio and of Saint Philip Neri as well as of Tasso; and when we returned to the church, we laid them on the altar in the old chapel of the Saint of the Desert, with its one small window overlooking Rome.

SANTI COSMA E DAMIANO.

"YOU are sure that you know this short way from San Pietro in Vincoli to Santa Francesca's?"

"Oh, I am quite sure," said our young friend Margaret Morgan; and forthwith we began our descent from the Esquiline Hill by a short way she had told us of, to Santa Francesca's on the Forum. Rome was then quite new to all of us; and although a little surprised to find ourselves coming out on the Forum, not close by the Coliseum, as we expected, but where the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina stands with its eight columns of cipollino marble*, forty-three feet high, we were disposed to trust to our amiable guide who had been in Rome a little longer than ourselves. On the opposite corner stood an ancient-looking church, which our young friend insisted was Santa Francesca Romana's. We entered a round vestibule in which were the Stations of the Cross, and then the church itself. How different from the bright, cheerful Santa Francesca's we expected to see! an indescribable dinginess clung to everything, and a sense of terrible disappointment was coming over us, when, lifting our eyes to the apse, a vision of heaven stood, or rather swam, high before us, like a sunset of glory! "This is not Santa Francesca's," I said; "but Saints Cosmas and Damian's."

* From Cipolla, or *onion*; because the marble is made up of layers like an onion.

"How do you know?"

"By the mosaic, of which I have read descriptions; and I ought to have recognized that round vestibule, which was a temple of Remus or Romulus. But the mosaics!"

Of all the mosaics in Rome, this one on the ceiling of the apse of SS. Cosmas and Damian is the most resplendent. In the midst is our Lord, in all the majesty of him who made the world; walking, as it were, not on the sea, but on the clouds of sunset; crimson, purple, gold, breaking in waves of color under his feet. The saffron-tinted robe held over his left arm, and in the hand a roll; the right hand extended, raised, as if in admonition, instruction; the whole air that of the omnipotent, yet compassionate teacher of his creatures. How we bow before this sovereign Creator,—this merciful law giver! How we yield to him our wills; how our poor human reason bends to his revelations of infinite wisdom! For the time we are wholly absorbed in this divine One revealing himself to our eyes. In the whole world there is not such an over-mastering conception of Jesus, the Christ, who had but to look upon men to draw them from their fisher's nets or money tables; and not only one or two, or twelve, but thousands, who willingly followed him to the deserts, and waited for him to feed them with miraculous bread. Raphael did not hesitate to make this his model, and it has kindled the imagination of every artist in Rome since those wonderful fifth and sixth centuries, when the apses of Rome blossomed out under the inspiration of a rejoicing Christianity.

The vestibule, as we have said, had stood as a temple once devoted to Remus, perhaps to Romulus, when, in 526, Felix IV. converted it into a church, and placed in the apse this magnificent work of Christian art. The central figure, which we have described, fills the upper middle of the arch; on the lower line, formed by the shore of the mystical Jordan, are

Saint Peter and Saint Paul on each hand, leading the two brothers, Saints Cosmas and Damian, with crowns in their hands, towards him who has crowned them with an everlasting joy; and still to one side Saint Theodore, with his crown, in a robe which reminds one of his soldier's armor; and at the other side our good Pope Felix, carrying the church on his hands. At each end, waving over the group of saints, almost touching the clouds just above the head of our Lord, rises a stately palm, and at the very tip of a branch of the one at the right hand of our Lord, is a phœnix, symbol of the resurrection, with a radiant star for a nimbus, adoring him who brought life to the dead by his own resurrection. The whole is a symbolizing of the transfigured, glorified humanity now at the right hand of the Eternal Father.

Below the Jordan, which is introduced into mosaic here for the first time, is the Lamb of God, standing in the midst of his twelve apostolic sheep; at one end Jerusalem, at the other Bethlehem.

How suddenly the church, which looked so dingy, had become a Mount Thabor; and we were ready to ask the poor Franciscans, who serve it, to allow us to build there our tabernacle!

SAN CLEMENTE.

WHEN shall we go to see the three churches in one, the wonderful San Clemente, which we read about in Father Mullooly's book long before we came abroad?"

"We can go to-day; for, although not the feast of Saint Clement, it is the feast of Saint Ignatius of Antioch, whose relics are kept there, so that we are sure to find this beautiful church at its best, and Father Mullooly also; for, like a true Irish Dominican, he always rises to the occasion." Thus without delay, we put ourselves under the protection of our venerable friend, Father Sorin, and drove from the door of Santa Brigida's on the Piazza Farnese on to the *Via Sacra;* or as sometimes called, *Via Triumphalis;* because over this sacred or triumphal way, always defiled the hosts of the victorious emperors on their return to Rome. Our course lay over this historic way, spanned by the Arch of Titus, skirting the ruined palaces of the Cæsars, coming face to face with the Coliseum; then, turning to the left of the Coliseum, we entered on the Via Giovanni in Laterano, leading directly to Saint John of Lateran. Having been only a month in Rome, our eyes were not yet accustomed to the plain exterior of its churches. We had gone but a stone's throw from the Coliseum, when we turned to the side door of what looked to us like anything but

a church, much less a basilica. Can this be the San Clemente we studied out years ago? But once within the door, how familiar it all seems! We are actually treading on the floor of precious *Opus Alexandrinum*, and as we come to the nave of the church we see on each hand the beautiful round arches supported by sixteen columns differing from each other, not only as to their surface, some being plain, others fluted, but in material; Numidian, Oriental; while directly between us and the high altar, raised one step above the floor of the nave, is an enclosed square, presenting a face of wonderful marbles, with round slabs of costly red porphyry let into the lighter colors; slabs and jambs exquisitely carved in crosses and wreaths, and bearing the *fish*, the symbol of Christ.

Above this wall of marbles rise the two *ambones*, or reading desks, and on the left hand the winding stairs lead to an exquisite pulpit attached to a column; while at the foot of the stairs is the ancient paschal candlestick, its spiral stem threaded with mosaics, a veritable work of art. Over the high altar rises a canopy called in early times a *ciborium;* a word used at present for the gold vessel in which the consecrated Host is kept in the tabernacle, but used formerly as if the whole altar were a most precious sacred vessel in which reposed the ever present Lord. Above and beyond all this is to be seen the apse, entirely covered by one of the most wonderful of the wonderful mosaics of Rome. But before we allow ourselves to be absorbed by its details, we must pause to admire the elegant receptacle for the Holy Oils, which clings like a nest to the side of the apse. The workmanship of this architectural gem gives one an idea of the priceless treasure which it contains, and shows how inexhaustible are the motives supplied by religion for conceptions of beauty. But while standing before the altar, with its ancient canopy supported by four antique columns, we notice the ornaments of the altar; not

flowers, but busts in silver, and an arm in the same metal of beautiful workmanship. We know the busts contain relics of holy skulls; but the arm and hand puzzle us, until we remember that this is the feast of Saint Ignatius, and that the lions which devoured him left some of the large bones, and among these one of the arms; and this silver encases the precious bone of the aged martyr of the Coliseum, distant only a stone's throw from the spot where we stand. And now we can study without distraction the mosaic, which gives a celestial background to the altar and its sacred mysteries. At the very highest centre is a small cross, as one puts a cross at the head of a letter or on any piece of work to mark its intention; and below this a head of the Saviour with the book of the Gospels. On the same range for the eye are the emblems of the Four Evangelists; which are, for Saint Matthew the winged head of a man, for Saint Mark the winged head of a lion, for Saint Luke of an ox, and for Saint John the eagle. Below these we have, on one side, Saint Peter instructing Saint Clement, and on the other, Saint Paul instructing Saint Laurence, as the inscriptions on the little scrolls show; while still lower is seen on the side of Saint Peter the city of Jerusalem, and Jeremiah the prophet making his lamentations over it; while below Saint Paul is seen the city of Bethlehem, and over this Isaiah, who prophesied so glowingly of the mighty one to be born there. Between the two cities is seen the mystical Lamb which represents Christ our Lord, and on either hand the apostles as sheep. Below this is a beautiful arabesque border, which finishes the edge of the mosaic like a frame by joining it to the arched border of flowers and fruits, and conspicuous among them the clusters of grapes and heads of wheat which typify the Holy Eucharist. In the centre of all this is a cross, which springs from the earth, spreading its graceful branches like a strong vine over the entire apse. On this cross

hangs the Saviour, clothed to the feet; beside him his Virgin Mother and his apostle Saint John; while on the four ends of the cross are perched twelve spotless doves, symbolizing the apostles. From the foot of the cross flow four streams, and here is a little hart, the symbol of a soul longing for baptism; and besides these, small hares are seen among the fruit, the owl also and the cock, and singing birds, and even the glint of the serpent among the lilies and roses. But these are not all; for against the vines as a background stand the four great Doctors of the Church; on one side of the cross Saint Ambrose and Saint Gregory, on the other Saint Jerome and Saint Augustine; and still lower, one of the miracles wrought at the altar of Saint Clement, the blinding of a scoffer and his restoration, is distinctly given; while the whole is so beautiful in color that we forget the difficulty of expressing such a variety of subjects in one picture.

The eyes of the most enthusiastic will weary of gazing upward even at a rare mosaic; but as ours turned reluctantly downward, we saw below the high altar the exquisite marble *transennæ* or open screen, behind which the relics of Saint Clement are preserved. The beauty of all this marble and mosaic is not to be told, and their very beauty makes us eager to read the wonders in the life of the saint who has inspired such adornments, as it is told in the pictures above the round arches. But first, as if Saint Clement claimed Saint Ignatius in a way not to allow him to be forgotten, we see the aged Bishop of Antioch condemned by the so-called merciful emperor, Trajan; then his tender parting from Saint Polycarp, his fellow disciple with Saint John Evangelist; then in the amphitheatre to be devoured by lions. We then turn to see Clement of Rome, the son of one of its noblest families, giving the veil to Flavia Domitilla of the imperial household. Next, Saint Clement striking the barren rocks on the high shore of

the Euxine Sea, where, an exile among exiles, he saw the distressing thirst of his Christian fellow prisoners working in the quarries, and thus caused a refreshing stream to flow forth; a miracle so celebrated as to convert the whole neighborhood to the faith of Christ. It is this miracle which is still sung in the office of the Feast of Saint Clement: "At the prayer of Saint Clement there appeared to him the Lamb of God; from under whose feet the living fountain flows; the gushing of the stream makes glad the city of God. All the Gentiles that were round about believed in the Lord Christ;" and in the picture the thirsty Christians are drinking eagerly. Next, is Saint Clement standing on a precipice overlooking the sea, an anchor tied to his neck, while two men stand ready to cast him over the brink; for in this way he was martyred, in the year 100 of the Christian era. The next picture gives the translation of the relics of Saint Clement to his church, and this is followed by the picture of the two brothers, SS. Cyril and Methodius, to whose piety we are indebted for these relics.

But we knew that we should find the story of Saint Clement still more vividly represented in the subterranean or ancient church, which, from before tho year 900, had been hidden from the eyes of men; a sealed book, forgotten indeed, until opened by Father Mullooly in 1857. Passing into the sacristy, we descended twenty-three steps of Alban peperino marble, and found ourselves in time to join the distinguished party of a bishop and ecclesiastics, to whom Father Mullooly, torch in hand, was showing the wonders of this ancient church, from which had been transferred all the beautiful marbles of the upper church we had just visited. And here indeed we found the story of Saint Clement told as it could be told nowhere else. There was Saint Clement, the third Pope, receiving his authority from Saint Peter himself, who is bestowing upon him the sacred pallium; and that no one

might mistake these personages, under or beside each one is given the name *S. Petrvs*, *S. Clemens Papa*, and at the side of these central figures, Linvs, the first pope after Saint Peter, and *Cletvs* the successor of Linus, next after whom came Saint Clement. Everything in the vestments is as rich as the artist could portray it. Below this is another picture representing Saint Clement celebrating mass; and again, that no one may misunderstand, "S. Clemens, Papa," is written above the altar from which Saint Clement is turning, with his hands outspread precisely as a priest to-day would turn to say, *Orate fratres or Dominus vobiscum;* both of which Saint Clement introduced into the mass before the year one hundred. Above the altar are suspended seven lamps, and the middle one is a circle in which are placed seven small lamps, which was formerly called a Pharos. The vestments worn by Saint Clement in this picture are the same as those worn now, only a little different as to shape. The side figures give us a representation of the same miracle which we saw in the mosaic of the apse, viz.: the blinding of the scoffer Sinsinius, whose name is written at his feet.

But now we come to the marvellous part of the story of Saint Clement. In the upper church, we see him about to be cast into the sea with an anchor tied to his neck. In the life of Saint Clement we are told of the grief of his exiled people, the Christians of Cherson, not only for the death of their holy instructor, but for the loss of his precious relics. And we are also told, how they were advised by immediate disciples of Saint Clement to have recourse to prayer. And lo! while they prayed, the waves of the sea retired, flowed each way, until a path appeared in the sea so that the Christians could walk on it for about three miles, when they came to a cave, or temple, as it is described, in which lay the martyr's body, the anchor beside it. Moreover, for two hundred years

the sea flowed backward, thus, on the anniversary of his martyrdom, the 23d of November, which is still his feast, and continued thus for eight days. It is this cave or temple which is represented in the picture as in the midst of the sea, with the fishes gliding around it and the crowd of Christians coming from Cherson to its altar, on which stand the candles, and where we also see the mother clasping her little child whom she had left there by mistake a year before. And all these wonders, depicted with a most life-like vivacity on the walls of the subterranean San Clemente, are related in the writings of such bishops as Saint Ephraim, who passed his life in the region of the Chersonesus.

Below the picture just described is another, joined to it by an exquisite border in which are four little birds looking towards the head of Saint Clement in a medallion, the two fingers of his right hand raised to bless, and the gospel in his left; and filling the spaces are the members of the pious family who caused this picture to be painted as an ex-voto for some favor obtained by the prayers of Saint Clement.

It would be impossible, even by writing many pages, to give an idea of the numerous paintings on these ancient walls, as the torch of the charming narrator, the Prior of San Clemente, flashed over them, then left them in gloom. But we must not fail to speak of a crucifixion, the Blessed Virgin and Saint John standing beside the cross; the sorrowing women coming to the holy sepulchre, which is guarded by an angel; of our Lord descending into Limbo, where Adam and Eve are awaiting his approach to release them; poor Eve stretching out both hands, like a true woman, imploring deliverance: the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, on the ground in the centre her empty tomb, above which she soars towards her Divine Son who appears in the heavens to receive her with his angels, while the twelve apostles gaze enraptured on her

flight, according to the idea of Titian in his great picture of the Assumption. Then there was an enthroned Madonna, dressed in great splendor, like a queen, and holding on her lap the Divine Child wearing the cruciform nimbus: and the sacrifice of Abraham, as typical of our Lord's passion, is given at the sides of this picture. On the large square pillars which support certain parts of the church, as well as on the walls, are given scenes from the lives of different saints; among others of Saint Alexis and of Saint Catherine of Alexandria, which we shall refer to at another time, and also the crucifixion of Saint Peter with his head downward.

When we had made the round of the church, Father Mullooly paused in his narrative to tell us about the church which is still another storey below, and which is the original house of Saint Clement, where he was born and lived with his father and mother. This house on his conversion under the preaching of Saint Peter, his baptism, ordination as priest and consecration as bishop at the hands of the same apostle, was converted by Saint Clement into a chapel. After his death the chapel went by his name, and the church thus founded is the only church in Rome which has borne the title of San Clemente. Twenty broad steps, after the manner of the best Roman architecture, lead to the chambers of this ancient house. The largest chamber is directly under the apse of the subterranean church, as well as of the apse of the modern church above it, and is very beautifully adorned with the choice stucco of Rome's best age. The disappointment was not to be expressed, when told by Father Mullooly that the winter rains had filled this lower chamber with water so as to make it impossible to visit it. But the privilege already enjoyed, of visiting the subterranean church under the guidance of the indefatigable Prior, to whom we owed, not only the enjoyment of this visit, but the graces which should flow

from such a confirmation of our faith as these sacred walls must give, was a rich satisfaction. As our procession moved towards the sacristy, we had an opportunity to look once more at the first fresco which caught the eye of Father Mullooly when he peered through the rough opening made into this subterranean vault, and which tells the story of Saint Catharine of Alexandria. No sooner had we returned to the upper church, than we went to the iron gate of the little chapel on the right hand of the side door by which we had entered, for there, we knew, were the frescoes by Massaccio representing the story of Saint Catherine. Wonderful to relate, when Massaccio painted these frescoes, no one remembered the subterranean church nor the pictures on its walls! Yet, the subject is treated precisely the same in the chapel above as in the vault below. There is the same bringing of Saint Catharine before the emperor and the forty philosophers; the same instruction given in her prison to the empress, and above all, the breaking, by an angel from heaven, of the wheel on which she was to have suffered. Indeed, there seemed no end to the witness given by this church, or these three churches in one, to the truth of the Christian traditions. On leaving the church, we took pains to see the principal entrance, which is a quaint porch supported by four antique pillars. From this porch extends a portico, called a *narthex*, to the church. On the steps, leading down from the pavement to three sides of this porch, Saint Servulus, the holy cripple, begged from his childhood to his death; bestowing upon others the alms which he did not need for himself. There is a picture of this, giving the death of Saint Servulus, in the upper church; for although Servulus was a beggar from necessity, Saint Gregory the Great was moved to preach the sermon at his funeral.

It was with a new interest that we looked, after this visit,

at the picture of Saint Clement in the Düsseldorf Series, where he is seen with a very ancient tiara, shaped like a pine-cone, on his head, and carrying in his hand a scroll with an inscription from his own contribution to the mass: *Dominus Vobiscum.*

SANTI QUATTRO INCORONATI.

IT is never by merely driving to a church, in Rome, and seeing what the guide-book may tell us about it, that its beauties become known; least of all, this church of "*I Santi Quattro Incoronati e i cinque Scultori Martiri*," or, this church of the Four Crowned Saints and the Five Sculptors Martyrs." One of the charms of this visit is to walk up the hill-path, which leads from a street directly opposite the old church of Saint Clement; to walk up this hill slowly, too, for it is steep, and to mark the grass and flowering plants springing from all the crevices in the old walls on each side. It does not occur to a stranger that all this is a part of the church he has come to visit. But suddenly a flight of steps is seen in the wall; by these, he is told, is the nearest way to the church. He takes but three steps when he turns an angle, and is only thinking: "What a quaint flight of steps!" when he finds himself on a green table-land, and looking off on a landscape which makes him exclaim with delight; for there, in all their majesty, are the Alban Hills, with their groves and villas. Against these mountains, on which, even in March, lie patches of snow, rise the ruins of the campagna, so warm in their hues, they seem steeped in eternal sunshine; while the

statues on the roof of Saint John Lateran are seen on the right hand.

From this view we turn to enter the church. But first we must cross a court in which are all sorts of farming tools, and doors which lead into stables. This court opens upon still another; a beautiful court, with very ancient pillars imbedded in its walls, and also inscriptions and fragments of marble. Upon this court stands a portico with a double row of columns. At the right hand is a door, over which is a very animated picture, in fresco, of the Four Crowned Martyrs, who seem to be singing a hymn of praise, with their crowns on their heads and their palms in their hands. The door opens and we step into a small chapel, called the Chapel of Saint Sylvester, built by Pope Innocent II. in 1140, when he called artists from Siena to assist him in its decoration. The floor is of that choice mosaic called *opus Alexandrinum*, and is as rich in bright colors to-day as when it was laid so many hundred years ago, although it is worn as unevenly as the street pavement of a city. We found on the walls a series of pictures representing the baptism of Constantine, and all the wonderful events which prepared his mind for receiving this sacrament worthily; and, finally, he is seen leading Saint Sylvester into Rome in triumph, his own imperial hand on the bridle of the horse upon which the pontiff rides. There is another picture representing Saint Helen finding the true cross, and the monogram of the cross as used by Constantine on his sacred banner, is also on the walls. A large picture opposite the altar represents our Lord enthroned in glory, among his apostles and saints. These pictures tell their own story, better too, than many more skilfully painted in later times. It is a very solemn little chapel, with its altar of precious marble, on which mass is said once in a year for the confraternity of stone cutters, with its floor so richly adorned, and its walls telling an impe-

rial history. Crossing the portico however, with its ancient columns, we raise the heavy padded curtain from the door, and what a paradise opens before us!

Directly in front of the eye is the high altar, rich in those decorations used only on festival days; but most of all, rich in those reliquaries so prized in Rome, in which are preserved the relics of saints and martyrs. These reliquaries of precious metals, often set with jewels, make the treasury of many an old church, and on the Station-day, the panels around an altar all at once prove to be doors, now set wide open, but which have concealed all the year the bones of martyrs, and even the vases in which their blood was preserved. With such ornaments we saw the high-altar of the "Four Crowned Martyrs, and the Five Sculptors Martyrs," adorned on the day we visited the church, and its story is one to be taken to heart even in our own day. The Four Crowned Martyrs are supposed to have been brothers, who lived in the time of Diocletian's awful persecution of the Christians. They were in places of honor and trust in Rome, which made it impossible to conceal their contempt for the idols so constantly invoked. When this was observed, they were accused of irreligion, which only led them to declare, still more openly, this contempt. For this offense, which they would not recall, they were whipped with scourges loaded with lead until they died under the blows of their tormentors. Yet this was not enough. As if the lifeless bodies could feel the insult, they were thrown out for the dogs of Rome to feast upon. But the dogs of Rome, as we have seen so often in the stories of the martyrs, had finer instincts than their brutal masters and refused to touch the mangled bodies; in fact, watched over them, protected them from insult. After five days, the Christians took up the precious relics and deposited them in a cemetery on the Lavican Way, three miles from Rome. At first, as if to distinguish

them, they were called the "Four Crowned Martyrs," although their names were Severus, Severianus, Carpophorus and Victorius. This was in the year 304.

Two years before this, five martyrs had been laid to rest in this same cemetery on the Lavican Way, and their story comes out even more fully than that of the four martyrs declared "crowned" by the admiration of their fellow Christians; and these were five sculptors, named Claudius, Nicostratus, Symphorianus, Castorius and Simplicius. All these sculptors were most excellent in their art, and their work was so delicate, so like nature, that the emperors themselves wished to secure it for their palaces. Simplicius was a pagan, and he was often struck by seeing his four companions, whenever they began their work or were in trouble in going on with it, make a certain sign on their foreheads and breasts; and he also remarked, that while he often broke his tools or chipped the marble against his will, his companions worked with wonderful success and with scarcely an accident. Finally his curiosity was so much excited, that he asked them what this sign meant and why it was so efficacious. Then it was that they explained to him the sign of the cross and how it derived all its efficacy from the death of the Son of God, Christ Jesus, on that cross so despised by a Roman. A ray of divine grace had already touched the mind of Simplicius on seeing the benefits which this mysterious sign had wrought; he listened with a most charming candour to the explanations of his companions and became a Christian.

But the skill of our five sculptors led to the trial of their faith. Awhile after the conversion of Simplicius, the emperor fancied that he must have a statue of Esculapius, the god of health, and that nothing might fail to win his favour, the statue should be of precious porphyry and should come from some one of these five renowned sculptors. The honor thus con-

ferred upon them was fully understood by the emperor; what then was his surprise when every one of these five sculptors declined to execute the order; and still greater was the surprise, when the same reason was given by all of them; viz., that they could not contribute to the attractions of a false worship, nor in any way assist in honoring false gods. Not only was Diocletian surprised, but we suspect many persons at the present day, especially those who think it no sin to make idols for the Chinese and other heathen people and sell them by cargoes, would be surprised, to have any of their workmen declare they could not, in conscience, lend themselves or their labors to an idolatrous worship. Diocletian was not only surprised but very angry; and the anger of Diocletian, the emperor of the world, was as unreasonable and as without conscience, as the anger of a tiger or a panther. As they would not change their resolution, he ordered them to be flogged with whips barbed with sharp points of steel. But while the executioner was carrying out this sentence, he suddenly fell dead. The anger of the emperor was beyond bounds, and he ordered the five sculptors to be put, alive, into five leaden coffins and then cast into the Tiber; and thus our five sculptors found, at one time, their crowns and their palms. Two days after, a Christian, named Nicodemus, saw the leaden coffins above the water, drew them to the shore and gave them honorable sepulture in the cemetery on the Lavican Way. Their relics, as also the relics of the Four Crowned martyrs, were afterwards brought to this church, to which was given the name of "*I Santi quattro Incoronati e i cinque Scultori Martiri.*"

But what perfume is this which fills the church, as if incense had been burning in it; or rather as if the aroma of the adjoining gardens had been offered as incense to him who dwells on the altar? We look all around us at first, but find only at our feet the secret. The beautiful old pavement, worn by the

steps of the faithful for so many hundreds of years, is one piece of precious mosaic. The stones may wear, but their colors are not dimmed by age; and over these stones, set in such various patterns, have been strewn not only sprigs of fresh box, but twigs of laurel and of bay; the laurel which was used to crown the poet-laureates of Rome, and the bay which crowned her conquerors; both have been strewn over the mosaic floor to honor him who is "chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely," before whose glory fades the fame both of poet and of conqueror. Every footstep on the floor presses the aromatic leaves until they give out fresh perfumes and thus perpetual incense is rising before Christ on his altar, surrounded by the relics of his saints. Who would not bend low before this same altar, and offer petitions with an assurance that they will be accepted, above all upon this day, and upon a spot where the faithful have found consolation for so many ages?

When the pious emotions of the soul have had their way, we seem to be invited to go into the sanctuary, into the choir, into the crypt, for everywhere the doors stand wide open; but first we will go close to the gilded grating under the high-altar; for this opens, we know, into the crypt where the relics of the martyrs lie. As we turn from the grating, we see on the left hand a flight of steps, and the steps land us in a curious passage-way, richly ornamented with stucco and marble, in the centre of which is an iron door. On any other day in the year, except the feast-day of the church, this iron door would be shut; but to-day it is open and we enter a small chapel where there is an altar, and behind it a grating, through which we see four sarcophagi, or marble tombs; two of which are of porphyry, one of serpentine marble, and one of bronze. In these repose the bones of the Four Crowned Martyrs and the Five Sculptors Martyrs. We have in our hands some of the

laurel and bay-twigs that we picked up from the mosaic-floor, and these, with our rosaries, we pass through the iron grating, although we cannot touch the tombs. When we have done this, we find on each side of the altar little pictures of the Four Martyrs, crowned and very joyful. The pictures are not masterpieces, and were embroidered by good nuns hundreds of years ago; but they are all the more precious for this. When we have returned to the upper church we see all the antependiums of the altars ornamented with embroidered pictures of these same crowned martyrs, and all are joyful, as if their sufferings were remembered only as happy services. Back of the high-altar the monks have their seats, or "stalls" as they are called, where they sing every day the divine office. Above the stalls, and above the heads of the good monks, on the high ceiling of this recess or *tribune*, are pictures, representing the martyrdoms of the saints whose bones rest below; but we linger before the embroidered antependiums rather than the great frescoes, even if they are not master-pieces; there is so much of the rapture of heaven in them. In the middle of the stalls of the monks is the marble chair of the cardinal, under whose protection and rule the church had been put. Coming down from the choir or tribune, we see on the left hand some lines from a poem by that saint as well as poet, Pope Damasus, cut deep in a marble slab imbedded in the wall. Scholars tell us that we can always know the inscriptions cut in the time of this pope by the peculiar elegance of the letters; cut deep also, and with sharp edges, as if by skillful hands.

And now we begin to look up into the lofty nave. The ceiling is not arched, it is perfectly level, but how high it is! There is no gilded stucco here, no paintings; it is all of carved wood. Two rows of pillars, one above the other, support this nave. Above the second row, you see what look, at first, like windows; but after a moment you will find them to be only

gratings or *grills*, behind which the nuns can come at any hour to say their prayers, and adore their Lord upon the altar without being disturbed. These double rows of pillars look ancient enough to have been put there when the good pope, Saint Melchiades, so long ago as 311, founded a church on this spot, where had been a temple to Diana; but, although historians will not hear to this, nor allow that they were put there in 626 by Pope Honorius II. when he rebuilt it, or by Adrian I. who restored it before the year 800, or by Leo IV. when he rebuilt the church in 850, we are quite safe in dating back our double row of columns, one above the other, to the year one thousand one hundred and eleven; when Pope Pascal II. again rebuilt this church as we see it to-day.

It is with a sigh, and a fear that we may never again visit this old church, that we pass out of the twilight of its nave into the first court, where all is sunshine. An open door on the right seems to invite us to the convent garden, where we find roses and stock-gillies in bloom, and the fountains playing in their massive basins. There are pansies, too, in full blossom on this March day. Everything is in order, but nothing looks trim or formal, and we are not told that we must pick no flowers. At last we take leave, even of the garden, and stand again on the green table-land to look once more on the Alban hills, now of a sunny purple, now of a tender hue like that of meadow-violets; and thus find our way down the flight of quaint steps, with its one angle, to the grassy path which would take us to the paved street and to Saint Clement's.

"Shall we go to San Clemente?" said our companion; "for we can visit this beautiful old church the hundredth time with even more pleasure than the first." But, while on one side stood San Clemente, before us rose the Coliseum, and between us and the Coliseum lay open fields, green and sunny. So we decided to walk to the Coliseum instead of to Saint

Clement's. On our way we could look back on the church we had just left, and on its convent. But how unlike a convent! It was far more like a castle, rising straight up to a lofty height from the hill on which it stood. And a castle it has really been; for when Pope Pascal II. built this castellated convent, it was for his own palace and for his successors, as the Lateran palace was then in ruins; and those were troubled and warlike times in which he lived. Now the Augustinian nuns gather within its strong walls, on which the sun shines so cheerfully, the orphan children of Rome; and thus, with the Coliseum in full sight, train them to serve God on the very spot where saints lived, and martyrs suffered for the faith.

SAN GIOVANNI IN LATERANO.

PASSING swiftly on the left San Clemente, on the right the Quattro Incoronati with its castle-like apse, we come to a long wall, over which, in spring, falls what has been called "a cascade of Banksia roses," and directly before us rises the vast historic pile known as Saint John Lateran; the "Mother and Head of all the churches," according to the inscription on its front; whose line of venerable and learned canons in their gray fur capes has the place of honor above the canons of Saint Peter's in all the great processions; and which, with the accumulated associations of other centuries, is still the living centre of works which will continue to enrich it for ages to come.

From the plateau of the Quattro Incoronati, we saw the grand statues of the apostles with our Saviour in their midst, which crown its front; and it was as the "Church of Our Saviour" that it was consecrated on the 9th of November, 324, by Pope Sylvester; this consecration being the origin of a festival observed all over the world to this day. The story of this church goes back to the time of Nero, when a certain consul, Plautus Lateranus, horrified at the atrocities committed by the emperor, and moved, as Tacitus assures us, by the love

of his country, joined a conspiracy against the tyrant. But conspirators, however noble in a human way, or however free from personal ambition, seem never to be according to the mind of God, who allows their cause to fail while they fall victims to it. Our Plautus Lateranus was no exception to this rule. He was put to death, and his vast estates were taken possession of by the hated emperor. When Diocletian became emperor, he gave his daughter Fausta, the wife of Constantine, the palace of Lateranus, and when this great liberator of Rome and of the Church of Christ was proclaimed emperor in 312, he gave the Lateran palace to Pope Melchiades. Under his successor, Saint Sylvester, Constantine was baptized. It was out of gratitude for this gift of Christian baptism, by which he was cured not only of the leprosy of his soul but of his body, that Constantine resolved to build here a great basilica. With his own hand he broke the sods and threw out twelve shovelsful of earth in honor of the twelve apostles, and founded the famous Baptistry, which has been called ever since by his name; while the basilica, as we have said, was consecrated under the title of Our Saviour. The wooden altar on which Saint Peter said mass in the church of Santa Pudenziana was removed to the church of Our Saviour, leaving one plank, only, to the daughter of Pudens, as a reward for her fidelity. The beauty of this church, enriched by the emperor himself from the imperial treasury, was such that it was called the Golden Basilica. The statue of our Lord seated and his apostles standing, were all of the size of life in pure silver. The angels attending them were also of silver. The altars were of chiseled silver; while above and before these altars hung lamps of the purest gold in which burned aromatic oil; and the altar vessels were not only of gold, but enriched with jewels beyond price. This magnificent monument of imperial faith and gratitude was so much injured by an earthquake in

the year 896, that it was rebuilt by Sergius III. in 904, when it was given the name of Saint John Baptist, doubtless out of regard to the baptism of Constantine. It is supposed that the same earthquake which shook the walls of Saint John of Lateran made it necessary to rebuild the church of Saint Clement. Saint John of Lateran, as built by Pope Sergius, was seen by Dante and alluded to in his Divine Comedy. It was afterwards visited twice by fire, and for four years the great basilica was a ruin. But in 1362, Pope Urban V. began the restoration of this church as we see it to-day.

As the broad piazza or square of Saint John Lateran opens to view, the eye is caught by the grand obelisk, the tallest in Rome, being 150 feet high, and also the oldest monument; for the translators of its hieroglyphics tell us that it dates to the year 1740, B. C., and was raised to the memory of the Pharaoh Thothmes IV. The same Constantine who had enriched the Golden Basilica, brought this obelisk from Heliopolis as far as Alexandria; thence his son Constantius removed it to Rome, to ornament the Circus Maximus. Sixtus V. conceived the idea of bringing it to the Lateran piazza in 1588. In the removal it was broken into three parts, and necessarily shortened, but still towers above its companions. Beyond the obelisk, we see the picturesque twin towers of the old Saint John of Lateran, with their terra cotta bands and ornaments, while at the left hand, at an angle with this part of the church, is the huge square of storeys and windows with an arched entrance, which was once the dwelling of the popes, but is now a museum where some of the most wonderful of the Christian monuments from the catacombs are to be seen. We must drive to the front of all this to see Saint John Lateran in its majesty, for here the grand façade with its statues, which we see from so many places in Rome, is set off by such views as draw to the spot every artist in Rome. No one can

resist the charm of those Alban hills, violet tinted; of those Sabine summits tipped with snow; of the Campagna to the right with its villas, the ancient gate and the ruins at its side, of bricks steeped in Roman sunshine and beautified with Roman verdure. Directly in front, the arches of the Aqueduct stretch off in lines across the plain, while near at hand modern houses are joined to their weather beaten edges; and still to the left Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, to which, over the grassy plain dotted with groups of olive trees and its turf set with daisies, the popes of other ages used to ride on their white mules with a long train of cardinals, bishops, abbots, ecclesiastics of all grades, on Lætare Sunday, with the Golden Rose.

Turning from this view, as enchanting to the eye as it is interesting to the imagination for its associations, to the basilica, we see its five doors opening upon a nave of five aisles; the one at the extreme right, being one of the five Holy Doors in Rome, open only during the year of Jubilee. Crossing the vestibule and entering the central door, we step at once into a temple which may well awe the soul of the most frivolous. Without being a Saint Peter's or a Milan Cathedral, there is a space uncrowded by its many details, and the eye takes in the grandeur and solemnity of these long aisles leading to the grand altar with its Ciborium a little after the order of that we have seen at San Clemente. But on this of Saint John Lateran, we see charming pictures, as delicate as miniatures, which we long to have copied by some one of the hundreds of copyists in Rome, instead of those Beatrices and Fornarinas which are always to be found ready for purchase. When Christian travellers really desire Christian pictures, religious pictures, there are artists who will gladly turn from all the pagan art of Rome and all the pagan or disedifying subjects, to paint them. And so it will be, when some one cares enough for these exquisite pictures on the Ciborium of Saint John La-

teran to order them in color; for only in color can they be seen at their best.

Above and beyond this canopy or ciborium of the high altar, we see the mosaic of the apse, a mosaic which is copied in outline for works treating of the great centuries when art was truly Christian. In the upper part of the arch is set the ancient picture of our Lord in mosaic, executed for Constantine about the year 325. This is regarded as a likeness of our Lord, because it appears to have been copied closely from the pictures made of him in apostolic times. The long, beautiful oval of the face, slightly ruddy in color; the eyes blue, the hair, of the color of filberts, is parted in the middle, waving as far as the ears, then falling in rich masses on the shoulders; the beard pointed and divided, and very delicate; the expression grand yet compassionate, while all around it are the clouds of morning, their rich hues undimmed by the scarlet tunic, and even floating across the circle of the nimbus. All this dates back to Constantine, and the love of Christendom has set it, like a most precious jewel, in a mosaic of that great century, the thirteenth, when the sons of Saint Francis, the poor little man of Assisi, taught the world how poverty of spirit and prayer lay hold of celestial visions and embody them to the eyes of men. It was in the year 1287, that Jacopo Turrita, a Franciscan monk, was called to Rome by Nicholas IV., also a Franciscan, to adorn this ancient sanctuary. Following the line of the arch above the head of our Lord, are seen adoring angels, the centre one being a seraph with six wings. Below the line of this heaven of color, is the great mosaic, full of the most touching symbols of the early ages of Christian art. Directly below the head of our Lord, is seen the Dove of the Holy Spirit, and from its beak is suspended the richly ornamented cross from which flow the four mystical rivers of paradise. From these rivers stags and harts are

drinking, and are symbols of souls thirsting for the waters of life in the sacrament of baptism, while still nearer the eye are the sheep of the true fold. At that side of the cross on which she is always seen in pictures, stands the blessed Virgin, of grand size, as if still beholding in imagination her Divine Son, while her right hand is laid on the head of Nicholas IV., who is represented very small and kneeling. Beside him stands, also very small, Saint Francis. Then, of grand size like the Blessed Virgin, Saint Peter and Saint Paul. On the other side of the cross stands Saint John the Baptist, and behind him, very small, is the dear disciple of Saint Francis, Saint Anthony of Padua; then Saint John, the evangelist, and Saint Andrew. All these are named by letters in vertical lines, so that we cannot mistake them, and all stand on the flowery margin of "the stream which makes glad the city of God." Below this, filling the spaces between the windows which light the tribune, are the figures of saints in their aureoles of glory standing between palm trees.*

To those who know Saint John Lateran well, the charm of the church may be said to linger around this ancient transept, with the warm colors of its marbles, and the shadows of its recesses, above all, because of the precious relics contained in its treasury, and the feeling of nearness to the spot where the sovereign pontiffs found a home for nearly a thousand years. The end wall of the *Triclinium*, or dining hall, is the very same as that of the ancient palace of the Lateran, and there is on this wall a copy, ordered by Sixtus V., of the wonderful mosaic placed there by Leo III., about the year 800, the fragments of which are still seen in the Vatican. Near, also, is the celebrated cloister, its arches resting on their delicate spiral columns as seen in photographs, enclosing its well of beauty.

*NOTE—In the year 1876, a slight crack was discovered in this mosaic. No time was lost, and at an expense of not less than one million dollars from the pontifical purse, Christendom was again in possession of a perfect mosaic.

Perhaps, in none of the Roman basilicas do we seem to touch so nearly the time when the Church, shaking off the fetters of three hundred years, stood in her youthful beauty before the world, and dispensed with the lavishness of a new happiness, the gifts which she had come to bestow, not only upon the individual man, but upon society; crowning the civilization of the world, as she did the heads of her saints, with a halo of imperishable beauty. Not until we leave Rome, and give it our last "Addio!" do we turn from San Giovanni in Laterano. And even then, it is to take with us a memory of it as fragrant as the bunches of pinks and sprigs of lavender, which are worn on the 24th of June, the festival of her Saint John, the Baptist.

SANTA CROCE IN GERUSALEMME.

"OUR friend on the Angelo Custode has sent us a *permesso* for Santa Croce and will go with us."

"If our friend goes with us, why do we need a *permesso?*"

"Because she needs one as well as ourselves. In truth, one permission covers our party, as only four, perhaps six, can enter the chapel together."

"But I have never been reconciled to these *permissions.* We go to Saint Peter's, to Saint Paul's, to every other church in Rome without one; why not to Santa Croce?"

"We can go to Santa Croce without a permission, but we cannot visit the chapel of relics. It is the same as if a person were to allow you and all his friends and acquaintances to visit freely his beautiful house, to walk through its rooms and take note of their beauties. Only one room, in which are his personal treasures and souvenirs is reserved; and to enter this, we are simply to ask for permission. There is nothing very unreasonable in all this."

"Oh, no; if this is all it really means."

"But is it not strange, that while we enjoy in Rome such privileges as are given by no other city in the world, we are ready to complain at the least rule or custom which reminds us that

every spot in Rome is not owned by the public? When we visit the chapel of relics, you will see the propriety of asking for permission to enter it."

Our party had seen Santa Croce from Saint John Lateran, and to-day as we drove past the great basilica and looked off on the fair landscape, we thought what had been the charm of this spot during all those ages when the Bishops of Rome made this their venerable home. The charm still lingers; but to-day we turn from its door to cross the plain between it and Santa Croce, by no straight avenue, but by a road winding among the olive trees that stand here and there on the sunny, open space. There is a peculiar tranquillity about this pile of ancient buildings which is without any grandeur of appearance, and venerable for treasures not to be prized like gold, silver and gems; but as we would value the least bit of straw or the least shred of linen that had touched the body of our Lord, and had been wet with his precious blood.

This church, like so many of the early Roman churches, was a palace originally, and was occupied by the Empress Helen, mother of Constantine. After the victory won by her son under the protection of the cross of Christ, the empress conceived a great desire to visit the spot where our Lord was crucified, believing that she would find there the very instruments of his passion; the more so, as it was the custom to bury the instruments of punishment near the victim; digging a hole for them in the earth, as too detestable to see the light. With this holy purpose fully in mind, this woman, nearly eighty years of age, in the year 326 braved all the dangers and fatigues by land and sea, and once in Jerusalem, nothing could baffle her pious perseverance. The Jews themselves at first refused to give any information. The Christians living there had avoided the holy places, inasmuch as the impious Roman soldiery had purposely covered them with earth and stones; and then still more to in-

sult the Christians, had set up a temple of Venus on Mount Calvary, and of Jupiter over the Holy Sepulchre, so that all who visited them might seem to pay worship to these false gods. But this very fact had kept the knowledge of the holy places from dying out of the memory either of Pagans or Christians or even Jews. The aged empress, with all the energy of her youth, commanded the soldiers who accompanied her to remove these sacrilegious images, buildings and rubbish. Beneath the statue of Jupiter was found the Holy Sepulchre; and near it, in a deep hole, three crosses; also, the nails used in the crucifixion of our Lord and the title which had been affixed to his cross. But as this was found separated from the crosses, it seemed impossible to tell to which it belonged. In this perplexity, the empress consulted the bishop of Jerusalem, Saint Macarius, who advised her to have the three crosses applied to some sick person; for when the touch of our Lord while upon earth, had cured so many sufferers of their ills, would he not give to his cross, on which he redeemed the world, the same power to heal when for his honor? To insure a true answer to this test, Saint Macarius prayed earnestly that God would disclose the secret; and then proceeded to apply the crosses, himself, to the body of one of the principal ladies in Jerusalem who lay extremely ill. The two first, when applied, produced no result; but when the third was applied, the sick woman rose instantly, being perfectly cured. The joy of Saint Helen was not to be told. Without delay she proceeded to build a church over the Holy Sepulchre, in which she deposited, enclosed in a rich case, a part of the True Cross of our Lord. Another part she carried to the emperor Constantine then in Constantinople, and the third part she carried to Rome. There she built, with the help of Constantine, such an addition to her palace as to make it worthy of a church destined to receive this most precious relic, together with the nails and the title found

with the true cross. The church was named *Santa Croce in Gerusalemme;* or, the Holy Cross in Jerusalem, as containing the relics which make it another Jerusalem to the pious pilgrim. Saint Helen died about one year after all this, at Rome, in the arms of her son Constantine. Out of reverence to this cross, on which our Lord suffered for us, the emperor decreed that no malefactor should thenceforth suffer death upon a cross; and this decree has been observed, ever since, throughout Christendom. The church of Santa Croce was consecrated by Pope Sylvester, probably soon after the death of Saint Helen. In the time of Gregory II., before the year 731, it was rebuilt, and in 1743, Benedict XIV. restored it as we now see it. To know all this, was to approach the threshold as that of a true Calvary or a true Holy Sepulchre. Few indeed can hope to visit the very spot where our Lord is known to have lived and died; but here, where the pious zeal of Saint Helen had even taken care to bring earth from Mount Calvary, we may be said to touch the most venerable relics in the world.

The church itself has all the charm of the ancient basilicas, in the lofty nave, the massive columns supporting an architrave above which are windows in a round arch, thus dividing the side chapels from the nave in a manner to render each one perfect in itself; while directly before the eye, rises the beautiful canopy over the high altar. This canopy is of marble and rich gilding. Four columns, with brass mouldings on their bases, support the canopy. Of these four columns, the two front ones are of choice marble; while the two next the apse are still more costly and rare, being of coraline, and may be called unique in the strict sense of the word. The front of the altar which stands on the wall of the apse, bears the Crusaders' cross in red porphyry, and whenever the cross is seen in the apse, it is given as the cross of the Crusaders.

A door at the left of the altar was opened to us by a most intelligent and obliging sacristan. From this we passed up a flight of wide, gently ascending Roman stairs, between walls covered with portraits of great religious and of great saints, with here and there some ideal work of art, until we came to the ancient sacristy.

How we should like to place one of these ancient sacristies before the eyes of our readers! Immense as to space, lofty as to ceiling, their closets stored with the accumulated treasures of the sanctuary, their walls rich in paintings, in reliefs, often in bits of precious tapestries, the very chairs stately and magnificent, with their tarnished gold still beautiful in form and symbolism. From the sacristy we were led through narrow, low, arched passage-ways, until we came to a chapel which had evidently been *fitted* to the outer line of the apse of the basilica. The walls are ornamented with designs either illustrating, or symbolical of, the Passion, while the altar itself seemed made up of precious relics. Everyone of the party knelt involuntarily as we saw before us these precious waifs cast upon the shore of Christendom. Who will say, that while the mother carries close to her heart the least shred of hair from the head of her lost darling, the Church of Christ could be indifferent to those, even inanimate, objects, which once touched the Sacred Body of Christ, or had been associated in any manner with the redemption of the world on Mount Calvary? Never can we stand before relics which must seem to us so absolutely beyond cavil or doubt. What could the world ever hold sacred by association, if not the very relics we saw before us?

In a few minutes the sacristan lighted the wax candles on the altar, put on a surplice, and then took down, one by one, the cases in which the relics were preserved. In one was a piece of the Holy Sepulchre and a piece of the Crib of Beth-

lehem, as if by way of contrast. In another was the dust of that finger of Saint Thomas which our Lord commanded him to place in the print of the nails and in his sacred side. Another case contained one of the Holy Nails, those nails of coarse iron, of frightful length and size, which pierced the hands and feet of the Crucified One, and so arranged that the nail could be touched. To this are applied fac-similes of the Holy Nail, to which are affixed the seal of a cardinal to insure their verity, and are thus sold to visitors. Few, indeed, leave the basilica of Santa Croce without so small a relic of Calvary. In another case, of which the gilded circle is elegantly wrought into a crown of thorns, are preserved two of the sacred Thorns which pierced the brow of Jesus, crowned in derision by His own creatures; while another oblong case contains the *Title* affixed to the Cross of Jesus of Nazareth by Pilate, of which he said, when the Jews complained that he had called Jesus the King of the Jews: "*Quod scripsi, scripsi*—"What I have written, I have written." Although very dark with more than eighteen hundred years, the traces of the writing are still to be seen. The title is on wood, now nine inches long, but it must have been twelve, originally, as part of the inscription has been eaten away by time. Fac-similes of this Title are enclosed with the fac-similes of the Holy Nail. Above all these treasures stands a richly-gilt cross on which, from the first, every eye had been fixed, for in this, we were certain, lay the pieces of that True Cross once purpled o'er with the precious blood shed for our redemption. When this case was taken down and reverently held by the sacristan to the lips of those around the altar, tears gushed into every eye. Some bowed low, overwhelmed by the reality of this true cross, at the finding of which such miracles had been wrought by its touch as to prove its identity beyond all doubt or question; while those lines from the hymn

for Good Friday came to mind with a meaning dearer than ever:

> "O sweet the nails, and sweet the wood,
> Bearing a weight so sweet, so good!"

When all these relics had been seen, and all the crucifixes and rosaries of the little party had been touched to each of the cases, the sacristan held his taper to the long case, which we found extended the whole length of the altar, and in which was a piece of the cross of the Good Thief; of that penitent to whom Jesus said: "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

It would be impossible to express the peculiar feeling which came over every one of us on seeing this relic. All the others had belonged to infinite sanctity, had *touched* the Body of Christ. But this was a relic of one punished, as he acknowledged, justly for his sins, yet receiving at the moment of death, as a reward for his faith and for his contrition, an absolution which the saints of the desert would envy: "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise!" There was not one present, we are certain, who did not take courage and hope from the sight of this relic laid at the foot of the True Cross.

As we returned through the Basilica, we stopped to examine the fresco on the ceiling of the apse, representing the finding of the Cross, by that true Christian artist, Pinturicchio. The Cross is seen taken from the ground and received by Saint Helen and the Patriarch of Jerusalem; then the miracles wrought upon the diseased, and even the dead, when they were laid upon the True Cross; and finally, Constantine is seen, mounted on his war charger, bearing the Cross with triumph into Jerusalem.

Alban Butler, in the learned notes of his Lives of the Saints, treats all the testimony connected with the finding of these sacred relics with the greatest care and fidelity; and his testi-

mony in their favor is thus added to those of undoubted authority which preceded him. Our readers will find in his Life of Saint Helen, and also of Saint Louis of France, most valuable notes in connection with these Roman relics, as well as with those in the Holy Chapel of Saint Louis of France.

When we again stood on the portico of Santa Croce, the Roman landscape met our eyes with a beauty which it seemed to us nothing could ever dim. As we took the winding carriage-road, the green sward looked up to us set close with white daisies. Beside us was the gate of Saint John, through which we had glimpses of the green Campagna, and before us the imposing portico of Saint John Lateran itself; while on the right of the Chapel of the Scala Sancta, or Holy Stairs, to which it belongs, was then seen, shining forth in the clear light of midday, a mosaic of our Lord and his apostles on a gold ground, in what might have served for the apse of a sanctuary; but to which lead only the mossy and grass-grown steps of an outside shrine in the city of the apostles. Before we struck into the straight line leading to San Clemente, we had a view of the Campagna again, through a ruined arch into which the monastery of Scala Sancta is actually built; thus preserving, under the wing of religion, one more of those arches through which pure water came to ancient Rome, and furnishing one more example of the manner in which the Church has preserved the traditions of pagan as well as of Christian Rome. To whatever side the eye turns, tablets attest the zeal of the popes in preserving the national monuments by consecrating them to the service of Him to whom all altars are due, and who claims the undivided homage of nations as well as of individuals; while the museums of Rome simply confound the eye and the mind which is ambitious enough or rash enough to endeavor to grasp their end and scope, to say nothing of their details. There is an exhaustless

energy among the scholars in Rome, which must be known by actual contact with their labors rather than by hearsay; and so long as one monastery remains to shelter them, Rome will be preserved to future generations, like the one arch of the old Roman aqueduct in the walls of Scala Sancta.

SANTA FRANCESCA ROMANA.

HERE we are in front of the Capitol, with Castor and Pollux guiding their prancing steeds at the top of its long flight of steps. I think I can hear, too, the sharp bark of the Roman wolf, in its cage among the oleanders; for *Roma* still claims the wolf which suckled her twin founders, Romulus and Remus. We are in front, also, of the one hundred and twenty-four steps which lead to the Church of Ara Cœli, close to the Capitol. On the spot where this beautiful Christian temple now stands, Augustus built that altar to the 'Son of God, to be born of a virgin,' according to a vision granted to him after consulting the Cumæan Sibyl. We are in the very heart of Rome, and of its dearest traditions both pagan and Christian," continued Padre Ferdinando; "for we are within ten minutes' walk of the Mamertine Prison, where SS. Peter and Paul spent together the last eight months of their life. But let us turn down this narrow street to the right."

What a narrow, winding, dark street it was! After a few moments of silent walking, Padre Ferdinando said, pointing to the left: "There is the Tarpeian Rock, over which the ancient Romans threw their traitors."

Aunt Mabel and Margaret looked up at the famous rock,

its brow crowned with peaceful ivy, and enclosed by Roman houses, rising storey upon storey. It did not seem very formidable; yet, as Margaret hinted: "It may be one thing to look up at it from below, and quite another to feel one's self thrown over its brink. But what a pretty court we are standing in!" she said; "and it is paved like a floor! and see! there are stands, at which men seem to be writing while a man or woman dictates."

"The poor people who want letters written come here," replied Padre Ferdinando, "for they always find persons at these small tables who will write for them."

"What an amiable custom!" said Margaret; "and the square, what name do they give to it?"

"The square, as you call it, Signora, is the *Piazza Tor di Specchi*, or the Tower of Mirrors."

"O yes, yes," broke in our impetuous Margaret, "I know all about it now; and the large house fronting this neat little piazza, as you call it, Padre Ferdinando, is the very convent we have come to see. The Convent of Santa Francesca Romana, where the Countess Celani will show us what we have wanted to see so many years."

The door was opened by an aged porter, and they entered what looked like a reception-room, to which all the poor in Rome might come. Another door opened, and disclosed one of those vast apartments, so beautiful in Rome, looking out on courts filled with orange-trees, with vines running from one pillar to another along the cloister walls. By the window sat an aged religious in a costume which reminded both Aunt Mabel and Margaret of the Sisters of Charity; for the habit was of a blueish grey and the piece of white linen on the head had somewhat the air of a coronet. It is, in fact, the same dress that was worn by the widows of the Roman nobles at

the time Saint Frances lived. But what was our aged nun so busy about? Actually spinning linen thread from a distaff!

"Could anything be prettier!" exclaimed Margaret; and in scarcely more seconds than we have used in writing these words, she had made friends with the amiable Sister, and had even coaxed from her a yard of her thread as a memento of the Oblates of Tor di Specchi. By this time this affable young Countess appeared, ready to fulfill her promise to Padre Ferdinando, to take his American friends through the convent.

As they passed from one room to another, with their brick floors, old-fashioned and stately furniture, pictures everywhere, and spacious stairways winding from one spot to another, the Countess had an opportunity to give them glimpses of the interior of one of the most beautiful convents in Rome. For here the daughters of the Roman nobility have found, for more than four hundred years, a refuge from the world. To it they have brought their large dowries, and, at the same time, have led lives of almost primitive simplicity. In the large refectory there were no costly rugs on the brick floor, no cushioned seats. Each religious had a drawer in the table, and in it she laid her napkin, her spoon, fork, cup and plate. The Countess playfully opened the drawers, that her visitors might see how simply Roman ladies of rank could live; and handed them the quaint little cups with a religious symbol baked and enameled on each one. It was through this refectory that they must pass to enter the apartment where Saint Frances spent four years of her holy life, after the founding of her Order of Oblates; and simple as the other apartments had seemed in their spacious elegance, to step into this old part of the convent was like stepping into old, old Rome! Here one saw naked rafters—huge timbers which would last centuries longer; and in one corner was a small door, with a

flight of half a dozen steps leading down into a room hung with crimson drapery, although the floor was bare and the rafters above were bare; while two of these heavy timbers had been strangely displaced without racking the room itself. There was a long story attached to this, which the Countess told with a solemn sweetness of face, and which Margaret remembered to have read; for here it was that the evil one had tried the vocation of Saint Frances, and, finding himself thwarted, had vanished through the roof, wrenching two of the timbers from their places as he went. Then the Countess reverently raised the crimson hanging on one side of the room, to show the plank on which Saint Frances made her comfortless bed.

From this room they passed into the "old chapel," as it is called, to find the whole life of Saint Frances painted, in fresco, on its walls. The miracle by which she was raised instantaneously from what all supposed to be a bed of death; the constant visible presence of her Angel Guardian; and the miracles which were so many manifestations of her own sanctity. Among these was the beautiful miracle of the grapes, one cluster for each of the Sisters present in the old vineyard of Porta Portese, where Saint Frances had gone for recreation with her little community, on a warm day in January. The young Perna is seen expressing her astonishment, in which all the Sisters join. Side by side stand pictures, faithfully recording on the dark walls the almost innumerable miracles of the Saint; the child trodden under foot by a runaway horse, the young boatman carried away by the stream under the arches of the Ponte Rotto; the paralyzed, the lame, the deaf, the blind; those afflicted with fits; all are seen relieved by the prayers of our Saint and her miraculously healing touch; while on the same walls appear those mysterious combats with the spirits of evil to which she was subjected all her life. It

looked to Margaret and to the gentle aunt who stood beside her, as if God feared that the wonders of his grace might make even a saint complacent, and he took care to fill all Francesca's time not spent in doing good to others, with combats for her own salvation.

"What courage one needs to be a saint, Aunt Mabel!" said Margaret, at last. Her eyes ached with trying to follow this supernatural story of a Roman woman, as it had been pictured on the walls of her convent chapel; what then must it not have been to live this supernatural life! It was with a sense of relief that Margaret found the Countess quietly leading her towards the door; and she continued to say to herself: "How much courage it needs to be a saint!"

Before Padre Ferdinando's visit came to a close, he had secured for Aunt Mabel and Margaret the privilege of receiving Holy Communion in the Convent chapel on the feast of Saint Frances, the 9th of March. The Countess also told these American ladies, how such persons as herself, who lived in the world, could still be associated to their friends in the Convent of Tor di Specchi. She was busy there, herself, several hours on four days of the week, teaching poor children, and other ladies of rank did the same. Then, any of these ladies were allowed to spend one hour a day, or many if they chose, in the convent, where they embroidered, under the direction of the religious, all sorts of vestments for churches; for poor, out of the way churches, as well as for the basilicas of Rome itself. In this way the noble ladies of the Rome *of to-day* follow in the footsteps of such saints as Paula and Francesca, of whom Christian Rome is so proud.

The 9th of March found Aunt Mabel and Margaret at the door of Tor di Specchi. They did not find the aged religious with her distaff, as they passed through the vast parlour on their way to the chapel, but they did see the bowl in which

Saint Frances used to mix her ointment for the sick, standing on the table, and filled with the choicest flowers of the season; from which they were allowed to take fragrant mementos of the day and the saint. As they mounted the wide but curving staircase, it seemed as if the old pictures had renewed their youth under the influence of the day; and the calm faces of the religious actually beamed with their interior happiness. But in the chapel, always beautiful, how magnificently was every spot made to do honor to the humble founder of the Order of Oblates, that patrician who did not shrink from sitting, as a beggar, on the steps of San Lorenzo outside the walls, from sunrise to sunset, in a time of terrible desolation and public distress, in order that she might have wherewith to feed her poor at home! The poor are never turned from the door of her convent in Tor di Specchi; but neither do her religious daughters fail in honor to their Mother. The choicest embroidery in gold bullion or velvet beautifies the canopies and the cornices; while lace, and embroideries on lace, with the vestments and the altar decorations, make the sanctuary a marvel of pious industry. On this day, bishops and priests of every rank succeed each other at the altar from 5 o'clock in the morning until noon; the priest who leaves the altar always meeting another, fully vested, coming to take his place, while the noblest youths of Rome crave and obtain the honor of serving mass this day in the chapel of Tor di Specchi. No one among them, however, is allowed to serve two masses, in order to give a place to as many as possible.

Still the day would not have been perfect to Aunt Mabel and Margaret, if they had not visited the Church of Francesca Romana, or the *Santa Maria Nuova*, where Saint Frances was buried, and to which her name was afterwards given. They were not surprised to find themselves walking between two long files of beggars; for was not the feast of Saint

Frances the feast of their special patroness and friend? and a happier set of beggars Margaret said she had not seen even in Rome. Within the chureh, it was as if all the nobility and beauty of Rome had come forth to honor her who was the patroness of the patrician as well as of the beggar. Hangings of silk draped the entire height of the pillars, clothed every arch. Before the high altar, which was raised, with the choir, above the floor of the church, stood the statue of Saint Frances, with her Angel Guardian at her side—the statues cut out of the most exquisite white marble. Following the tide of human beings, Aunt Mabel and Margaret found themselves in the presence of the relics of Saint Frances, richly attired and surrounded by fresh flowers and lights, showing that four hundred years have only proved how worthy she is considered, by the world, of the canonization bestowed upon her by Pope Paul V.

When they left the church Margaret lingered for a while, to place it with all its surroundings securely in her memory. Standing near the vast Coliseum, its campanile or bell-tower —remarkable for its beauty even in Rome—is seen rising above a fragment of the ruined temple of Venus on which it was first built. Before it lay the Roman Forum, and on its left hand the palaces of the Roman Cæsars. "The church is still served by the Olivetan Monks, the same Order that welcomed to its hospitable walls the poet Tasso, when he was poor and friendless," said Aunt Mabel; "and how sweetly the story of their kindness still sounds to the ear, now that Tasso has his crown and his tomb! The good monks did not wait to see him prosperous before they befriended him."

"And there too," said Padre Ferdinando, "is the window of the room in which Liszt, the great musician of to-day, found at one time a quiet home."

"And where, then, it must be, he was visited by our own

artist, Mr. Healy, and our own poet, Mr. Longfellow, when he held the candle to light them down the dark Roman stairway; for do you not remember, Aunt Mabel, that Mr. Healy, painted this picture for Mr. Longfellow?"

"I do remember, very well; said Aunt Mabel, and I also remember thinking, at the time, how wonderful is the charm thrown around the spots hallowed by the saints; attracting, by some strange sympathy, not only the devotees, as the world calls its pious people, but even genius, to dwell under the shadow of their protection and within the atmosphere made fragrant by their virtues."

On their return home they passed the Convent of Tor di Specchi and the Capitol, when Margaret suddenly exclaimed: "Now I remember how the story of Saint Frances of Rome is woven in with the Capitol and with the Ara Cœli, close beside it. Do you not remember, Aunt Mabel, how the Count of Traja insisted upon having her son, Battista, given to him as a hostage? How Francesca fled with the child, but met her director, Don Antonio, who told her to lead the child to the Capitol, to the tyrant himself, while she was to pray in Ara Cœli? And then, how God interposed, until the Count of Traja, overawed commanded the boy to be led to his mother still kneeling before the picture of the "Mother of Mercy" in Ara Cœli? Oh, Aunt Mabel, how can people call pagan Rome interesting, compared with Christian Rome and the story of its saints?"

LA CHIESA DEI CAPPUCCINI.

TO think of threading our way through any one of these narrow streets—threading it, too, as carefully as we thread the silk through the eye of a fine needle, for we make one of a crowd of people, donkeys, horses and carriages—to come out on this glorious Fontana di Trevi; this fountain which takes up a whole square, with its *water-jets*, its spouting dolphins, its rocks and cascades; and all these jets and sprays leaping up into the sunshine, as if there were no such thing as a crowd or a dark, narrow street!"

This was a long sentence for a boy of fourteen to give out at one breath; but no one who has seen this wonderful Trevi Fountain, will be surprised at the long sentences or short exclamations uttered by those who stand beside it. There it is, in the midst of the most crowded thoroughfares of Rome, an unspeakable joy and refreshment to all who hurry past it; still more to those who linger near it until they become acquainted with every jutting rock, and with every shadow which is thrown on the cool waters in the basin below—which is still not so much a basin as a small lake. Here and there some adventurer clambers over the rocks, as he would clamber over the rocks in some woodland glen, while some

dreamy fellow is stretched at full length in the shadow of the same rock. Many a noonday nap, or *siesta*, does the Roman beggar take on the margin of the Trevi Fountain.

The very evening Walter entered Rome for the first time, he passed this most noted of all the Roman fountains, on his way from the ferrovia,* or station, to the hotel, and exclaimed, as if meeting an old friend: "Fontana di Trevi!" From that time he had seldom failed to pass it every day; but this only made him love it better, and he was proud to say that in whatever part of Rome he had lodged, the table had been served with water from the Trevi; for in fact this fountain supplies several other large fountains in Rome.† And never had he come, as on this morning, out of the narrow streets leading to it, either from the Corso or the *Via della Umilta*, that it did not seem to spring up before him like a vision of beauty and gladness.

On the most crowded corner of this square, where the donkeys always get an extra cut of the driver's whip, and where the charioteers give a louder "Ugh!" than ever to the people on foot, on this very spot stands a church, with one of the most perfect fronts in Rome. Not one square inch but has its decoration in stone, and the proportions have a certain perfection which delights the eye of the artist and gives an unconscious pleasure to the least educated. The steps of this church are always thronged with cheerful beggars, who will hunt a flea with as much persistency as if hundreds were not crowding past them. It is a corner never to be forgotten by the Roman visitor familiar with the Trevi Fountain and its neighborhood. It was from this corner that Walter and his sister walked slowly by the fountain into the *Via della Stamperia*, on which stood the printing office of the Pope

* *Ferro-Via*, or Iron road.

† The two fountains in the Piazza Farnese, and the fountains in the Piazza di Spagna and the Piazza Navona.

when he lived on the Quirinal Hill, and which may still be called the "Street of Prints," for its shops contain beautiful engravings of the most celebrated pictures in Rome; and through this street, into that of the *Angelo Custode* or Angel Guardians, then through a short part of this same street called the *Tritone*, when they came to the Piazza Barbarini. This square takes its name from the palace on the side opposite the one on which Walter and his sister stood, waiting for the crowd, always found at this corner, to pass on. Isabella's eye looked straight forward, where the via Quattro Fontane led to Santa Maria Maggiore, always so attractive; but Walter's eye was fixed on the left side of the square, beyond the fountain, where he could see the edge of a grove of trees.

"Let us go to the Capuchin church this morning, Bella."

"And not to Santa Maria Maggiore?" she asked, in a disappointed tone.

"We shall go to Saint Mary Major very often," he said: "and this church of the good Capuchins you have not seen at all as yet. There is a very solemn, and also a very pathetic interest about this plain church; and you will not be sorry if you gratify me."

"Oh, you are the best guide in Rome!" said Bella, laughing; and she tripped gayly across the square. When they were fairly over, she said: "There is one good thing with these Roman drivers: no accident happens to anybody, fiercely as they seem to drive. But what a charming grove! strange I have never noticed it before! I suppose it is because I have always run across the square, to reach the Quattro Fontane before some harmless vettura could run over me. But it seems I am not the only one who admires the grove, for every vender of fruits has found a shelter here; and here, too, are the old men and young men, the old women, girls and lovely children, all in their gay peasant costumes, ready to stand for

the artists. What a pretty sight it is! Unlike any but in Italy and Rome. But is this the famous Capuchin Church?"

"I told you it was a plain church," said Walter.

"But this is ugly!" exclaimed Isabella.

Walter did not seem disposed to dispute, nor yet to agree, with his sister, two years older than himself; so he led the way quietly up the slope on which the church stands.

"What a curious style of steps! How do you get into this Capuchin chapel?"

"More than one church in Rome has followed the same fashion," replied Walter. "You remember the beautiful church, enclosed by a high wall, somewhere near the Church of Saint Alphonsus? The steps of that church are arranged in the same way, parting so as to wind up on each side."

"But those steps are beautiful," insisted Isabella, "and these are hidden by blank walls of stucco, until one sees no way of climbing to the door;" and all the time she was speaking, Walter was making his way up the winding steps. Once on the long platform which extends nearly the entire width of the church, he folded his arms and leaned over the plain stucco wall which Isabella had despised. Below were the quaint steps, and here and there a visitor like themselves, or a peasant from the Campagna in his steeple-crown hat, or a group of children; for children always love to play around such steps. The grove stood peacefully in front with its fruit tables, and beyond the grove rose the domes and towers and picturesque roofs of the city below. Not a word was spoken, for one glance told Isabella the charm of these ugly steps, and she leaned over them beside Walter, to drink in the varied beauty of the view. Presently the monastery bell struck the hour; and while two Capuchin monks, with their shaven heads, long beards, brown habits girded with a hempen cord and the cowl thrown back from the head, climbed slowly the

hill-slope and then began to climb the long, straight flight of steps on the left hand of those leading to the church, two more Capuchins slowly descended the same steps; then two more appeared from the street, while two more left the door of the monastery.

"They are relieving each other, like sentinels on duty," said Walter; "and how noble and venerable they look in the coarse habit of Saint Francis, with their bare heads and sandaled feet! I have stood on these steps for hours, watching the monks as they come and go with the stroke of the bell, watching the visitors, but far more the Roman worshippers, rich and poor, noble and peasant. Do you see in what deep shadow the stairway lies which leads to the door of the monastery? I have never yet seen it otherwise than in a shadow; and above it, over the door, rises the pretty little belfry, like an open niche; on this the sunlight rests as long as it is above the horizon. Now let us go into the church. There is no architectural beauty to be found here—"

"But what marvels of pictures!" whispered Isabella; for they were already within the padded door—and from the right hand chapel, as they entered, shone out on them Guido's Michael the Archangel, in all the glory of its angelic beauty of form and of color. "Only Raphael's Saint Michael can rival this," said Isabel. "See how light he is in his strength: as if his body were 'a spiritual body,' as Saint Paul says our body will be after its resurrection."

"We are fortunate to find the picture uncovered," said Walter. "The blue curtains have been dropped over all the others."

"Never mind the others this morning; I would not disturb, for the world, the impressions of this glorious Saint Michael."

What a flood of light was suddenly opened on the world of spirits to these young Americans as they drank in the beauty

of this vision, rather than picture, of the leader of the heavenly hosts! They realized how these bodies of ours, now so heavy, so subject to infirmity, will become glorious, impassible, after the day of their resurrection, like the Body of our Divine Lord himself; and death, so dreadful to the eyes of the young, suddenly lost its sting. They stood a long time before the picture; not merely looking at it, but talking about that spiritual body "which shall be," and then of the incorruptible bodies of the saints.

"There is the custodian," said Walter: "let us ask him to show us the body of Saint Felix of Cantalice, which lies under the altar in the opposite chapel."

Isabella had half a mind to say: "O no! it must be a dreadful sight;" but she had found Walter in the right so many times this morning that she concluded to trust him. The custodian removed the antependium* before the altar, and there, behind a glass, lay the body of the holy Felix, with a celestial smile on the lips, and the hands folded on the breast. The story of the humble Franciscan was not familiar to Isabella, and she heard it this morning for the first time from the lips of the lay-brother who acted as custodian to the church. How, when a boy, he had tended flocks of sheep and goats, wrapped in his mantle of sheepskin, which made both his cloak and his bed, like a hundred little boys Isabella had seen on the Campagna. How, as he grew older, he entered the service of a rich man in the neighborhood, and while with him felt a great increase of piety in his heart. His nights were consecrated to prayer, and during the day he took pains to lead his flock into retired places, where he could kneel, for hours, at the foot of some tree on which he had cut a rude cross. In 1546 he asked to be received among the

* The antependium almost invariably hangs before the altars in Italy, and is of the same color as the vestments for the day: red, white or violet.

Capuchins of Cantalice as a lay-brother. No sooner had he pronounced his vows than he was sent to Rome by his superiors, and was charged with providing for the monastery. In this responsible place he had many opportunities to practice mortification, humility, patience, charity, and all the virtues dear to a son of Saint Francis. As his superiors soon learned to confide in his piety and wisdom, he was allowed to distribute to the poor a part of the alms which he received. Then it was that the virtues of Brother Felix shone forth, in spite of his humility; visiting, as he did with so much compassion, the poor and the sick, and serving them in those ways most revolting to our natural daintiness. Above all, he had a special charity to the dying, preparing them to appear worthily before God. Such was the life which he led in Rome during forty years, giving up his soul to God on the 18th of May, 1587, at the age of 74. Pope Urban VIII., who was a Barbarini, declared this holy lay-brother beatified in 1625, and in 1712 he was canonized by Pope Clement XI.

Touched to the soul by this narrative, and by the honors paid to a simple shepherd by the Church of God, the American boy and his sister kneeled beside the relics of the saint, dead for almost three hundred years, and reverently touched their rosaries to the shrine in which they lay, at the same time asking Saint Felix to obtain for them some share in his happiness before God. After seeing the body of this saint, there was something wonderfully attractive to Isabella in the slabs of the marble floor of the church, telling the names of those who were privileged to sleep below.

"What does this mean?" she asked, as they came to a very plain square tablet, in the pavement, on which were cut in deep but plain letters, these few words, without a name: *Hic jacet pulvis, cinis et nihil;* "Here lies only dust and ashes."

"That is the tomb of Cardinal Barbarini, the founder of

this church, and the monk-brother of Pope Clement VIII. He commanded this simple tablet with this very inscription, to be put where all his brothers in religion would walk over his dust and be reminded of the nothingness of worldly grandeur or of ecclesiastical dignities," replied the lay-brother. "Would you not like to visit the 'Dead-chapel?'" he asked, seeing how deeply his young listeners were touched by whatever he told them.

"O yes!" said Isabella, who had declared, before she left America, that nothing would tempt her to go near this Capuchin chapel, if she staid in Rome twenty years. As no woman can go through the monastery, the guide led them back through the same door they had entered, down the steps and through another door, or gateway, on the right hand side of the church, along what resembled the basement of many churches in America. At the end was a door, and on entering this basement, in which she saw several chapels leading into each other, she found it well lighted—the sun pouring in through the windows. It was no "gloomy charnel-house;" and no "grinning skulls" horrified Isabella's imagination. There were, indeed, bones and skulls; and so many of them that she realized how many generations of Capuchin monks had lived and died and been laid in the sacred earth from the Holy Land, which made the centre of each small chapel; the walls and gothic arches of which, with all their religious symbols, were built up, as it were, from the bones of those who had lain beneath; and these bones so beautifully arranged that they reminded her of the most elaborate carvings, and all symbolical of the hopes and consolations of the Christian in his death. But the most wonderful part of these gothic decorations were the niches, in which stood the skeletons—now, do not shudder, for neither Walter nor Isabella shuddered the least bit in the world—yes, the skeletons of those monks who had died within

a few years, dressed in their own habits, girded with a hempen cord, the cowl drawn over each head, and leaning on their staffs; many of them, in a manner so like life that one would easily believe they were old monks who had tottered about very much in this same manner for years before they died. In some cases the cowl was so arranged, or the figure stood so much in profile, that the fleshless bones of the face were all in shadow, the slender fingers resting on the staff in so pathetic a way that the dead monk seemed to sigh: "Pray for me, all ye who pass by the way!" And not only were these figures pathetic in their expression, but a singular piety, a piety as habitual and unpretending as that of Saint Francis or of the Saint Felix resting incorrupt in the chapel above, marked the attitude of each one; so that it was not necessary to see, as they did, the beads hanging from their girdles or from their hands, or breviaries in the hands of those who had been priests, to know they had lived lives of prayer.

In the fourth and last of the chapels was an altar, with all the ornaments, even the candlesticks, made of bones most ingeniously put together and even representing garlands of flowers. Both Walter and Isabella had always been moved to tears by the solemn ritual of All-Souls' Day; but they said, "What must it not be when celebrated," as the lay-brother told them it was every year, "in this chapel?" All at once the profound sense of these decorations from the bones of the dead struck the soul of Isabella, so fond of the beauty and gayety of this world. She had seen how a cardinal had chosen for his epitaph: "Here lies only dust and ashes;" and yet this cardinal, who had lived amid all the splendors of Rome, and had enjoyed all the charms of its art and science, and the beauty of its scenery, was ready to live and die a Capuchin monk. Instead of hurrying out of the chapel, Isabella lingered, until Walter said: "I do not think we should keep the

kind lay-brother any longer; a party may be waiting for him in the church."

As they came from the solemn sunshine of the chapels of the dead into the still broader sunshine of the living world outside, Isabella said: "I believe I have found out half the secret of a vocation for these very severe Orders, such as the Capuchins."

"Let us have the secret," said Walter.

"It is, that they make sure of prayers after their death. For instance, how can these Capuchins help praying for each other when they see the very skeletons of their dead companions, dressed in their usual habit, standing in these niches, or their bones decorating the very candlesticks of the altar? However great the austerities practised by these monks, they do not seem too much when we think how soon we are to die, and how we shall wish for prayers when we are in Purgatory."

"Yes," said Walter, "I think that is a good reason for becoming even a Capuchin, and begging through Rome forty years, like Saint Felix. But the monastery bell is striking again, and here come the monks from their works of charity in the city, and there they come from their prayers in the monastery; the work and the prayer all alike before God. If you stand just here, you can see them going up the stairway all in shadow; and through the open door of the monastery you can catch a glimpse of the portraits of the deceased monks which cover the walls of the passage ways. Over the door, as over the doors of all the Franciscan monasteries, you see the "Arms of Saint Francis," as they are called; the "Armorial-bearings of the Order," as other people would say. But these are, literally, the arms of Saint Francis, and commemorate a legend of the saint. If you notice, one arm is clothed and the other is bare, although both hands bear the marks of the nails, as if

crucified. The legend says, that after Saint Francis received the stigmas in his hands and feet our Lord appeared to him, saying: "Francis, thou art not yet so poor as thy Master; for thou hast thine arms covered with a habit, whereas mine were bare when stretched out for thee upon the Cross." And thus every Franciscan, poor as he is sure to be, is reminded of one poorer still, the Divine Master whom he serves. But we are in a Franciscan neighborhood; for if we follow the street up the hill, past that fountain in the wall, we shall come to Saint Isidore, the church and monastery of the Irish Franciscans."

"But how do we tell them apart?" said Isabella.

"You will find the Franciscans of Saint Isidore, as of Saint Peter in Montorio, with faces closely shaven; while the Capuchins wear their beard at full length."

"What would Rome and the artists do without these venerable-looking Capuchins?" said Isabella.

"And the story-tellers without their Dead Chapel," said Walter, "to make out some ghostly scene at midnight?"

"While we have found it," said Isabella, "a place full of sunlight and full of consolation for the souls we are careful to pray for all our lives, but especially in November. And all this, the picturesque costume, and chapel, as well as the devotion, comes from the infinite treasures of that Church which really believes in the Communion of Saints."

SANT' ISIDORO.

SAINT Patrick's day in Rome; you may wonder what it will be like. But there is to be a special honor paid to Saint Patrick at Saint Isidore's; the beautiful church of the Irish Franciscans just beyond the Capuchin Church. On the façade you will see the statue of San Patrizio, with that of Sant' Isidoro, and you will be puzzled, perhaps, to know which of these saints can really claim the church. Since 1622 it has been under the guardianship of the Irish Franciscans. There Luke Wadding wrote the annals of his order, and there he lies under the pavement; a simple slab in the floor telling you of this great historian of the Franciscans. Besides you will find the monuments of many fervent Irish Catholics, noble men and lovely women, who bore their bloodless but still faithful testimony to their faith in their own country, to find their last rest in Rome. There are choice choir books, also, rich in illuminations from the hands of Irish scholars, and well known in the world of art.

Such was the description of Sant' Isidoro from a friend on the eve of Saint Patrick's day at the Minerva, and the next morning saw us on our way to the solemn high mass at Saint Isidore's. The pretty grove on the left of the Piazza Barberini, then the church of i Cappuccini itself was passed, and

the picturesque façade of Sant' Isidoro rose before us on the elevated site, which is on one side of the Pincian Hill, with one of the tallest cypresses in Rome pointing it out to the eye of the tourist. When we came to the steps, we were met by a basket of shamrocks, living and green; and although Roman, of the same delicacy of size and form as the dear shamrock of old Erin. Each one who entered the church was furnished with a sprig, and from that moment it was, indeed, Saint Patrick's day, and to be celebrated nowhere more devoutly than in Rome itself, which had been visited by Saint Patrick, and which gave him that benediction, in the strength of which he accomplished such wonders for the people to whom he was sent. The altar piece for that day was Saint Patrick, of a most venerable beauty and majesty; but we afterwards saw Sant' Isidoro over his own altar. Among the side chapels, was one dedicated to Saint Joseph; another chapel of exceeding loveliness to Saint Anne. In the transept were represented Saint Augustine aud Saint Francis. There was a Saint Anthony by Perugino in one of the chapels, and another chapel on the same side, with exquisite alabaster pillars for the altar, was devoted to the crucifix. The air of the church was cheerful but full of associations which must have stirred many a heart in the English speaking congregation which gathered at Saint Isidore's. The very pavement of the church held the eye, not by the beauty of its marble, but by the preciousness of its inscriptions; brief, but fragrant with the memory of sanctified lives.

This was not our only visit to Saint Isidore's. Under the eye of Father Kehoe himself, we prepared a careful description of every object of interest in this church. Nothing was spared by the prior of Sant' Isidoro to give due honor to his convent, and having made a sketch of Sant' Isidoro, we believed ourselves to have done what no English guide book has even

attempted with regard to it. To our untold disappointment, the article was lost on its transit to an American magazine after we had left Rome, and as there are, really, nothing but the most meagre notes on this church in English or French books of travel, it was impossible to supply the loss. Our recollections of Sant' Isidoro are still very precious. Perhaps none of its treasures impressed us more than the holy poverty of its reception room. The brick floor was bare of table or chair; only wooden benches ran the length and breadth of the walls. But when Father Kehoe entered this room, in his brown habit with cord and cowl and sandaled feet the poverty was —not forgotten but transfigured, like the holy poverty of Saint Francis himself, in Giotto's picture of the wedding of Saint Francis to Holy Poverty. We hear it said in America,that poverty, however holy, as seen in the reception rooms of European convents, is incompatible with American ideas. Is it then true that Americans alone, of all Christian people, are to shake off that yoke under which so many saints have been trained for heaven? Is there, then, no respect to be paid to this virtue, against which the waves of prosperity dash in vain, as against a breakwater to modern luxury?

As we left the church of Sant' Isidoro, we stopped for a few moments in the chapel of the Pregatrici, where the nuns, in their blue and white habits, make continual acts of reparation to our Lord in his Real Presence. From Ave Maria to Ave Maria, the Blessed Sacrament is exposed on their altar, and the padded door opens noiselessly at the touch of the worshipper, who kneels before the iron screen without any fear of disturbing the devotions of these recluses. This small piazza of Sant' Isidoro has an atmosphere of exceeding peace, and those who climb the steep ascent learn how tranquilly the spirit of holy poverty works its wonders in the world.

SAN LORENZO FUORI LE MURA.

SAINT Laurence, the beloved deacon of Saint Xystus, whose martyrdom was foretold, as a triumph all the greater for the sharpness of its torment, on the very spot where now stands the beautiful San Sisto on the Via Appia; Saint Laurence, whose gridiron is seen in the pictures of the Sienese and Florentine artists as well as of the Roman, and has ruled the architecture and given the name to Spain's grandest church, the Escurial; whose basilica in Rome has been, all these ages, one of the seven to be visited by Christians in order to obtain the merits of a true pilgrimage — to this basilica where Saint Laurence, or San Lorenzo, is honored, no pilgrim of to-day will fail to go.

A quarter of a mile beyond the gate of San Lorenzo, the ancient Porta Tiburtina, we have our first view of the basilica. A pillar of Egyptian granite, crowned by a statue, in bronze, of San Lorenzo and his gridiron, makes the advance guard of the basilica to the eye; then comes the campanile, or bell-tower at the side; then the basilica itself, square with a low roof, its portico casting deep shadows between the pillars. Above the roof of the portico is the pictured front with its gold ground, and at the left as we face the basilica, the tall cypresses of the cemetery most loved by the Romans and where many Americans, while remembering the sunny cemeteries of our

own land and their flower decked graves, have still felt it a privilege to lie in death.

As Santa Lucina gave a burial place to Saint Paul, and still another Lucina to Saint Sebastian, a Santa Cyriaca gave a sepulchre to San Lorenzo, on her farm outside the walls; and from the time of his martyrdom, 258, to the time of Constantine, 312, Christians kept green the traditions of his burial as well as of his martyrdom. Constantine, inspired with a holy zeal, built, in 330, a church over the spot where San Lorenzo and Santa Cyriaca had been laid; and from that time, the basilica of San Lorenzo and the catacomb of Santa Cyriaca, have drawn pilgrims from every part of the world.

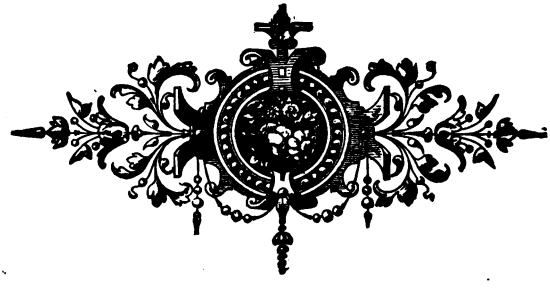
It was on a balmy day of a Roman April, that we rode to San Lorenzo with a friend from the green hills of Berkshire; where the New England wind-flower and arbutus only, have at this season dared to show their buds. The warm sunshine, the far spreading bloom of the Italian spring, were all around us, and from the stillness of nature in this venerable solitude, we passed with awe into the shadows of the portico of the ancient basilica, its inner wall covered with frescoes, giving the stories of the two deacons, Saint Laurence and Saint Stephen; passed under the architrave, with its mosaics of the thirteenth century, representing the Lamb of God, with Saint Laurence and Honorius III. who rebuilt the church in 1216; on the left, Santa Cyriaca and her mother Santa Tryphœna. On either hand we see sarcophagi; one containing the remains of Pope Damascus II., of the year 1049, on which is sculptured a vine, the symbol of our Lord; and this "true vine" is covered with winged genii, or Christian souls, that sport among the branches. Entering the church, we step on the magnificent floor of opus Alexandrinum, and here the glory of ancient marbles fills the eye. The pulpits or ambones, from which the epistle and gospel are read, and the spiral paschal candlestick all with their

inlaid porphyry and serpentine and bright Cosmati mosaic, come within the parts added by Honorius III. Beyond this, is the basilica as it was rebuilt by Pelagius III., in the sixth century, which now serves as the choir, or sanctuary of the present church. Over the high altar is an elegant ciborium somewhat like that over the altar of San Clemente, but more open. Below this altar is the *Confession*, with a marble railing, where the relics of Saint Stephen and Saint Laurence are honored. The back of the choir, behind the altar, is finished as a screen, inlaid with panels of porphyry and serpentine, and in the middle of this screen is an ancient episcopal chair, with similar ornaments. At each side of the choir are double rows of short columns, one above the other. At the end are three open arches with columns of airy lightness, and above the three arches three windows, slightly colored. Looking over the marble screen and the low back of the chair, we can see the capitals of two acanthus-crowned columns and an extension of the lower galleries at the side; from this low gallery the way leads to the cemetery of Santa Syriaca. The whole carries us back to an age when architects had something to say in their works, and invented instead of copying them.

Very near the entrance to the catacomb of Santa Cyriaca, exactly opposite the upright slab of marble on which the charred, bloody relics of the martyr Laurence were laid when taken from the gridiron, and before which the venerated Pius IX. so often knelt in prayer, is the tomb in which he now lies, surmounted by a death's head, with the simple inscription. "The bones and ashes of Pope Pius IX., Sovereign Pontiff. He lived eighty-five years, five months and twenty-five days; in his pontificate thirty-one years, seven months and twenty-one days. Pray for him."

But the Basilica of San Lorenzo has a triumphal arch, as well as its compeers among the basilicas, on which is a restored

mosaic of the time of Pelagius II., that pontiff who is said to have been so munificent as to give his own house as a hospital for the aged poor. Our Lord is seated on the world as his throne; on one side Saint Peter, Saint Laurence and Saint Pelagius; on the other Saint Paul and Saint Stephen, and, in his garb as a soldier, Saint Hippolytus, who guarded Saint Laurence in prison, was converted by him, and was afterwards a martyr, having been dragged to death by wild horses. From the arch of triumph we return through the grand nave with its open roof still showing the rafters, and its twenty-two Ionic columns of granite and cipollino marble. Seldom, even in Rome, do we realize so sensibly the ancientness of a church; and as we came again through the deep shadow of its portico, and saw on the mosaic front the picture of Pio Nono holding the church in his hand, we realised, also, how the centuries join hands and form one unbroken chain of tradition and faith.



SANT' ALFONSO DE' LIGUORI.

OUR good Redemptorist Fathers have a house in Rome, where we shall find the miraculous picture: "Our Lady of Perpetual Succour."

To say this, was to bring to view all the medals of our Lady of Perpetual Succour among our little party; not only the medals, but all the pictures of this same Lady of Perpetual Succour which we had been careful to bring with us from America. There was, also, the vivid memory of a mission given in Saint Mary's Church, many years before, by the Redemptorist Fathers, the spiritual sons of Saint Alphonsus of Liguori; that wonderful mission which even a bishop declared the most remarkable he had ever known, and which was, to us, a revelation of the riches of the Church in daily and hourly use. To Saint Alphonsus' church, then, we must go.

We had been told to ask for Father Edward Douglas, the Superior General, and as we knew the story of this distinguished Scotch convert, we were nothing loth to comply with our instructions. Strange to say, we remember only the front of this church, as modern gothic; but we remember well the large sacristy with its brick floor, in which we waited to see Father Douglas; and the beautiful relief of our Lord in the tomb, the favorite subject of the Congregation of the Most

Holy Redeemer. And we remember, too, Father Edward Douglas, and how he seemed to us another Saint Alphonsus of Liguori; his head bowed on his breast, his face lighted by what was more beautiful than a smile, for it spoke of a supreme peace of soul. There were a few minutes of conversation, and then, as if this image were always in his mind, he led us into the church, so full of light, of color, its gothic altar set with mosaics, and in their midst, as a part of the altar itself, the miraculous picture of our Lady of Perpetual Succour. If we had loved this image of our Lady before, what did it not say to us now? What support under difficulties, what relief from dangers, wherever we might be, could we not expect from her *perpetual* succour? A profound awe, a veneration such as no picture had ever before claimed from us, sprang up in our hearts; and under the very eyes of this benign image, Father Edward Douglas wrote our names in the Arch-confraternity of our Lady of Perpetual Succour.

Before we left him, he kindly gave us his autograph, and then, with his blessing, we turned from the Shrine of our Lady of Perpetual Succour, only to carry its image more reverently in our hearts.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE IN ROME.

HOW many of our good people, Catholics in America, realize that there is an American College in Rome, or realize what this means? We have no idea of making out a statistical account of the American College. Statements enough have been made, but it is one thing to read a statement and think very highly of it, and quite another to have in the mind a living picture of this well stated fact which can be looked at for five minutes.

Our American College does not startle us by its grandeur or extent, and when we remember that it stands on the *via dell' Umiltà* or the "Way of Humility," we shall not be surprised at this; but the house, with its sunny court around which all its rooms are ranged, and its beautiful chapel, is one which will be dear to the Church in America so long as its solid walls stand; for here has been recognized the fact of the growth of the Church in America, and here she has taken her honored seat among the Catholic nations of the world. Our first Centennial as an independent nation has been so lately celebrated; yet we have a college in Rome upon which all in Rome look with respect, and towards which the eyes of the American bishops, priests and laity are looking every year with more earnest attention. To forget the claims of our own college, is to prove ourselves unworthy of this honor of a seat among

Catholic nations under the very eye of the Father of the faithful; and this we are not likely to do, so long as our national instincts assert themselves as decidedly as at present. But we may go one step farther without doing injustice to any of the older institutions of the Eternal City, and venture to be enthusiastic over our college, even though it stands on the street called Humility.

Our own enthusiasm was kindled by finding ourselves unexpectedly taking part in the closing devotions of the Forty Hours' Adoration. We had called at the College to see Monsignor Chatard, and were told that he was preparing to sing mass, and we were invited, at the same time, to go into the chapel. This was our first visit to it, and we can never forget how our hearts rose up suddenly in thanksgiving to God as we entered it, not from the street, but through the arched walk from the court through the sacristy, under the fall of crimson drapery which so noiselessly divides it from its own quiet precincts. For what did we find here? A chapel rich in precious marbles, in Florentine mosaics for its altars, in statues of saints, in pictures, in reliefs, in everything which makes the chapels in Italy so attractive to the American eye; while, at the same time, there was a freshness, an absolute present care and touch of embellishment, which bespoke the American habit of renewing what wears out, or rubs off, or becomes tarnished. Nothing could be more exquisite than the neatness of this chapel, nothing more painstaking than the kneeling chairs. And yet, all this, taken in at a glance, was but the poorest of what deserved praise; for there, high above the high altar itself, stood the remonstrance, in which Jesus was shrouding himself under the veils of the Adorable Sacrament of Love; stood there in a blaze of light, of golden symbols and clouds of incense. The chapel is high; in no other way are its proportions strik-

ing; and yet the very narrowness of its limits seemed to have led to a still more affectionate richness of decoration. The few folds of drapery just touched the angels in high relief over the altar; one cluster after another of gilded stems of lilies seemed to support the remonstrance, while before the tabernacle stood, in rich gilt-work, the Pelican, ever the symbol of the Blessed Sacrament. The unity of purpose was seen in the unity of the devotional and artistic effects, which kept the Blessed Sacrament before the mind as well as before the eye.

When the mass began and we heard the responses made by the students from our own land, saw the perfection with which every rubric was carried out, we realized what it was to have a college in Rome. For the first time, we felt all the significance of this fact, and never did we see so much to hope for in the future for America. We saw how perfectly the American youth would take in the spirit of Rome and her sublime ritual; how accustomed the eye and the ear would be to all the nicer points of ecclesiastical rubrics; how the charms of that ritual would fasten upon the imagination of youth, and how it would blossom again in America under the care of every priest trained in our own American College; for where can an American priest find a vineyard more needy than the one in which he was born? Still a missionary country, she can claim, without being charged with selfishness, the pious youth who go from her to learn pure doctrine, sublime faith and the perfection of discipline from Rome herself.

The mass was followed by a procession through the sacristy, the arched way, thence to the court itself, and back to the lovely chapel which will always be impressed on our memories. How many processions had we seen, how many had we followed with the Blessed Sacrament before us in our own native land! But this day, in this procession, within the walls of an American College in Rome, a new feeling took posses-

sion of us. We saw what America would be, by the grace of God, among the nations; and the court, with its azalias and orange trees was lost among the vistas of those primeval forests, those wide-spreading prairies, of those cities starting up almost by miracle on the borders of lakes, of rivers, of vast inland seas, as well as on the open bays and harbors of America. The small bell, which tells the hours to the inmates of the college, sweet like all the Italian bells, chimed in with the chanted canticles as we walked. Above the leafless vines, trellised on the edges of the roof, we saw kneeling figures, adoring, like ourselves, the Lord of Hosts in the hands of his minister, and not only priests and students, but men and women and children joined in the hymns. What a Benediction was that which followed the procession! for it reached, through the desires and intentions of those kneeling before the lifted remonstrance, to the utmost bounds, and into every ravine and mountain fastness of that still half unexplored land, *America.*

SANTA BRIGIDA.

LOOKING from our windows on the Piazza Farnese, the most magnificent of all the Roman palaces, the Palazzo Farnese, stands face to face with us. We know that it has treasures of art, even if stripped of many of which it boasted years ago; and it is one of its glories that Michael Angelo lent his genius to it, as an architect; yet it is not to the Palazzo Farnese that I shall lead you to-day, but to the front on the right hand of us, with a small chapel in the centre, known as Saint Bridget's House. That Saint Bridget of Sweden, who resigned her crown and the succession for her family to the throne of Sweden, in order to practice her religion near the Tombs of the Apostles, in the very heart of Christendom. It was from this house, that the saint used to walk to Saint Paul's outside the walls, where they still show the great crucifix which spoke to Saint Bridget. From this house, too, she walked often to the basilica of Saint Sebastian, there to pray for hours near the *Platoniæ*, or tomb lined with slabs of marble, in which had lain, during forty years, the bodies of SS. Peter and Paul. With her lived her daughter Catharine, also a canonized saint and a familiar friend of Saint Catharine of Siena, when

she was in Rome; and the statues of Saint Bridget and Saint Catherine her daughter, adorn the façade of the little church. Indeed, Saint Bridget was most happy in all of her children, who rewarded her saintly care of them by remarkable virtues. Charles and Birger died while on their way to Jerusalem for the holy wars; Benedict and Gudmar died young; Margaret and Cecilia married and were models of wives and mothers; Ingeburge was a nun who is said to have performed many miracles, while Catherine became, as we have said, a canonized saint.

The threshold of Santa Brigida is raised but slightly above the pavement. On a Sunday, one sees the peasants from the Campagna, the men with their pointed hats, the women with their white linen head-dresses, resting themselves on the stone benches along the Farnese palace, their little donkeys beside them, waiting for mass or vespers. No sooner does the small bell of Santa Brigida summon its worshippers for either, than all flock to the little chapel, where benediction is never missed for want of a choir. There is not a child who does not open his mouth to sing *Tantum ergo* as soon as it is intoned by the sweet voice of Padre Ferdinando, and many a lovely benediction have we received within these walls, where there is neither choir nor organ.

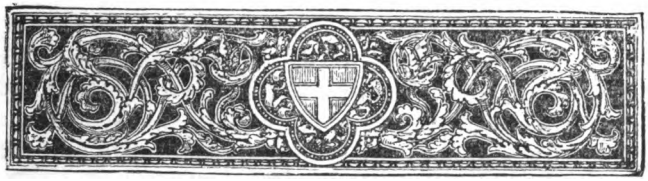
Perhaps our devotion to Santa Brigida had been increased by an incident, quite personal. For years there had stood, in a small niche in our writing desk, a statuette of Saint Bridget of Sweden, writing her revelations. At the time of the great fire of 1871, the desk and its contents perished in the flames. A week after, when a friend walked over the site of Saint Joseph's Cottage, he picked up from the ashes the little statue, which fell in pieces in his hand, but which we put together as the only relic of the fire we cared to retain. It has been, ever since, a cherished memento of Saint Bridget, on whose feast,

the 8th of October, the fire began; although it reached Saint Joseph's Cottage only after three o'clock on the morning of the 9th of October. Then, too, we had heard of the hospice for pilgrims connected with Saint Bridget's House, and it was to Santa Brigida that we drove on our first arrival in Rome. Many times after we pulled the wire beside its convent door, and grew familiar with its flight of broad, stone stairs leading to Saint Bridget's own rooms, and looked through the window, or opening, from one of the apartments, into the chapel, before which had stood Saint Bridget's grill, now in the church at Notre Dame, Indiana. All the rooms are exquisitely kept, and their walls frescoed with scenes from the story of Santa Brigida; the subjects of the revelations made to her, her death in 1373 and canonization in 1391.

But if we go with the Campagna people into the church as the bell rings for mass or benediction, we shall find ourselves in a beautifully proportioned chapel with a high ceiling, and a round window, designed by Overbeck, over the door, representing Santa Brigida at the feet of our Lord; and on the left hand as we face the altar, is the wooden table, dark and worm-eaten, at which Santa Brigida wrote down, so far back as 1350, the wonderful revelations concerning heavenly things that were vouchsafed to her. Saint Bridget made many pious pilgrimages to shrines in different parts of Italy, and at length made one to the Holy Land. On all these pilgrimages she kept her rigid rule of life.

The last pilgrimage, however, set, as it were, the seal upon her sanctity, as it did upon her life. She returned to Rome, where she died, being over seventy years of age. The spacious house which she built, not as a palace nor yet altogether as a convent, since she intended it as a home for pilgrims to Rome, surrounds her chapel on all sides, except on that which looks across the beautiful piazza, with its two fountains fed from the

Fontana di Trevi, upon the grand façade of the most beautiful palace in Rome; beside which she stands, with all the dignity of the queen and all the simplicity of the saint.



PADRE VINCENZO PALLOTTI.

ON the first day of June, 1876, as we were stepping rather briskly from the court of a house on the Via Sistina, Rome, a vettura stopped beside us, and a familiar voice called out: "Will you ride with us to the Ponte Sisto, and see the rooms of Father Pallotti?"

Now we had long wished to visit the "rooms," as they are called in Rome, of some holy person very sure to be canonized, or at least beatified; and to go before these rooms had been changed in the least from the condition in which they were when occupied by the servant of God; before any rich silken hangings or gilding had taken the place of the brown walls and the humble furniture made sacred by their association with heroic sanctity. This invitation to visit Father Pallotti's rooms, therefore, was most opportune, and allowed us to witness the very first steps in the way to beatification and thence to canonization.

The most "chance" ride in Rome cannot be without interest. This one from the Via Sistina to Ponte Sisto takes one, whichever way one drives, through localities and past monuments which make the heart beat solemnly, to end in a sort of jubilation when the first sound of the fountain, close by the ancient bridge, falls on one's ear. It is impossible to close the

ear to the music, or the eye to the picturesque beauty of its cascade, or of the two jets of water from the sides which cross each other like two gleaming swords in a playful joust-at-arms. It was within sight of this fountain as well as within hearing of it, that our vettura stopped, and we alighted before the portals of *Santissimo Salvatore in Onda*, near Ponte Sisto. It was of this house as well as church, that possession was given to Father Pallotti on the 7th of February, 1845, by Pope Gregory XVI., only a few months before the death of this pontiff; and here the "Pious Society of Missions" has still a home under the protection of the Holy Father.

There was a sense of awe in passing through this door which seemed to have rested long on unused hinges; for there are other more retired ways of entering, familiar to the inmates. Very solemn, too, even after so many months in Rome, seemed the broad flights of stone stairs; and when these had been ascended there was solemnity as well as sweetness in the first sound which met our ears—the chanting of the Divine Office by the religious in their small chapel. In a few moments, however, the chant ceased, and immediately after, the Superior, Father Joseph Faa di Bruno, welcomed our little party to *Santissimo Salvatore.*

There was no delay in gratifying our pious curiosity; for these religious of *Santissimo Salvatore in Onda* do not seem to think any stranger can come to their house without a wish to pay a visit to the rooms of their venerated founder. This devotion to him has all the charm of a freshly-remembered personal intercourse, and one feels as if Father Pallotti had walked among them only yesterday. Indeed, it was only on the 22d of January, the vigil of the Feastof the Espousals of the Blessed Virgin and Saint Joseph, 1850, that Father Pallotti breathed forth his soul to God in the very room where we stood. To Father Joseph Faa di Bruno, he had been a supe-

rior and spiritual father, and through his animated speech (for he speaks English fluently) we received a living picture of Father Pallotti never to be forgotton. There was a young English Brother, too, Brother Henry, who accompanied Father di Bruno in showing us the house, who was a happy example of the power of transmitted traditions. Brother Henry had never seen Father Pallotti; but the story of his life, of his virtues, of his supernatural gifts, was as familiar to him as the heroism and the triumphs of his brave ancestors are to the child who has heard their stories by the firesides of the North. He supplied, in fact, to the little group around the eloquent Father di Bruno, that face of the listener, the one who takes in all the sense of the familiar music, which Luca della Robbia even could not spare from his group of "Singing Boys," however well the others might chant. The listener's face tells us what sort of music the choristers are giving; and Brother Henry's told, as clearly as if he had spoken, how profound, how affectionate, how habitual, was the veneration of the priests and religious of the Pious Society of Missions for their founder.

In the very room where the servant of God died on his poor pallet, we were shown the patched and faded garments, the only pair of worn, coarse shoes, the inexpensive articles of devotion which belonged to him; and there, too, was the clerical hat, with its broad brim held back to the crown by three cords, which the venerable priest, Vincent Pallotti, instead of wearing, had been in the habit of carrying in his hand through the streets of Rome, out of reverence for the Divine Presence. There, too, was the crucifix which had received his pious kisses, his tears of contrition for the least imperfection; the Calvary, before which he had meditated upon our Lord's passion with such devotion and with such fruit in the practice of humility; there, too, was the confessional within which he had shriven so many consciences, assisted so many to rise from the

mire of sin, impelled so many others on the way of perfection; the very altar at which he had offered the Holy Sacrifice, during which he was seen, more than once, to be raised from the floor in a trance. How close we had come to the living saint! For can he be called dead who is still living, not only before God, but in the exercise of so profound an influence over living consciences? But what we desired to see most of all was "the little Madonna" which Father Pallotti carried for so many years in the sleeve of his habit; carried it so ingeniously, moreover, that when anyone, according to the Italian custom, bent to kiss his priestly hand, the Madonna, and not the hand of Father Pallotti, was always there to receive it. What was our delight and surprise when we saw that it was—

But first let us tell our story. Fifteen years before, a small painting on ivory was shown to us, and we were asked if we "could copy it." The painting was very delicately executed; was done in Rome for Rev. Dr. Norris, who was pastor during several years of the church in Beloit, Wisconsin; and "copied," as we were told, "from a picture in the reception room of the College of the Propaganda in Rome, which was a great favorite with all the students." It represented the Blessed Virgin holding with one hand her Divine Son, who stands on her knees, while in her right hand she carries her own Heart transfixed by the sword of sorrow, as predicted by Simeon. Our Infant Lord raises his right hand to bless, and bears, like his Mother, in his left his own Sacred Heart wreathed with thorns. The head of the Virgin mother has a circular nimbus; the head of our Lord a cruciform one. There was a special tenderness in the expression of the Mother and the Holy Child in this little painting, which we tried our best to give to our copy. This copy was made for Very Rev. Dr. McMullen, of Chicago, Ill., afterwards

Bishop of Davenport, Iowa. At the time of the fire in 1871, when some one asked him: "What shall I save for you?" he had replied: "If you will, take that little Madonna and keep it for me." The little Madonna on ivory was saved, and remained with Bishop McMullen to the day of his death, a cherished memento of the old College of the Propaganda. When we went to Rome, we never rested until we had seen the picture from which it had been copied at second hand; and when we saw the little Madonna which had wrought such wonders at the hand of Father Pallotti, it was like the very one we had copied for an American Propagandist years before.

And this brings us to a point in the life of Father Vincent Pallotti which gives him a special claim on the gratitude of American Catholics. For many years, Father Pallotti was the confessor of the students of the College of the Propaganda, and in this way, we of America have become debtors to this holy man. In the life of Father Pallotti prepared by Rev. Raphael Melia, D. D., priest of the "Pious Society of Missions," is a letter from Archbishop Spalding, of Baltimore, in which this prelate dwells, with the deepest gratitude, upon the spiritual benefits derived from his saintly director, not only while in Rome, but after his return to America, regarding him as one to whom he could always apply for advice. Among others who enjoyed this great privilege we can number Bishop Rosecrans, of Columbus, Bishop O'Connor, of Omaha, Rev. John Neal, of South Carolina, and the late Rev. Dr. John Norris, of whom we have spoken already.

When we bade adieu to Father di Bruno, he gave us a relic of their saintly founder and also a copy of Dr. Melia's Life of

NOTE.—This visit to *Santissimo Salvatore in Onda*, as well as to many other sacred places in the Eternal City, is associated with the happiest recollections of Mr. and Mrs. William Hutchison and their little son, John Pius. Mr. Hutchison served his holiness, Pio Nono, as Chevalier of the Sword and Mantle.

Father Pallotti. Of this charming little volume in English, it is not too much to say that no idea of its beauty can be obtained from any detached passages. In the first place, we have a portrait of Father Pallotti which might have come from the hand of Perugino, or of Fra Angelico; so individual is its personality, while pervaded by a celestial sweetness of expression which fits it for a place among the blessed who have received their happy sentence and are entering into their rest. And in the second place, this narrative, told with a simplicity which carries immediate conviction as to the truth of its least details, is one in which makes known the very steps of the ladder of perfection by which Father Pallotti attained to such a degree of sanctity. Along with the marvellous story, runs the application of this example given by a holy priest, to every state of life, shaming our own lack of supernatural courage, our own deplorable lack of faith; for upon this stem of faith were engrafted all Father Pallotti's heroic virtues. We never take up the book without being transported to Rome, to all the localities mentioned in it; above all, to *Santissimo Salvatore in Onda*, and to the very room in which Father Pallotti breathed forth his holy soul to God.

We must not forget to mention the beautiful restorations going on in the church of *SSmo. in Onda.* The precious marbles of the old church are now standing in relief before brilliant frescoes, and soon the hinges of its heavy doors will open to admit crowds of devout worshippers.

SANTA SABINA.

WE had planned a visit to Santa Sabina on the Aventine Hill, for the fifth of May, when a message reached us, from too authentic a source to be doubted, which gave an extraordinary interest to our visit; for on that day, the feast of Saint Pius V., the room of the holy pontiff and also that of his spiritual father, Saint Dominic, would be open to ladies for the first time.

There is always a charm about a new privilege, however dear may be the old one; and we were not sorry to have this charm mark our first visit to the Dominican convent, around which had clustered to us, for years, so many sacred associations. If San Sisto had drawn us within its picturesque old gate, and up its winding stairways, worn with the steps of generation after generation of Dominican nuns as well as monks; had tolled us on to peep through its loop-holes of windows and peer into its deserted corridors; if we had clambered up the side of its steep banks to clutch the scarlet poppies growing on the crumbling walls; and all because this had been the first home in Rome of Dominic Guzman and his brothers in religion; still Santa Sabina had witnessed some of the most extraordinary manifestations of God's favor towards the young Order. If the youth, Napoleon, at the prayer of Saint

Dominic, opened his eyes again upon earth at San Sisto, still the miracle of the loaves of white bread, distributed by two radiant angels to the astonished monks in the refectory, had taken place at Santa Sabina. Here, too, the Order had seen some of its choicest vines taking root and bearing delicious fruit. It was to Santa Sabina that the young Thomas of Aquin fled from his worldly relatives, when he heard that they intended to force him to remain in the world. It was at Santa Sabina that Saint Raymond of Pennafort found a home, when called to Rome by Gregory IX., in 1230, and even made the confessor of the Holy Father. To name the shining lights of the Dominican Order for centuries, is to name those who were trained or perfected in the school of Saint Dominic at Santa Sabina on the Aventine. If Toulouse was the cradle of the Order, if there the rich germs sprouted and put forth the first green blade, and if the blessings of the pontificate first fell upon it at San Sisto, still at Santa Sabina the full kernel appeared on the stalk. When Yvo of Konski was named Bishop of Cracow, he went to Rome, taking with him his two nephews, Hyacinth and Ceslas. The fame of Saint Dominic drew the bishop to Santa Sabina; and seeing the sanctity of these religious and the zeal of their founder, he desired to take back with him to Poland some of their missionaries. But even the zeal of Saint Dominic could not prepare missionaries fast enough to meet the demands made for them; and it was from his own household that the bishop took the novices who were to learn the spirit of Saint Dominic and carry it to Poland and all the regions of northern Europe. In this very Convent of Santa Sabina, in March, 1218, Saint Dominic gave the religious habit to the nephews of the bishop, Hyacinth and Ceslas, and also to Herman and Henry, two gentlemen attached to the suite of the Bishop of Cracow; and it is around this same Hyacinth, that the marvellous halo

of light still shines in northern Europe; for, like Dominic, he was a saint.

Here, too, at Santa Sabina, Michael Ghisliri led the life which prepared him to glorify the pontificate by miracles, and to win another nimbus for the tiara in the person of Pius V., and therefore it was that on his feast, the fifth of May, a new privilege had been granted to those who would visit Santa Sabina and the shrines of the Dominican saints.

But this favored spot had not only kept the perfumes of the lilies of Saint Dominic—it had borne the red roses of a martyr. From her patrician home on the Aventine, Sabina had gone to Umbria as the bride of one of its richest noblemen. But riches aud prosperity still left her soul open to the voice from heaven which spoke to her through her maid, Seraphia, a native of Antioch in Syria, and a Christian. Embracing the truth with all the fervor which marked the Christian ladies of Rome in those early ages, she soon became illustrious even among the great lights of the church. At this time the emperor, Adrian, began openly to persecute the Christians. Sabina and Seraphia were apprehended by the order of Beryllus, Governor of Syria. The maid, Seraphia, was beaten to death with clubs; but Sabina was discharged, out of respect for her high position and regard for her friends. In the course of the same year which had seen her maid Seraphia give testimony to the faith, Sabina returned to Rome—returned to it with her soul lifted up beyond the fear of tyrants or their tortures. She had learned from Seraphia not only how to live for the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, but how to die for it. Called out again by the order of the persecutor, it was no longer to Beryllus, but to Adrian himself, that she was to make answer, who interrogated her through Elpidius.

"Are you not Sabina," asked the tyrant, "and illustrious both by your birth and by your marriage?"

"I am indeed Sabina," she replied; "but I give thanks to Jesus Christ, who, by means of my maid servant, Seraphia, has delivered me from the thraldom of the evil one."

There was no respect for friends in the heart of Adrian; and without any further ceremony she was condemned to all sorts of tortures, and finally beheaded; beheaded, we are expressly told, in the house of her parents on the Aventine Hill, and in full sight of the palaces of the Cæsars, then in all their glory. To-day, indeed, as the Christian pilgrim winds up the steep ascent of the Aventine, he turns to enjoy what he declares to be the finest view in all Rome of the palaces of her Cæsars; but it is a view of those palaces in ruins—ruins so utterly desolated as to be a by-word among the nations. In the darkness of the Mamertine prison, the lamp of the guide shows us the fountain which sprang up at the command of Saint Peter when his jailors asked for baptism. In the rough stone wall is also shown the impression of Saint Peter's face, made, perhaps, when ignominiously pushed against it by some imperial minion. To this day it has been carefully protected from injury or insult; and the depths of this gloomy cavern retain authentic traces of the sojourn of the apostles. But in the palaces of the Cæsars, the most enthusiastic search discovers no trace of the personal existence of those who planned, built and lived in them. Among those skeletons of banqueting halls, audience rooms, luxurious apartments, there is nothing which can be identified as connected with any one of these emperors, these universal rulers, and "would-be gods;" while the Aventine Hill, like the Mamertine prison, guards the tradition of a single patrician woman and her maid, as a priceless treasure and a crown of glory.

It was in the year 425 that a pious Illyrian priest, named Peter, built a church to take the place of the oratory which had hitherto stood over the tomb of Santa Sabina. This

church was consecrated by Saint Sixtus III., and was made the station for Ash-Wednesday by Saint Gregory the Great. This illustrious pontiff, we are told, preached on this day many times at Santa Sabina; and it was long the custom of the Sovereign Pontiffs to receive in this church the penitential ashes. Eugene II. restored the church in the ninth century, and Gregory IX. consecrated the new altar in 1238. The titular cardinals, to whom the church was successively given, made important repairs, and Saint Pius V. and Sixtus V. both left traces of their zeal for its welfare.

At one time the convent attached to the church was a pontifical residence. Here Honorius IV. died, and here was elected his successor, Nicholas IV. A part of this convent had been given to Saint Dominic by Honorius III. when he gave him the church, and it thus became the home of many of the saints of his Order. With all these associations drawing us onward, how eagerly we watched for the first glimpse of Santa Sabina!

The actual entrance to the church is no longer through the court of the convent, but from the side, where four pillars and three round arches stand in the midst of an irregular pile of domes and chapels, attached to the grand nave and aisles of the ancient edifice. The first object which strikes the eye on entering, after a glance at the great length of the church and its lofty ceiling of bare rafters, is a low spiral column with a black head, marking the spot where Saint Dominic spent whole nights in prayer. Very near this, was the stone which covered the remains of the five martyrs whose bodies were laid in the crypt of Santa Sabina; but this stone is now placed on the wall near the actual entrance of the church. Walking towards the altar, we see, in the pavement, the effigy of Munoz of Zamora, the seventh General of the Order of Saint Dominic, in a mosaic by Jacopo da Turrita, whose name

is so honored in the history of art. One chapel, the first on the right as we enter, is given to Saint Thomas of Aquin; the one still nearer the altar to Saint Dominic himself; and in this is the very interesting fresco which represents him giving the habit to Saint Hyacinth and to Saint Ceslas. Following this aisle, we find, at the end, the chapel of Our Lady of the Rosary. The altar-piece is the picture known by the same name, and acknowledged to be the master-piece of Sassoferrato. The Blessed Virgin is seated, with her Divine Son on her knee. With one hand he crowns Saint Catherine of Sienna with a wreath of thorns, and with the other presents to her a rosary; while the Blessed Virgin gives a rosary to Saint Dominic, kneeling like Saint Catherine, his inspired face lifted toward the Queen of Heaven. Above this group hover little angels, in a most blissful ecstacy. The one above the head of Saint Dominic is one of the most beautiful in all Christain art. The whole movement of the figure, as well as the expression of the face, is truly celestial. This picture is worthily framed by a series of miniatures, representing the fifteen mysteries contemplated on the rosary of Saint Dominic. The ingrained arch over the altar is ornamented by roses in gold, and the whole chapel is of exceeding beauty.

In the apse of the choir is the altar-piece, representing the martyrdom of Santa Sabina, while on the side at the right, as we turn from the choir, is a fresco of Saint Gregory the Great, preaching at Santa Sabina. Before the main altar, which stands in front of the deep choir, is the entrance to the crypt, in which repose the bodies of Saint Alexander, Pope; of SS. Eventius and Theodulus, priests; of Saint Seraphia, the teacher of Saint Sabina, and finally of Saint Sabina herself—all martyrs under Adrian. At the end of the left aisle of the church as we leave the choir, and exactly opposite that of the Chapel

of the Rosary, is the Chapel of the Crucifix; while opposite those of Saint Dominic and Saint Thomas, is that of Saint Catherine of Sienna, rich in marbles through the generosity of Elic of Tuscany. But high above all these chapels, and supported by twenty-four Corinthian columns of the nave, which had belonged to the temple of Juno Regina, is an inlaid frieze of *pietre dure* which may be considered unique even in Rome, and which could belong only to the period that gave floors of such marvellous beauty and yet of almost imperishable durability.

And now we have come to the grand portal which once made the usual entrance to the church. But first let us look above it, at the immense inscription in mosaic, which dates back to the fifth century; to the time, even, when the Christians on the Aventine wished to honor that same pious priest, named Peter, who had been so zealous for the honor of Santa Sabina. The inscription is in letters of gold, on a blue ground, and runs thus: "Rich for the poor, poor towards himself, despising the goods of the present life, Peter merited to hope for the life to come." At each end of this inscription is a draped female figure holding a book; one is named, in small letters, the "Church of the Circumcision;" the other the "Church of the Gentiles." As this is only a fragment of the original mosaic, it is supposed that SS. Peter and Paul were depicted above these symbolical figures. This mosaic inscription, with the figures, extends the whole width of the grand nave.

If we now pass through the door, we shall find it one of those relics which mark an era in art. The frame of white marble is cut, with all the delicacy of an antique Corinthian capital, in short acanthus leaves. The door itself is of dark wood, its carved panels or compartments giving scenes both from the Old and the New Testament. The portico, now enclosed, on which this door opens, bears many ancient Chris-

tian inscriptions in its walls, and is supported by eight antique columns of the choicest white marble, four of which are spiral. From this portico we look through a small window into the monastery garden, where the orange-tree planted by Saint Dominic, and therefore more than six hundred years old, still flourishes, and bears not only leaves but fruit. A marble wall surrounds this venerable tree, and the relief on the side gives us a good picture in stone of Saint Dominic. From the same portico, also, we could look into the cloister of the convent, with its columns and arches, almost as beautiful as those in the famous cloister of Saint Paul's outside the walls. From the same portico, too, we were guided to the chambers once belonging to Saint Dominic and Saint Pius V.—this day, as we had been told, opened for the first time to ladies. Much as we had desired to improve this privilege, it was touching to see this condescension of the Church towards her children of the nineteenth century. The more men cavil, and the more they insult her traditions, the more ready she is to show them the proofs of their authenticity.

Although the room of Saint Dominic is reached by a lower landing of the winding stairway, we went first to that of the holy Pontiff. To this upper room, overlooking the hills beyond the Tiber, Pius V. came every year to make, in the midst of his brothers in religion of the Order of Saint Dominic, that strict *retreat* of which he had learned well the efficacy when a monk in the choir at Santa Sabina. The practices which then nourished in his soul the grace of holy perseverance, were never considered outgrown or unnecessary; to the last hour of his life, Pius V. was a son of Saint Dominic. The room had evidently been in use as a chapel.

Over the altar was a painting of Pius V., and his crucifix; the crucifix, which, having been poisoned by his enemies as the object most sure to touch his lips, miraculously recoiled

from him in such a way as to warn him of the danger of which he was until then unconscious. The picture is a very striking one; as, indeed, we might say of all the pictures in this narrow chapel. Two of them represent the miracles of Saint Pius V.; another gives Saint Philip Neri predicting that he would be made pope; another still, an angel showing to Saint Pius, in vision, the victory of Lepanto. The same type of countenance is preserved in all these frescoes, and adheres closely to the actual type of the living Pontiff; as we could plainly see, having only that morning visited the chapel, in Santa Maria Maggiore, in which his body reposes and is seen on this day, clothed in a crimson silk *soutane* and the lace rochet which Napoleon I. presented to Pius VII. This evidence, simple as it was, of the truth of the type preserved in the pictures on the walls of his room, reminded us that many other types which are considered fanciful merely, may still be founded upon traditions equally true.

From the room and chapel of Pius V., we stepped partly down the stairs, strewn with fresh box, and then turned into the narrow passage leading to the room of Saint Dominic; for it was there that a certain interest gathered and culminated. How important to the Church, to Europe, to America, had been the years spent by Saint Dominic in that cell! for a *cell* it really was. The outer room, which led into this, had been richly adorned—literally *cased* in precious marbles; but the inner room, the room we cared most for, had remained, we were glad to see, almost as bare as Saint Dominic must have left it. The only considerable change must have been that made by introducing the altar, with its canopy, and a picture of Saint Dominic, which may be regarded as a true likeness. The picture was framed in a narrow strip of gilded lilies, the whole set in crimson velvet on which were gold stars, thus preserving the emblems which accompany Saint Dominic in

art. We can never tell in words the satisfaction given by this visit to the room of Saint Dominic at Santa Sabina. It supplied certain impressions, which, even if we were unconscious of it, were needed to give us a personal acquaintance with Saint Dominic, much as we had admired and venerated him; for at Santa Sabina you seem to breathe the same air and walk beside him as a friend actually present. The ardor of that great founder has never left his Order, and we fancied that we could see in the faces of the monks at Santa Sabina the same heavenly cheer and gladness of soul which distinguished him among the saints even of his own era. It was with a sort of miserly clutch that our hands held the few photographs and sketches which we could secure of a retreat so rich in all which makes a true sanctuary—while an aroma, more precious than others could claim, seemed to breathe from the orange leaves, fresh from the tree planted by the hand of Dominic of Guzman.

No one who has visited the Church of Santa Sabina on the Aventine will accuse us of prolixity in this article; they will say, that we have given the merest glance of a passer-by to what might worthily occupy page after page of minute description. What we have written, however, will assist those who have not seen it to form some idea of the riches of those ancient churches in all that relates to the soul; and it may also incline some heart to be more devout, not only to Saint Dominic and to Saint Pius V., but to Saint Sabina, the martyr, whose feast is celebrated on the 29th of August.

CAUSA NOSTRÆ LÆTITIÆ.

IT was one of those delicious Roman evenings in May, when the sun, even if it has set, throws a mellow light over the old basilicas and gives a soft halo to every campanile from which sounds forth, so sweetly, the *Ave Maria.* Everything in Rome depends upon this *Ave Maria.* It is the chronometer of the Eternal City; and while her bells are chiming those three distinct musical sentences, calling upon all men to honor the Incarnation of the Word made flesh and dwelling among us, a hush falls upon the crowded city; a hush full of sweetness, full of meditation and full of prayer.

We had come from a long ride to Saint Paul outside the walls, and to Saint Paul of the Three Fountains. For some reason, perhaps to make sure of our *Angelus*, we had left the vettura on the Piazza SS. Apostoli, on which stands the basilica of the Holy Apostles, built by Constantine in the fourth and restored by Pelagius I. in the sixth century. From this piazza runs a narrow street in the rear of San Marcello to the Via dell' Umilta. Besides its convenience, this street had a singular attraction for us. In the first place, we could any time make "a visit" in San Marcello from the Corso, and then without stopping again among the worldly throng, cross one of the side chapels of San Marcello and come out upon

this street of extreme quietness. Then, too, there was the window of a bookbindery, where stood choice volumes of Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, and many another, in their white vellum covers and their titles in gold on red morocco. This small window had a special charm for us, and rarely did we pass it without a pause.

But another charm had been a mysterious one. If we had never failed to look at the purple blooms of the wistaria, drooping over the high garden wall on the left hand, we had never failed to send a wishful glance to the right hand, and never failed to pause a moment before a—"what shall we call it?" we had often said. It was not an alley, although exactly the width of one; for it was carefully paved and walled in as if between houses, and ended in what seemed part of a palace. The ascent to the iron gate at the end was quite steep, and there were benches along the wall, and what seemed like little fonts for holy water. Altogether, there had been a mystery about this "walled in alley," as we were always inclined to call it.

This evening, the gentle, sweet-voiced friend at our side, who had associated herself to our minds with so many of the most remarkable spots in Rome, said: "Let us say our *Angelus* in the Chapel of Our Lady, Cause of Our Joy," and she turned to the "walled in alley" we have just described."

"And this leads to a chapel!" we exclaimed, as she touched her finger to the water in one of the small fonts in the wall.

"Of course it does. Have you never been into this wee bit of a chapel? Then I have the pleasure of taking you to it for the first time."

We found the ascent quite as steep as it had looked from the street, and knew why the benches had been placed alongside, for the weary like ourselves to sit upon and take breath. The iron grating for a gate was still open, as it is every day

from *Ave Maria* to *Ave Maria;* and as we stood in the door, which was wide open, without even a padded curtain, how lovely a picture was before us! The chapel was round, but the altars gave it the look of having six sides. Over the principal altar was a picture of our Lady, dark with age, but still beautiful in color and with a gracious, most winning smile on her lips and a holy joy in her benignant eyes. Garlands of fresh flowers festooned this altar; baskets of fragrant lilies and roses stood on its marble bed; lamps of all shapes and of all precious metals hung before it, while *ex-votos* covered the walls beside the picture. An aged custodian, who looked as if he might have been a lifelong servant of some Christian family, was trimming the lamps for the night, adding fresh bouquets to those already on the altar. Our footsteps did not disturb his peaceful occupation, and we were allowed to continue our devotions long after the *Ave Maria* bells had ceased their vibrations. A small box hung by the door to receive the offering of the pilgrim, but nothing was done to direct our attention to it; and while the custodian filled his lamps and lighted the floating wicks, we knelt in the twilight as composedly as if the chapel were our own. When we rose, the aged custodian still went on with his pious labors, until our companions asked him for a print of the picture over the altar. His face brightened all over, and when she put the price of one print into his hand he insisted upon her taking two pictures, but would receive no more *centimes.* His tongue however, seemed to be loosed, and he went on to tell how people flocked to the feet of "Our Lady, Cause of Our Joy," and how fast the *ex-votos* increased on the walls, and he drew our attention to the choice flowers which would grace her shrine through the night,—while, all the time, the glowing twilight in that small chapel touched not only the shrine of our Lady but the silvered head of her servitor. Altogether,

it was most beautiful, even among the beautiful things in the way of devotion which one sees everywhere in Rome.

"Let us sit on the bench just outside the chapel," said our friend, "and I will tell you its story. For centuries this walk had been an alley-way, narrow and dark, belonging to the princely house of Savelli. One night the lord of the palace was preserved most wonderfully from the attack of robbers, who set upon him in this very alley. This was enough to cause a picture to be painted of our Blessed Lady, whose aid he had implored in his great danger. The picture painted, it was hung on the alley wall over the very spot where all this had taken place, and not only the picture, but a little roof or canopy was raised over it to shelter it from the weather, while below the picture was an iron socket, standing out from the wall, in which was a lamp. The light in this lamp was never allowed to go out; all day, and better still, all the night, it shone out on the darkness to remind the belated passer-by of the protection given by Mary in a moment of danger. Often and often, too, some one might be found kneeling before the picture in the alley, either to thank the Blessed Virgin for her timely aid in the past, or to ask for it in the future. By and by these pious ones began to tell what favors they had received by praying before the picture; how the Blessed Virgin had obtained for them the particular helps they had needed, and one after another *ex votos*, or tokens of gratitude for prayers answered, began to appear on the wall of the alley beside the picture under the shelter of the little roof.

Long before this, however, Prince Savelli who had set up the picture to commemorate his joyful deliverance, had gone to his reward; but not before he had named a sum in his will wherewith to provide oil for the lamp. His descendants were faithful to fulfill this duty, nor did they stop with fulfilling

it merely to the letter. When they found how many devout prayers had been answered before this humble shrine on the wall of the alley, they determined to honor the Blessed Virgin still further, by turning the alley into a fitting entrance to a lovely chapel. This was done with all possible devotion, and the chapel was open to the poorest and humblest at all hours as much as the alley had ever been. The picture hangs over the very spot on which the good prince, their ancestor, received so special a protection; only, instead of a simple roof to shed the rain and to break the winds, the little chapel invites the weary and sorrowful to this peaceful, beautiful retreat, as to the home of a most dear Mother, of a most tender consoler, of a most powerful intercessor with her dear Son and our Redeemer.

"Let us go back into the chapel a moment," we said. "Now that we know its story, we must say one prayer for Prince Savelli and for all his descendants. Besides, it is the joyous Easter-tide, and if Mary was the Mother of Dolors on Mount Calvary and at the Holy Sepulchre, she is now, just as she was at Nazareth and Bethlehem, and just as the Church calls her in the Litany of Lorreto, the 'Cause of our joy,' and we may well ask her to pray for us."

We did not fear to vex the custodian by returning to the chapel. He was too much interested in the glory of his beloved Patroness to check any glow of devotion towards her. He was indeed putting the last touches to his lamps and bouquets; but we knew he had his evening prayers to say, and we said ours in the soft radiance of his lighted tapers and of the long twilight coming through the open door; while it seemed to us that a tenderer smile, than even the one which greeted us on our first entrance, lit up the face of our Blessed Lady rightly named "*Causa nostræ lætitiæ.*"

SANTA PUDENZIANA.

THE oldest church in Rome, where Saint Peter celebrated mass, month after month, year after year, during his long pontificate, and where a part of the very altar at which he celebrated is still kept."

Margaret Tiernan's face kindled all over with enthusiasm as she said this; said it to her young sister Kate, who shared her room on the *Via dell' Angelo Custode* or Way of the Angel Guardian. What a nest in a bower was this room on the Angelo Custode! one of a cluster of nests, indeed, which made the apartments of half-a-dozen families spending the winter in Rome. Perched at the top of four long flights of stone stairs, all these rooms looked upon an inner court-yard, around which the house was built like a hollow square. The room of our young friends, Margaret and Kate Tiernan, however, had still another outlook upon the bell-tower, celebrated for its picturesque beauty, of San Andrea delle Fratte. It was before one of the altars of this church that Ratisbonne, a Jew of high birth and education, and greatly attached to his religion, was converted miraculously. Our American girls loved this church, and loved this altar, over which hung a picture of Our Immaculate Lady, just as she appeared to Ratisbonne. They loved

too, the old brick tower, in spite of the owls, that by their incessant hooting, often forced them to keep a midnight vigil. But how these rooms were reached would puzzle anyone but a Roman to find out. We can only say that they were entered by doors which opened on a balcony running along three sides of this inner court-yard, at a height that made one dizzy to look down. This balcony was covered, in early spring, with the purple clusters of the flowering wistaria, and with ivy through the entire winter; making, as we have said, a very bower of verdure, bloom and seclusion. These young American girls had often said to each other: "How consoling to have the very name of our street a sort of invocation to our angel guardian!" And how consoling to meet our angel guardian every time we step out on the street! they might have added; for almost opposite the large door which led from their court, was the Church of the Angel Guardian, and on its stucco wall was a representation of an angel guardian. In fact, these girls from the New World, where all religion seems to be put out of sight, felt the exhilaration of living among surroundings not only beautiful but holy, and bringing to mind holy thoughts. Still, human nature is the same in Rome as in America; and when Margaret had finished her enthusiastic sentence about "the oldest church in Rome," Kate asked very coolly:

"Do you really believe, Margaret, that Saint Peter said mass in the Church of Santa Pudenziana, and that the very altar exists at which he said mass?"

It may seem strange that the youngest of these two girls was the one to look wise and to raise questions. But if the truth must be told, our Kate, so witty and so gay, who was taking this visit to Rome like a pleasure trip, had read books because they were entertaining rather than because they were true. She liked historical novels better than history itself.

What came of her historical novels was this: she was wise enough to see that any one writing a historical novel, would not spoil a story for the sake of being perfectly exact; the story must be good, whether facts are given or not. She was so accustomed to allow this privilege to her favorite authors, that she allowed it to historians and antiquarians, writers who are supposed to speak the exact truth. When she came to Rome, therefore, she paid very little heed to what was said about this or that as a fact. It was a story to our Kate; a very pleasing story, perhaps, nothing more.

With Margaret it was quite different. Even when a mere child she had loved *true* stories; and as she grew older, in her girlish way she was a student. She read history, loved it; and the very best historical novels worried her a little because they were not quite true. When she came to Rome, therefore, she was delighted to find what proofs there were that what had been told to her, or what she had read of persons or places, was true. Life seemed so grand in this old city, because it was so full of grand realities; realities grander even than the dreams of other places. With a diligence which the love of truth alone can inspire, she had read not only English guide-books, but French and Italian guide-books. For the churches, she read what were even better than the guide-books: first, the work of Bleser on Rome and its Monuments; then the lives of the Saints, not only by one author but by every one she could lay hold of; and, finally, to make quite sure, she used all the Latin she knew to read over the offices of these saints in the Roman breviary. Thus prepared, she could understand what were considered, by historians and antiquarians, as the genuine claims of each church to veneration. Her belief in these claims was an intelligent belief, not simple credulity.

Although she was too well accustomed to Kate's notions about such things to be often surprised, she was a little sur-

prised this time, and replied: "I thought, sister Kate, that everyone acknowledged Santa Pudenziana to be the oldest church in Rome; in fact the Cathedral of Rome for 300 years.

"How positively you speak about this, Margaret!"

"Because I believe it so positively. Have you forgotten about the Pudens and Claudia, mentioned by Saint Paul at the close of his second epistle to Timothy? This Pudens, as you must remember, was a Roman senator; and his wife, Claudia, was the daughter of that British king, Caractacus, who was taken captive by the Romans in the year 43 after Christ, one year after Saint Peter came to Rome. This Pudens had his palace on the *Vicus Patricius*, or "Way of the Patricians," and therefore it was a marked spot. When Pudens became a Christian, he lost no time in persuading Saint Peter to lodge in his house, and to celebrate the Divine Mysteries there. His son Pudens, also a senator, deserved to hold in his house the successors of Saint Peter; and his daughters, Saint Praxedes and Saint Pudenziana, with their brothers, earned the same privilege; so that from the time of Saint Peter to the present, it has been a church."

"But how can you be so certain of the spot where the house of Pudens stood?"

"Do you remember, Kate, that plan of ancient Rome which we saw embedded in the wall, as we went slowly up the steps to the gallery in the Capitol?"

"O, yes! the plan in marble, on which we said we could find our way, even now, over modern Rome."

"Very well; and do you not see, Kate, that when such plans were made of Rome, and preserved to this day, it would be next to impossible to forget where the house of Pudens, the senator, stood?"

"But the altar? That was not of stone, only of wood, as every one says."

"Only of wood, to be sure; but have you forgotten that Saint Sylvester, who was elected Pope in the year 314, removed this altar to the Church of Saint John Lateran, leaving one plank as a precious relic, with Santa Pudenziana. This has always been believed as a pious tradition, but in our times, when other persons beside sister Kate are disposed to question such traditions, the plank at Santa Pudenziana has been compared with those at Saint John Lateran, and found to match them perfectly."

"It was only fair that Santa Pudenziana should be allowed to keep one plank," said Kate, "after having been so faithful to her trust. But what a wonderful memory Rome has for her treasures! Who would think of calling up such a string of facts about a wooden altar?"

"Ah! but the wooden altar" said Margaret very earnestly, "is a link between the apostles and ourselves; between Saint Peter, the first Bishop and Pope of Rome, and Pius IX., our present Holy Father."

"O yes, I see that plainly enough," replied Kate;"and certainly I am very well pleased to find all they say about Santa Pudenziana to be true. I only wonder we have not yet found our way to it."

"I was on the point of proposing a visit to it," said Margaret, "when you put in that cool question about the altar, and even the church itself. The *station* for to-morrow, Tuesday of the third week of Lent, is appointed at Santa Pudenziana; a good time for us to see its treasures for ourselves."

The next morning Margaret and Kate set out early for Santa Pudenziana, determined to hear mass there. It was one of those charming days which come to Rome with early spring; for nothing can be more charming than Rome, when the grass

begins to put forth its new blades, and the daisy and violet open their eyes again after their winter sleep. We are in the habit of calling the daisy an English flower; but it belongs to Italy as well. All through March and April it besprinkles the grass plots within and around Rome; and into the very summer it blooms in shady spots. The violet, too, blooms everywhere in Italy, just as it does in America. With the daisy and violet, in the early March days, is found the purple anemone; and all of these spring up from the sod with such luxuriance that nobody is warned not to pick them wherever found. A flower girl met our young Americans as they stepped out of the court upon the Via dell' Angelo Custode. Each took a bunch of these pretty wild flowers, and then hastened on from the Angelo Custode, through the Via Tritone, to the Piazzi Barberini; then past the palace of the same name (which was the family name of Pope Urban VIII.,) on the Via delle Quattro Fontane, or the Way of the Four Fountains. They had just crossed the Via del Quirinale, where the four fountains mark the four corners, and were descending the hill on the Via delle Quattro Fontane, when they saw straight before them the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore. One never gets a glimpse, much less a full sight, of this beautiful old church without exultation. "O, let us stop at No. 80 for Mary Agnes!" exclaimed both the girls. "Santa Maria Maggiore always reminds me of her," said Margaret, "and I know Santa Pudenziana, also, is near her."

They found the shoe-maker in the neat court, as usual, and ran up gayly flight after flight of stone stairs, looking out at each landing on the court-yard, where there was a fountain in the wall and a garden on the low-roofs of the buildings. They gave a quick jerk to the string which served as a bell-pull, and a young Italian woman with a pensive face answered their eager inquiry for Signora ——. Five minutes after,

Mary Agnes, Margaret and Kate were again on the Quattro Fontane, with Santa Maria Maggiore in view.

"We thought we would have our first visit to Santa Pudenziana an *event*," said Kate. "The first visit should always be a marked one, if possible, so we called for you. Besides, you must make sure that we see everything, as you are familiar with the church." As they went on, they met the very same old rheumatic beggar they always found on the spot. Kate was on the point of saying something very American about this beggar, who always had the same story to tell, when she saw Mary Agnes quietly drop a penny into his hand. "How can you bear these beggars?" asked Kate, impatiently.

"They belong to Rome," answered Mary Agnes; "belong to it just as much as its narrow streets, and the dark abodes on the ground floor of these stone houses, centuries old; belong to Rome just as much as her fountains, and her court-yards with their orange trees, which you love so well. It is not to Christian Rome that they belong, but to pagan Rome. Christianity took Rome just as she found her, with her dark ground rooms and narrow streets, as well as with her court-yards and fountains; took her with all her thousands of poor who knew no other way to get their daily bread than to beg for it. Their fathers and mothers had begged before them; they had been trained to beg while babes in the arms. Christianity could not build Rome over, neither could she make over her swarming thousands and millions of people. But she did what was better; by giving them the faith of Christ she made them possessors of the charity of Christ. The poor no longer asked alms of strangers, but of their brothers in the household of faith; while Christians gave their alms, not to aliens and menials, and not merely to brothers, but to Christ himself. All the conditions between the rich and poor were

transfigured, glorified. The poor became humble and grateful, by receiving, and the rich became humble and compassionate by giving. Charity in the way of alms, became a bond of union among Christians. We, of to-day, come to Rome and blame this relation between the rich and the poor; and because the Church, instead of rudely destroying it, changed it from an ignoble, degrading relation to one full of the milk of human kindness, we throw all the blame of its existence upon her; forgetting that she took the Roman beggar under her mantle, as well as the Roman patrician, just as she found him."

"You quite take my breath away, dear Mary Agnes," said Kate; "but you and Margaret have a famous way of proving yourselves and Rome in the right."

"Not Rome, nor ourselves, Kate, but the Church," replied Mary Agnes. As she said this, they turned a corner to the right, when Kate first, and then Margaret, exclaimed: "O, how lovely! Is it a church or is it a vision?"

"It is the Church of Santa Pudenziana, which you came out to see this morning," said Mary Agnes.

"But I thought it was to be a very old-looking church; the oldest-looking church in all Rome," cried Kate, at the top of her shrill voice.

"I could not believe we were to see anything so lovely," said Margaret, under her breath; "I knew it had been restored under Cardinal Bonaparte, but the guide-books said it had been done in very bad taste."

"We do not mind the guide-books much, here in Rome," replied Mary Agnes, smiling; "good Cardinal Wiseman, who took his title from this church, could not be persuaded to lay a finger upon it. Had he lived fifty years longer, it would have remained just as he found it. It was Cardinal Wiseman who called Ravenna 'The paradise of unrestored basilicas.' I

think I was inclined to call the restoration of Santa Pudenziana 'in bad taste,' like the guide-books; but your admiration at first sight, has changed my opinion. I believe this pictured front, with the fresh colors standing out so bright in the sunshine, is really beautiful. But here are more of our friends, the beggars."

"They seem to know you, and really to be your friends;" said Kate, in a delighted way; "how that old crone laughs as she sees you, and that blind girl's face brightens all over!"

Hardly could a prettier pantomine have been seen, in all the world, than this at the door of Santa Pudenziana. They took hold of "Signora Maria Agnese" as gently as if she had been made of ivory; kissed her hand, put on coaxing airs, told her all their miseries, and not only their own but those of their companions who were less capable of speaking for themselves. One woman was begging for a blind girl, another for a deaf and dumb boy; and finally they took pity on Signora's light purse and actually changed a *lire* into *soldi*, or pennies, so that she could give something to each one. This was quite a new phase in Kate's experience with the beggars; and she declared that henceforth she would never grudge a *soldi*, when she had it to give, to these amiable beggars; real Christians as they are. With this generous thought in her heart and the word on her tongue, she passed inside the padded curtain and stood in the nave of the oldest church in Rome; the oldest church in the world. The sprigs of box sent up a faint perfume as she trod on them, and her heart—what can be going on there? Perhaps it is the lighter weight of her purse by the giving of a few copper coins at the door; but certain it is her heart is no longer among the questioners or doubters. It has followed her eyes to that mosaic on the ceiling above the altar, where our Lord is seated on a resplendent throne in the midst of his friends in the house of Pudens. Instead of criti-

cising the draperies, the hands, the arms, as she had often done while standing before other pictures, she is absorbed in the expression of these heads, so grand, so mortified, so chaste, so full of veneration for him who sits among them as if they were his household; his right hand is raised to bless, and in his left is an open book on which she reads in Latin: "*The Lord will preserve the Church of Pudenziana.*" Behind our Lord is a cross covered with precious stones, while above it are the symbols of the four Evangelists. At his right hand stands Saint Peter, at his left Saint Paul, while just back of them are Saint Pudenziana and her sister Saint Praxedes, with leafy crowns in their hands. Pudens, the senator, is here also, with the brothers, Novatus and Timotheus, and other personages whom she cannot name. As they move away from this picture in stone, so full of the solemn beauty of the first ages of the Church, Kate finds herself following Mary Agnes and Margaret to a chapel at the left of the high altar; a chapel quite unlike all the rest of the church. The floor is a peculiar pavement made up of small, white stones, or irregular bits of marble very much worn; and she whispers to Mary Agnes: "How old this floor must be! it is exactly like the floor in some of the chambers in the ruined baths of Caracalla."

"It is the very floor," replies Mary Agnes, in a whisper, "which was trodden by the elder Pudens in his own house, and by his guests, Saint Peter and Saint Paul."

"It must have been," said our Kate.

"And here," said Mary Agnes, "through this open space in the marble front of the altar, you see the one wooden plank of the altar at which Saint Peter said mass in the house of Pudens."

Kate is the first one to kneel, bend her head for a moment as if making an act of veneration, and then lay her rosary on the wood left visible by the open space in the marble. A whole

world of faith seems revealed to her by this act, and she whispers to her sister: "Oh, Margie, I could not realize, until now, that Saint Peter ever said mass!"

Beautiful as the mosaic was in the tribune over the high altar, Kate could not tear herself away from this one plank of Saint Peter's altar. She lingered before it to see the relief, in marble, of our Lord giving the keys to Saint Peter; then she moved slowly towards an inscription concerning Cornelia, to whose family Pudens belonged. But she turned back to the altar, and said, in a low voice, to Mary Agnes: "If Saint Peter made the house of Pudens his cathedral for so many years, how much must have taken place here!"

"Certainly," replied her friend, "not only did Saint Peter celebrate mass here, and not only were all the faithful fed from this altar, but here he presided at the early councils of the church. Here, too, he ordained those who were to carry the doctrine of Christ to all parts of the world; and here he anointed Saint Linus and Saint Cletus who were to succeed him. Here, too, Saint Laurence was appointed to distribute to the poor the treasures of the church; and here Saint Polycarp, the disciple of Saint John, and his disciple, Saint Irenæus, visited the successors of Saint Peter in the See of Rome; for in this cathedral stood that venerable chair of Saint Peter, which now stands above the altar in the Basilica of Saint Peter at the Vatican. Worm-eaten as it is, no covering, however costly, can equal the value of that chair of plain oak which once stood in the Church of Santa Pudenziana. 'Not only,' as Bleser says, 'were the foundations of Christianity laid here,' but it is still the home of traditions which we must ever regard as among the most precious heir-looms of the household of faith."

When they turned to leave this interesting chapel, they found the low door of the railing closed. In vain they tried

to raise the latch, and just as vainly tried to induce persons outside to find some way to open the door. This began to look serious to Kate, who could never bear to be detained a moment beyond her will, when Mary Agnes said: "We are fellow-prisoners in the house of Pudens!"

A light broke over Kate's anxious face, and she sat down on the steps of the altar, contented to wait for the sacristan's visit. As she sat there, she said to herself: "What a place to pray in! to pray for the conversion of all those I know, who are out of the Fold, and for all those who were commended to my prayer when I started for Rome, and for whom, I fear I have prayed very little." With this thought she began to say her rosary; the very one she had laid on the old altar of Saint Peter. She had said five decades, when Margaret, who knew Kate's natural impatience, again tried the latch of the door, and to her astonishment, opened it without difficulty. Once more free, Mary Agnes proposed to visit the beautiful chapel adorned by Cardinal Cætani. But Kate and Margaret wanted to keep quite undisturbed the impressions they had received of the church as the first Cathedral of Rome and of the world. So they only paused again before the high altar where the relics of Pudens and his youngest daughter, Pudenziana, repose; gave one long look to the mosiac on the ceiling, and then walked slowly towards the door between the twelve pillars of antique gray marble which support the nave. At the right as they walked thus, they came to the well which belonged to the house of Pudens, and in which the two sisters, Praxedes and Pudenziana, secreted the Christians who were hunted by the persecutors; in which, also, they secreted the precious phials of martyrs' blood which they secured often at the risk of life. Near this well was a picture representing these pious labors of the two sisters, and before this picture Kate heard, from the lips of her friend the story which she

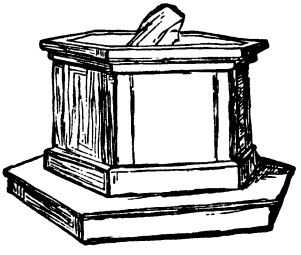
had never cared to read; the true story of the heroic devotion and courage of these holy women who had been nourished by the faith from those two well-springs, the apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul. It was a lesson in Christian practice for Kate, as well as in Christian doctrine.

Mary Agnes drew the attention of the girls to the portal as they passed out; for both the twisted pillars, the lintel which they support and the bas-relief, belong to the early Christian times. These reliefs represent the Lamb bearing the cross, Saint Praxedes and Saint Pudenziana carrying vases in which they had collected the blood of the martyrs, and two other figures, probably Pudens and that Saint Pastor, who wrote the accounts which have come down to us of these holy sisters. As they passed through the line of beggars on either hand to the steps leading up to the street, each one smiled and nodded but no hands were stretched out; as much as to say: "You gave us all you could spare when you went in." On their way home Mary Agnes took the girls a little out of their way, towards Saint Mary Major, to give them a view of the tower of Santa Pudenziana. It is of brick work merely, but elegant in proportion; while the three upper storeys, with their open colonnades of arches divided by terra-cotta mouldings, are considered unique.

I know that the church was at first the house of Pudens; but who made all the changes we now see?" asked Kate.

"Pius I., who was made Pope in the year 142 after Christ, is said to have established an oratory here in honor of Saint Pudenziana. Saint Pastor, the brother of Pius I., wrote the life of the sisters, and after his time two chapels were known here as the chapels of Pudens and of Saint Pastor. Changes and restorations went on with the centuries. The mosaic over the altar, known as one of the very finest in Rome, is claimed by some antiquarians for the fourth century; by others

for the eighth, when the church was embellished by Adrian I. When Hildebrand was made pope in the eleventh century, under the name of Gregory VII., he put a preserving hand to it as did also Innocent II., in the twelfth century; and in 1597 it was modernized by Cardinal Cætina. We are now within five minutes' walk of Santa Prassede," said Mary Agnes inquiringly. But both Margaret and Kate had seen and thought and felt quite enough for one day. "Another day, if you will," they replied; "it will be such a favor to be allowed to call for you, and learn the story of Saint Praxedes, as we have that of Saint Pudenziana, from her monuments." And our young American girls hastened with joyful hearts along the Quattro Fontane towards the Angelo Custode, carrying in their hands, among their wild-flowers, sprigs of box which they had picked up from the floor of the oldest church in the world.



SANTA PRASSEDE.

WHAT can that bell-tower belong to, just raising its head above that cluster of buildings? It has such pretty terra-cotta mouldings, and the roof, with its cross and little banner for a weather-cock, has the slant peculiar to these Roman towers. The arches stand in pairs and two of these on each side. It is so plain, so very simple in form and ornament; I wonder if it would be esteemed beautiful anywhere outside of Rome?"

"The tower of Santa Prassede," answered a Roman friend. "Is it possible that this is your first sight of it? I think it would be beautiful anywhere, but it has a charm of its own, rising from that mass of irregular walls and tiled roofs."

It was not a three minutes' walk from the steps of Santa Maria Maggiore where the tower is thus seen, to the side door of Santa Prassede, over which may be said to hang, always, the festive strip of red velvet and gold bullion. "This cannot be the entrance to the church," exclaimed Laura.

"It is the usual entrance; but some day we may expect to see the other door open beneath its high, picturesque arch, supported by Ionic columns of the tenth century. But this does not happen often. I am sure this humble side-entrance is specially favored by God, for it seems to be specially dear to

the Romans. You will never see these steps cleared of their clique of happy beggars."

"Happy beggars!" Laura repeated, in a tone of assent; for who could doubt the happiness of these old men and old women—of these blind girls and young cripples, who seem to live on the steps of Santa Prassede? All were clean; all were decently clothed, with good shoes and stockings on their feet; nor was there any attempt, so far as she could see, to exaggerate their claims to charity. Sickness of some sort, or deformity, had unfitted each one for labor. Old age had come to some of them exactly as it does to others; and they held out their palms in a way which assured her that a great many discerning people had decided in favor of their meriting alms. They had no care for the morrow, depending upon the same charity which supplied the wants of to-day. But besides these reasons for contentment, which belong to Roman beggars in general, some peculiar one was the possession of those around the steps of Santa Prassede, for was not the whole life of this saint devoted to the work of charity, heroic charity, towards all in need? The story of Santa Prassede, and of Santa Pudenziana, her sister, is one not likely to be forgotten by the poor of Rome. The aroma of such lives lingers around the spots where their good deeds were performed; and tradition hands down, from age to age, a history which has all the claims to verity of the written Acts of the Martyrs.

Standing close to the outer wall of the church, it looked more ancient than when seen from the steps of Santa Maria Maggiore. From the crevices swung many a wild flower, while the Coliseum ivy threw out its light vines like so many banners from the old mortar of the bricks. Then, too, the door stood back like a niche; the irregular end of the monastery on one side, on the other jutted out a sort of "lean-to." Who would guess that this "lean-to" was the outside of that

"Holy Chapel" which is one of the attractions of Santa Prassede? This was Laura's own remark; for it would never have occurred to her Roman friend that any such addition was against the dignity of church architecture, or that one might not expect to find, under any such humble exterior, a chapel like this one, which, the guide-books tell us, has been named, "from its unusual and mysterious splendor, the *Orto del Paradiso*," or the Gate of Paradise. And again she quoted mentally from the psalm which is read in the Office of the Blessed Virgin: *Omnis gloria ejus filiæ Regis ab intus*,—"All the glory of the king's daughter is from within," as she had done so often, already, before some old Roman church, or while standing within entranced by its splendors. From its place over this door, set in a deep recess, shone the crimson velvet and the gold bullion; rich tints in deep shadow, such as make the charm of some corner in the picture of a master of *chiaro-scuro*, and giving to the observant eye of the artist a perpetual lesson in the magic of "light in darkness."

"The front portal may be more imposing but cannot be so picturesque as our side one," said Laura.

"And then," said Padre Battista, in his distinct, slowly enunciated way, "if you do not have your first sight of the altar through a vista of columns, you have the joyful surprise of seeing yourself close to it; of making almost your first step on its magnificent blocks of *rosso-antico*, and your first act one of adoration to the Lord of the altar."

Padre Battista's action was suited to his words; and Laura, who had never thought of the possibility of a lack of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, saw the Italian priest kneel with such a look of absolute, adoring recollection, that she felt as if she had never made a suitable genuflexion in her life. As soon as she could take breath and raise her eyes, she began to study out the wonders of that sanctuary. "Do not mind

the mosaic now," whispered Padre Battista. "We will look at that last; but cast your eyes down the wide nave, with its sixteen granite columns and the chapels on either hand. Two of these chapels have an extraordinary interest."

As they stood for a moment looking down the nave, a flood of light had found its way into the church, bringing into sharp relief the eagle, the cock and the dove sculptured among the acanthus leaves of the Corinthian capitals, but throwing the side-chapels on the left into the deepest shade. This was all the more impressive in the first one on their left, which was no other than the column Chapel. "You make your first visit to Santa Prassede," remarked Padre Battista, "the only day in the year on which this chapel is open to ladies. On all other days you must be contented to enter the chapel leading into it, and see its wonders through the iron gate. But you must enter alone, as no gentlemen are allowed to enter on this day."

It was well that Padre Battista was prepared to forego this pleasure, for the little acolytes in attendance were very energetic in the discharge of their duty; which was to see that ladies, and ladies only, found their way into the chapel. Priest as he was, they bravely confronted Padre Battista, until a word in Italian and a pat on the brown cheek assured them that he knew his place, but would like to point out the beauties of the arch to Signora before she entered. At this the little fellows slipped one side without the least distrust, and set themselves to watching the new comers.

The iron gate, or door, swings between two columns of rare black and white marble, which support an arch framed in with a double semi-circle of mosaic heads. In the outer one are our Lord and his Twelve Apostles; in the inner semicircle is seen the Blessed Virgin with eight female saints; and in the corners of the space which squares this remarkable

entrance, are Saint Pudens, the father or grandfather of Saint Praxedes and Saint Pudenziana, and of that Saint Pastor who wrote, in brief, the story of the family of Pudens, and whose brother, Pius I., caused the houses of the sainted sisters to take the name of chapels or churches. It was between these solemn black columns flecked with white, and beneath this arch framed in with mosaics, that Laura stepped gently into the chapel, awed by the very privilege which had come to her so unexpectedly. No ray from the sun could find its way under this arch; but the sunshine in the nave seemed to be reflected into it from the marble floor; and this reflection caught on the gilded ground of the mosaic ceiling in such a way as to send a mysterious radiance through the small chapel as if the light came from itself. It was such a small chapel,—so small that a dozen people would crowd it too much,—but every inch of this small space had been enriched exactly as a gem is engraved so as to embellish its entire surface. First, in the very centre of the ceiling, into which the four sides of the chapel were carried up in a groined vault supported by four granite columns, appears a half-length figure of our Lord, youthful but of a sublime aspect, with a cruciform nimbus. But the figure and the nimbus are glorified by being seen in a halo of gold, borne up by the raised hands and arms of four archangels clad in long white vestments like the albs of a priest; their solemn but altogether celestial faces standing out clearly in the mysteriously lighted chapel. On one of the walls is the Divine Lamb, on a hill from which gush four rivers, with stags drinking eagerly from their waters; by which it was plain to Laura that the Christians of the ninth century had not ceased to be eager for baptism; and that this desire was expressed by the same type as in their catacombs: "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks!" Covering other sides of the chapel were Saint Peter and Saint Paul before a throne on which

stood a cross, Saint Peter holding a gold key, and Saint Paul a scroll; then, Saint John as an Evangelist, with a richly decorated volume; Saint James and Saint Andrew; the two sisters Saint Pudenziana and Saint Praxedes, and Saint Agnes, all of them in gold-embroidered vestments and holding crowns in their hands; the Blessed Virgin as a matron, veiled, and Saint John Baptist standing beside her. In the arch of the window is a half-length figure of the Blessed Virgin Mary with Saints, and in a niche over the altar she is represented as the Virgin Mother holding her Child in her arms, with the two daughters of Pudens. All of these pictures but the one last named, date back to a period earlier than the year 900, and are mosaics on a gold or iridescent ground, encrusting wall and arch and vaulted ceiling, so that the small arched window seems to be set in a bank of moss bristling with tiny flowers of reddish gold. The altar is of precious marbles, with spiral pillars of alabaster. But while Laura stood still for a moment with awe, astonishment aud delight, she did not forget the precious relic which had given a name to the chapel; for the Holy Chapel contains the pillar at which our Lord was so cruelly scourged. A cardinal of the noble house now called Colonna, to whom this church had been given for governance, was taken prisoner on a crusade, but delivered by a miracle, from the Saracens, who gave him this pillar; and from this circumstance his family took their present name of Colonna, or *column*. Laura did not need the pious promptings of Padre Battista to make her kneel instantly on the circular slab of precious porphyry before this relic, once wet with the Blood of her Redeemer. The column, which was much broken at the top, was enclosed in a crystal case, and from this two angels drew a sculptured curtain; their engaging gesture, as much as their countenances, seeming to invite her to meditate on the love of Him who had been scourged for

her. It seemed, indeed, as if she could never tear herself from this celestial spot, which was to her truly the "Gate of Paradise." Again and again she returned to it, in order to imprint upon her memory every radiant group on the wall or vaulted ceiling, and to carry with her to the grave the charms of these sculptured angels; while her rosary and crucifix were laid reverently against the crystal case which protected the Sacred Pillar. On coming, finally, from the chapel, she found Padre Battista waiting for her with an unruffled patience, and ready to act as guide to other parts of the church.

"We will merely glance into these chapels, beautiful as they are, with their choice altar pictures; for you can study these out at your leisure on future visits. To-day your mind should take in, at one view, the characteristics of Santa Prassede herself, of the honor paid to her by the Church, and the principal works of art which draw to her shrine the lovers of the beautiful, even when they care nothing for the saint. Straight before you, almost at the end of the nave, you see what looks—"

"Like the curb of a well!" exclaimed Laura; "and now I see the head of a woman; and I should say there is a lamp in the well."

"Which there is. It was in this well that Santa Prassede hid the relics of the martyrs whom she could not screen from the rage of the persecutors. If you remember the story of Santa Prassede, you will remember that besides a sister, Pudenziana, she had two brothers, Novatus and Timotheus, also saints. These brothers owned the house which stood on this very spot, known as the baths of Novatus. This became the property of Santa Prassede, who seems to have outlived all her family. The house once in her possession, it became a refuge for those Christians who were hunted down by the cruel prefects. But we are told that even a private house

could not shield them; for once, twenty-three Christians were slaughtered before her eyes. This heroic woman not only endangered her own safety by thus receiving them to her house, but she visited the prison, kissed the chains of the martyrs, accompanied them to the place of torture and of death, and then found ways to secure their precious relics, or their blood soaked up on sponges. The relics were concealed in this well until they could be deposited in the catacombs; and here you see a statue of Santa Prassede, wringing out a cloth or sponge, wet with the fresh blood of a martyr. The well is an almost invariable feature of these old Roman palaces turned into churches. You remember the one in Santa Pudenziana, and you will find one in the house of Sant' Alessio, now a church. But here is another relic of the daughter of Pudens, the patrician. You have heard so much of the luxury of the Roman nobles; behold the couch on which one, in whose veins ran the blood of the Cornelii, than which Rome could boast of no purer or nobler, found repose for the body worn out with her attendance upon the sufferings of her fellow-Christians!" As he said this, Padre Battista pointed to a broad slab of coarse grey marble clouded with black, on which was an inscription in Latin, saying that on this stone, for years, the Christian virgin, Prassede, took her short repose.

A moment of profound silence followed the reading of this inscription, when Laura said: "But this was a Christian virgin, Father Battista."

"You have made a true distinction," replied the good priest.

"The Romans, as a people, are fond of splendor. As pagans, they loved luxury; but as Christians, none have known better the holy arts of mortification. In vain will you seek for more penitential lives among the saints of God than those lived out within the walls of Rome. The hardy virtues of the first

age of Rome found expression, in later ages, only among the disciples of Christ and the children of Saint Peter. But with them, from the very first century of Christianity to the present, the practices of mortification, of holy poverty, have not only never died out, but have never failed to flourish. In vain will you seek in Rome for the self-indulgent habits of other populous cities. The grandeur is all intellectual, never condescending to pamper the body."

Like a flash of light, Padre Battista's remark illumed to Laura a whole catalogue of Roman discomforts. How many reception-rooms in the so-called rich and glorious monasteries of Rome, or of her *Monsignori*, had seemed to her like comfortless vestibules, or gloomy cells! many of them supplying only a brick floor and benches; others furnished in a meagre way, relieved only by some picture, of surpassing beauty or devotion, on the walls. How, too, had she missed many a comfort which any cottage or log house in America would consider necessary; and how the habitual luxuries of other communities far less civilized, far less devoted to the study of beauty, and far less appreciative of it in its most perishable forms, as flowers, or most enduring as in architecture or sculpture, had seemed to be despised by the Romans of this very day! It was all understood now before this couch of Prassede, a Christian of Rome in her most wicked and her most luxurious ages. Never again would she think or speak of simplicity of dress or of living as primitive, but only as Christian.

The next chapel before which Padre Battista paused for more than a moment was the one opposite the Chapel of the Holy Pillar; for this contained two relics of that Saint Charles Borromeo who, when named Cardinal of Santa Prassede, asked permission of Pope Gregory XIII. to drop the name of his noble family, Borromeo, and be called simply: "Charles, Cardinal of Santa Prassede." Laura had visited the shrine of

Saint Charles Borromeo in the Cathedral of Milan; she had seen on a side altar in the same wonderful gothic temple, the plain wooden crucifix which Saint Charles Borromeo had carried in his hands through the streets of Milan when the great city was stricken with the plague; and in the same church which guarded the honor of Saint Charles so carefully, was an altar to the Roman virgin, Santa Prassede; not so much, it seemed, out of a direct preference for the Roman saint, as for the sake of their beloved archbishop, who would be known to men as "Charles, Cardinal of Santa Prassede." It did not seem strange to her, then, to find in this large and airy chapel, full of sunshine, what showed that Santa Prassede claimed Saint Charles, and wished to remind all faithful pilgrims, as well as the people of Rome, that a saint had taken his title from her. In a glass case, so high on the wall as to be noticed immediately, was the episcopal chair used by Saint Charles. This was no marble chair adorned with mosaics, such as Laura had seen and admired in so many churches, each one of which had a history; often a senatorial history like the chair in San Gregorio on the Cœlian Hill, or an imperial one like that in the choir of San Pietro in Vincoli, which once belonged to the Baths of Titus; but it was nevertheless quite as remarkable. Like the Chair of Saint Peter which stands in its ornamented case above the altar in the apse of his church on the Vatican Hill, it is of wood, without a line of gilding or a stroke of decoration; dark and worm-eaten with age, its slender curves looking as if the chair had been made for the special use of one as slender in body and mortified in his habits as the Cardinal of Santa Prassede. But the chair was not all. Great as Saint Charles had been as a bishop, he had another claim as strong on the heart of Christendom; it was his love for the poor. From his earliest youth, Charles had shown himself superior not only to the love of riches but to all that

riches can bring. Still, when the human heart has ceased to covet material good, it may covet time; time which is so precious either for the acquisition of knowledge or for the practices of devotion. To the root of this subtle form of covetousness, Saint Charles laid the edge of his supernatural will, like a sharp axe. Not only did he feed twelve poor men every day, but he waited upon them, bestowed upon them time, which he valued a thousand times more than the price of the food; and it was the table—now dark with age, worm-eaten and under plate glass— at which these twelve poor men had been fed and attended by "Charles, Cardinal of Santa Prassede," that Padre Battista pointed out to Laura as one of the precious treasures of this chapel. It looked to this American girl as if Santa Prassede, the Roman virgin who lived one thousand four hundred years before Saint Charles, had obtained for him some wonderful resemblance to herself as a return for his devotion to her memory. It did not seem in the least like a bit of mere pious sentiment in this Cardinal, the nephew of Pope Pius IV., to wish to be called by her name; it was rather a proof of supernatural wisdom whereby he secured a powerful friend in the court of heaven.

Leaving this chapel, they stood face to face with the north side-door, by which they had entered, and through which were entering, continually, the rich and the poor, Romans and strangers. They could see the beggars, too, every time the padded curtain was raised for a person who might give, or had given, a *soldo* in alms. But between her and this glimpse of the things of time, rose, before Laura's eyes, what seemed more like heaven than earth, more like eternity than time; a glimpse of that celestial world which was so real to those who built this fair sanctuary, and adorned it in a way to make the unseen, for the time, more real than what we see or touch. The steps of rosso-antico, as if those who would enter this

sanctuary were expected to put off the shoes of time and of sense and ascend these steps like angels who climb the rosy clouds of morning into heaven, appeared to Laura's eyes the very threshold of paradise. The *ciborium*, as the canopy of the high altar was called in the far-off age when it was built, rises above the crypt in which lie the relics of the two sisters and saints, Pudenziana and Prassede, grand-daughters of that Pudens whom Saint Peter himself instructed and baptized and whose greetings were sent to Saint Timothy by Saint Paul in his Second Epistle. But this ciborium, with its columns of rare marbles, stands like the gateway, to which the steps of *rosso-antico* lead the feet of the pilgrim, with his eyes fixed on some celestial mountain from which comes the vision. For in the depth of the rounded apse and on its vaulted ceiling is that Christ who triumphed over the powers of this world as they had once existed in Rome, holding in his left hand a roll, while the right is raised in benediction. Over the head, crowned by a cruciform nimbus, is seen the hand of the Eternal Father. On the left of this figure of the Saviour, which is majestic in size, attitude and expression, is Saint Peter leading Santa Pudenziana to her Divine Master, and beside her stands Saint Zeno, in whose honor the Chapel of the Holy Column was first named. On the right hand, Saint Paul is leading Santa Prassede; beside her is Pope Pascal I., with a model of the church in his hand, and crowned with a square instead of a round nimbus like the others, to show that he was living when the picture was made. Both the sisters carry leafy garlands in their hands, and the sides of the design are closed in with palm trees, on one of which is the peacock, symbol of immortality. Below this group flows the river Jordan, and below this, our Lord, as the Mystic Lamb, is seen with twelve other lambs, issuing from Jerusalem on one side and Bethlehem on the other, typifying his apostles. This vault of

the apse or tribune is set in an arch, also of solid mosaic like the apse; and here we see our Lord as a Lamb with his Cross, on an altar richly set with gems; on either hand the seven golden candlesticks, angels, and the symbols of the four Evangelists; while below these, and on a level with the groups in the vault, are the twenty-four elders, spoken of by Saint John in his Revelation, all with arms extended toward their Lord and Master offering him their crowns. But this tribune, set in mosaics on a gold ground, had not said all which the Christians of the ninth century had to say to the centuries to come. Between this apse of the tribune, or choir, as it is also called, and the whole body of the faithful in the nave and aisles of the church, was set an arch, after the manner of Santa Maria Maggiore, by Sixtus III.; and as on this arch was depicted the triumph of the Church, it was called, like its sister arch of the fifth century, the Arch of Triumph. Here our Lord is seen between two angels, holding the round world in his hand, to signify his sovereignty, with rows of saints offering him their crowns in token of fealty. Below this are seen the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem, with four angels inviting the faithful to enter; and these last fill up the sides of the arch, coming forward in sweetly solemn procession, clad in white, with palm branches in their hands. It was thus that the Christians of the ninth century, for all this was executed between the years 817 and 824, loved to represent on the vast spaces of their sanctuaries, that Saviour who had been so "despised and rejected" in his own person, and in the persons of his followers, while his apostles were represented as twelve princes, worthy to sit on twelve thrones. It was one of the ways in which the Christians of those ages made a reparation to Jesus Christ for the indignities which he had suffered in the eyes of the world. These decorations were too significant of the most solemn dogmas of the Christian faith to be considered as dec-

orations; and yet, what is decoration worth unless it enlightens the understanding and exalts the imagination, as well as pleases the eye and gratifies the fancy?

The colossal figure of our Lord, surrounded by saints and angels, shone out from the dim apse lighted only from the sunshine reflected into it from the church. More than a thousand years had passed since those sacred forms had been set in the wall, but not one shadow of decline had come to the Church or to its dogmas in all that time; and Laura realized, as seldom before in her short life, all the glory of belonging to the undying generations of faith. It is impossible to satisfy the eye by gazing on such delineations; and Laura, as thousands had done before her, as thousands will do after her, turned from the study of the tribune and the arch of triumph, not because she had seen it long enough, but because she knew the sun was near to setting.

"See," said Padre Battista, "one leaf of the great door of the nave has been opened! It will give you an opportunity to see the *atrium* or court; for, like all the ancient Roman houses, the palace of Novatus had its enclosed court, which has been retained in the plan of the church, as in the Churches of Saint Cecilia, Saint Gregory, Saint Alexis, and Saint Pudenziana." They stepped into the court paved with pebbles and surrounded by the walls and cells of the monastery, and even found the outer gate open, so that Laura left Santa Prassede between the columns of antique granite supporting an arch which made the narrow street beautiful.

"How many such little gratifications come to us, unasked, unexpected, in Rome!" said Laura; "and thus she gives an alms to the stranger within her gates as well as to her beggars."

"Like her own Santa Prassede," replied Padre Battista.

SAN PANCRAZIO

SAINT Pancratius, who is known to every one by the charming story of Fabiola by Cardinal Wiseman; the patron of school-boys,—and yet, from December to June we have lived in Rome without visiting his church?

"But it is not too late to do so still," says a kind voice at our side. "You wish to make one more visit to Montorio, and from thence it is only a short ride." So it was arranged that we should ride from Montorio to San Pancrazio. We shall never forget that last visit to Montorio; for it was the one on which the good and accomplished Father Panfilio showed us the choicest treasures of his church. This great privilege concluded, we gave a long look to Rome lying at our feet, and took the road to San Pancrazio, just outside the walls. But what is this chorus of cascades which comes to our ears before we reach the gate, named for our favorite young martyr, Porta San Pancrazio? Again and again we have said: Rome may be called The City of Fountains; for, go where we may within her walls, the gush of some *fontana* greets the ear, refreshes the soul, stimulates the imagination. But this is not one fountain, merely, but five fountains in one! Five cascades, leaping forth with the joy of streams from their native rocks! Who would withhold an exclamation of delight? It is, in

fact, the famous *Fontana Paolina*, which unites, by a very pleasant coincidence, the name of its architect, Fontana, and its originator, Paul V. It was erected in 1611, and its abundant waters are brought by an aqueduct, Aqua Trajana, twenty-five miles in length, from Lake Bracciano. The fountains are divided by red granite columns, taken from a temple of Minerva. A little beyond this is our gate of Saint Pancratius, and farther still on the right hand of our road, winds a green, grassy lane, between the olive trees, that look much like our brook willows, with their pale, slender leaves; and wild rose bushes fill up the spaces between the olive trees. It is so quiet, so retired, that we can scarcely believe we are so near the great city. An elegant column of granite stands on the green sward in front of the church, and this is all which can be said to make the front beautiful. But within! what an air of peace, of breadth of space, pervades the sanctuary over the tomb of a boy-martyr of fourteen! O, merry, mischief-loving boys of all ages and all countries and climes, can you believe, still more can you realize, what heroes you can be? Not waiting to be heroes until you are tall men, and can serve your country in the army and navy; or until you can give your lives as physicians to save bodies, as priests to save souls; but now, while still boys, before your cheeks have lost their roses, or your young hearts their love of fun! Yet this is what the church of San Pancrazio tells us, as we walk along the grassy lane, winding among the olive trees and the rose bushes, and as we enter the vast old church, first built in 272, by Saint Felix I., bearing the name and commemorating the supernatural heroism of a boy of fourteen.

Among the beautiful objects which strike the eye, as we enter the church, is the marble canopy over the altar, and on each side of the "confession" beneath the altar, where his relics lie, is a pillar; one is plain from base to top, but the other

is inlaid with a bright mosaic line which runs spirally and gives it a brilliant effect. On the walls of the church are reliefs in marble giving the story of the martyrdom of San Pancrazio. We are told that the interior of this church, was, at one time, very much like that of San Clemente. Pope Symmachus rebuilt it about the year 500; and then in 1609 it was made into a modern looking church. But the ancient paschal candlestick is there, to speak to us of the great age of this church, so dear to all who love Saint Pancratius.

The custodian asked us if we did not wish to visit the catacomb below the church, in one part of which lay, for centuries, the martyr Calipodius, whom we read of in the story of San Calisto and Santa Maria in Trastevere, and with him many of the popes and martyrs of the early times; while in another part lay, also, for centuries, the body of Saint Pancratius. A sort of trap door opened into this part of the catacomb, and our little party followed the Brother-custodian with his lantern down the steps, along a rough way between the empty beds of saints and martyrs, until we came to the place where the body of Pancratius was carried from his place of martyrdom. How different from the graves into which many a boy of fourteen is laid after days, weeks, perhaps months of suffering, over which loving parents spread the green sods and plant rose bushes, and to which they bring fresh bouquets all through the blooming summer; making of the spot a pleasant place, and almost forcing us to forget the presence of death! The tomb was a part of the wall of the catacomb, dug out hastily. No light came to it save from the lantern of our guide. But oh, what a glory was around this spot! for here had lain the boyish figure of one who had died for Christ; and pilgrims from Asia, Africa, America, as well as from Europe, and the islands in all the great oceans, were coming here, after more than fif-

teen hundred years, to see where this boy had lain among popes and saints, all martyrs like himself.

How pleasant the light seemed when we came up again into the church! But Saint Pancratius had been ready to close his eyes forever on the pleasant sunshine, rather than to deny his sweet Lord, Christ Jesus!

There is still, in London, a church and large parish under the name of Saint Pancras, and the church or burying ground is called "Saint Pancras' Ground." A special office has been given to him almost from the time of his martyrdom, which is, to punish swiftly anyone who swears falsely upon his relics. The most awful retributions have fallen upon rash offenders. In this way, our boy-saint, Pancratius, is the patron of boys who are brave enough always to tell the truth.

SAN TEODORO E SANTA PRISCA.

WILL you make the station for Santa Prisca to-day, *mia cara amica?* this morning or afternoon?"

"I fear I cannot make it at all, to-day, dear Louise."

"O do not say so! Everybody at No. 33 was too busy to go to Saint Prisca's; but I did not mind, because I was sure Mrs. Hill, always so ready to go, and so cheerful, would be my companion. Do not say no!"

"But I have most important letters to write! Some money has been sent me, and the letters announcing it are received, but the money does not come. I must write and find out what is the matter so as to have the evening mail take the letters."

"Saint Prisca will make it all right if you will only go to her shrine to-day. She will never let you lose money by honoring her. And then your dear little Scotch friend; I am sure she wants to go to Saint Prisca's as much as I do, and neither of us will be in Rome for the next station day. Believe me, Saint Prisca will make it all good to you!"

"Your heart is set upon going to Saint Prisca's to-day, I see plainly."

"Yes, I really must see Saint Prisca's. To think of a virgin of the first age of the Church, baptized by Saint Peter himself, and a martyr at the age of thirteen, lying there in her own church on the Aventine Hill, and we, of the nineteenth century, too busy to pay her a visit of honor on her station day! Besides, I have set my heart, not only upon going to Saint Prisca's, but upon making a drawing of the font in which she was baptized by Saint Peter."

"Ah, yes! I see it all; and, in truth, I do not believe that Saint Prisca will allow me to suffer any loss for her sake."

"And you will go?"

"Certainly."

"Then let me call for Miss Buchanan, and we will take a vettura on the Piazza San Silvestro, close by. I was sure you would go, dear Mrs. Hill!"

Five minutes after, the ladies, English, Scotch and American, were on their way to Saint Prisca's on the Aventine. What a crowd there was on the narrow Corso! and how brilliant the shop windows looked, not only with silks and laces and choice stuffs of all sorts, but with their gold and silver ornaments; their bronze lamps of every shape; their costly cameos, cut in onyx or agate stones; their mosaics, Roman and Florentine! There are no such shop windows in the world as in Rome, where the scholar, and the saint even, can linger for hours, and see what charms the eye and helps the soul to meditate on heavenly things. From the Corso, their way led to the Piazza San Marco; thence to the old Roman Forum, where the second opening to the right was a street leading towards the Tiber. There was a strange, desolate, ancient look about everything here, as if Rome were indeed a city of ruins. They were crossing a rise in the level of the street, when the round church of San Teodoro, or Saint Theodore, came in sight in a valley below them, looking as if it were a part of

the wall of rock, crowned with foliage, behind it; so picturesque that they wondered why it was not one of the things sketched and painted by all the artists. At this moment Mrs. Hill exclaimed, "*i Sacconi! i Sacconi!* Stop, driver!" and Louisa saw for the first time, with awe and astonishment, defiling slowly from a side door of San Teodoro, a procession of male figures, clad, from the crown of the head to the instep of the feet, in a coarse hempen garment with loose sleeves, girded with a rope, and a hood like that worn by the Capuchin monks, only that it is a mask as well; for it covers the face, and has holes for the eyes and mouth. The feet were bare, but thrust into rude sandals, and each one carried on his shoulder a sort of coarse hempen bag or sack, from which they take their name, into which was to be put the alms of food or clothing which might be given to them at the doors of the rich. "And you have never seen the *Sacconi?*" said Mrs. Hill; "you must take a good look, then. But if I had seen them a hundred times, I should order the driver to stop until the last one had passed us; for here you see, masked so that they cannot be recognized by their nearest friends, cardinals, bishops, and Roman nobles. Every Friday you will see them in the streets of Rome begging for the poor, but they always leave San Teodoro in procession. Look!" continued Mrs. Hill, in a low voice, "there are no plebeian feet in those coarse, heavy sandals. The high instep, the fine white skin, show the patrician blood; for here are represented the oldest and noblest, and the holiest families in all Rome. When one of the Sacconi dies, the others attend his funeral. Perhaps not always in their Confraternity habit; but I saw them in it the other day at the funeral of Prince Doria. The Prince named it specially in his will, that no carriages should be seen at his funeral; but he asked, instead, that his brothers of the Confraternity would carry him to his tomb; and they did so.

Just at dusk, the beautiful Palazza Doria, its courtyard full of flowering shrubs over which played the waters of large fountains, opened its grand portal, and through it passed the *Sacconi* in their habits, closely masked; eight of their number bearing on their shoulders the body of the dead Prince, covered with the coarse, hempen pall of the Confraternity; the others carrying lighted torches. In this way, they took Prince Doria to his resting place in the old cemetery of San Lorenzo outside the walls."

Louise sighed as she heard this, saying: "I wonder if we should have such large funerals in America, if, instead of riding in grand carriages to the cemetery, our friends carried us on their shoulders, their bare feet thrust into such sandals!"

"And yet," said Mrs. Hill, "no array of the carriages of the cardinals or princes could have made an impression on a Roman crowd like this procession of the *Sacconi*. There were no floral crosses nor anchors; but the very spirit of the Cross—faith, mortification, hope—was visible in that procession. The Corso was thronged, not only with the laity, but with priests and religious; and tears ran down every cheek, while everyone prayed for the soul of Prince Doria."

"That was indeed a Christian funeral," said Louise, "and how many an indulgence it must have earned for the soul of him who asked for it in a spirit of penance! But perhaps we can go into the church, since they have just left it."

They found the door open, and stood within circular walls which looked ancient enough to have served, as the church is said to have done, as a temple for the goddess Vesta. Above, on the ceiling of the tribune or sanctuary, was a mosaic which was placed there before the year 700. Our Lord is represented in this picture, made of bits of marble and tinted pottery, clad in a purple robe, with long, light hair and short beard, and a most benign countenance. He is seated, and as if

in the act of giving his blessing, upon a blue globe covered with stars, with a long sceptre in his left hand. Saint Peter is leading the youthful soldier, Saint Theodore, to our Lord from the right hand, while Saint Paul leads up another young saint from the left hand, and the same youthful grace and modesty pervades their figures, as when the best pupils in a school are led up to the bishop to receive the prize. Altogether, it is one of those pictures to be remembered with a solemn, yet tender delight; remembered, too, longer than many another which everybody knows about and talks about, and which people go to Rome to see. As they stood in the dim light before this mosaic, more than twelve hundred years old, with the same walls around them which had once protected a pagan worship and idolatrous rites, they could understand, better than ever before, the character of the Armenian soldier, who was so young as to be called Saint Theodore *Tyro*, or "the young," in order to distinguish him from another Saint Theodore. For, *tyro* as he was, he was not too young, nor too much in love with life, to say to his persecutors: "Beat, tear or burn me; and if my words offend you, cut out my tongue; every part of my body is ready when my God calls for it as a sacrifice." Whipped more unmercifully than if he had been a slave, stretched upon a rack, he could still say, with that joy which was the special grace of the martyr: *I will bless the Lord at all times, His praise shall be always in my mouth;* until, from the fiery furnace, his soul went up to join in the canticles of angels and seraphs before the throne of the Lamb.

It was never without a feeling of regret that Louise turned from such places. Not only did she wish to carry the memory of them with her through her whole life, but she longed to share with every friend she had in the world, the graces which such a visit brought to her soul. It was not as

the mere sight-seer that she visited shrine after shrine; but as a pilgrim who has many favors to ask, and many celestial friends to honor. When they sat again in the vettura and took the way to Saint Prisca's, it needed self-denial not to pause at Saint George's, Saint Anastasia's, Saint Mary in Cosmodin's—all standing along the road which they were taking towards the Tiber. But Louise remembered Mrs. Hill's letters, and wishfully as she looked at them when they rode past, she said nothing. In sight of the Tiber, they turned from it to the left, and began to ascend the steep, rough side of the Aventine Hill, on which the Church of Santa Prisca stands.

"How lonesome it looks here!" said Louise. "I wonder if it was as still and as deserted-looking when the little Prisca lived here with her parents?"

"In those days," said Mrs. Hill, "the Aventine was crowned with palaces; and so late as 380, the holy widow Saint Marcella welcomed to her palace on the Aventine the noble Saint Paula and her companions—all pupils of Saint Jerome in learning and in sanctity. But we do not hear as much about the parents of the little Prisca as we do about two of their household, Aquila and Priscilla, Jews converted to Christianity by Saint Peter. In return for all the graces he had given them—perhaps, too, in return for the graces he had secured for the noble family they served—the apostle was often a guest in the palace; and here, too, he celebrated often the Holy Sacrifice of the mass, as did also Saint Paul. Saint Paul even says that he lodged there, when he sends that beautiful salutation to the Corinthians: "Aquila and Priscilla, with whom I also lodge, with the church that is in their house, salute you much in the Lord." But it is certain that Prisca, the little daughter of this family

which had given consuls to Rome, was baptized by Saint Peter in her father's house."

"Oh yes," said Louise; "and you know my heart is set upon having a sketch of the very font in which she was baptized."

It was with a fresh recollection of the apostolic days, and of the little band of believers who had assembled on this spot for the celebration of the Christian mysteries eighteen hundred years before, as well as of Aquila and Priscilla and their godchild Santa Prisca, that our party stopped before this lonely church on the lonely Aventine hill. But once within the door, all loneliness vanished. They were at home in this house of the saints of God. For eighteen centuries the Church had protected this spot, so rich in precious memories; and still the home of Saint Prisca, of Aquila and Priscilla, belongs to the "household of faith." Consecrated, in 280, as a church, by that Eutychian whose name was found on a slab in the Chamber of the Popes in the catacomb of Saint Callistus, it was never rebuilt until 1600, by Cardinal Giustiniani. The little church has three naves, or aisles, and these are divided by fourteen ancient columns. Over the high altar is a picture representing the baptism of the noble child. She stands before the venerable apostle like a brave little spring flower, so slender, so innocent, so fervent; and Saint Agnes may have been inspired by her example, two hundred years after, to win the crown of martyrdom at the same age.

"What does it mean," said Louise, "that we, Catholics, who have so many shining examples before our eyes, are still so afraid of the least suffering for our faith? Here is this tender girl, who was not ashamed, when led to the temple of Apollo, to refuse to offer incense to an idol, and that before all the world; who was not ashamed to be whipped for this, nor afraid to be put alone into a prison cell; who could be

brought out, again and again, and told to sacrifice, yet never yield, although they poured hot water over her head, made her stand in the amphitheatre with wild beasts, and go back alone to her dungeon; who could have her tender limbs stretched on a rack, her innocent flesh tortured with fire, as unflinchingly as Teodoro, the hardy young soldier, while even coarse food was refused to her: and when all this had failed to shake her courage, could go, cheerfully, with the brutal executioners beyond the city walls on the Ostian Way, to be beheaded like a Saint Paul. All this without once sighing: 'How hard it is to be a Christian!' Why are we such cowards?"

"Perhaps," replied Mrs. Hill, "it is because we have so little faith to suffer for. Saint Prisca and Saint Agnes, although they were mere children, had the same faith in the invisible realities of our religion as men and women of strong understanding. To them, these invisible realities of Christian faith, stood for everything that was precious in this world as well as in the next. Nothing described by pagan poets was half so beautiful, to them, as the heaven promised to the one who should 'persevere to the end.' There was no honor in this world, whether of consul or of emperor, which could compare with the honor of being a disciple of Jesus Christ; nor could the honor of being the mother of any emperor, compare with the honor of Mary, 'the Mother of Jesus.' All the sweetness, all the poetry of life, was in this gift of faith, and to deny this faith was to forsake all beauty, and all goodness, and all which made this life worth having. There is more of this faith, now, among Catholics, than we can see with our eyes; but the want of it is what makes worldly Catholics and cowardly Catholics."

As they talked in this way before the picture above the altar, the fragrance of the box twigs under their feet rose up

like incense, exhaled, faintly, at every step as they moved to the altar of Saint John Gaulbert on the right wall of the church, to that of Saint Anthony of Padua, opposite to the altar of the Blessed Virgin at the end of the right nave, and the altar of the Crucifix at the end of the left nave. In the middle aisle opens the stairway which leads into the subterranean storey, which they found strewn with box twigs, like the upper church. The altar in this crypt, with its ancient ornaments, is dedicated to Saint Peter; and directly opposite this altar, in a niche of the wall, stands the font in which Saint Prisca was baptized. "For all the world," said Louise, "like the capital of an old Corinthian column, of which there were plenty in Rome when Saint Prisca lived, standing on a square base! And do you see the holes drilled into it for holding candles? How beautiful it is! Too beautiful to do it justice in the five minutes I had allowed for my sketch. Shall I have time to sketch it, do you think?"

"Oh, do not hurry at all," said cheerful Mrs. Hill. "Make as nice a sketch as you can, and Miss Buchanan and I will say our prayers in the upper church. I have a penance to say, which can be said nowhere better than in Saint Prisca's."

How solemn it was to be alone in that crypt, the light falling from one high window on the marble font, its sculptures worn, and the marble yellow and brown with almost two thousand years of time! When the sketch was done, Louise took a sprig of box from the old pavement, laid it on the font, then put it into her note-book. When she joined Mrs. Hill she found her quite occupied with her prayers, evidently in no hurry to go. And when Louise said: "How can I ever thank you enough for coming to Saint Prisca's with me and giving me time to do all I wanted to do?" she answered: "Oh, my dear, you have only to remember me, every year, on the Feast of Saint Prisca, as she comes to us, in a com-

memoration on the 18th of January, under the wing of Saint Peter himself." When the vettura stopped again in the piazza of San Silvestro, at the foot of the Via di Mercede, Louise whispered: "I asked Santa Prisca to get your letters into the post to-night." The next week Mrs. Hill said: "The letters, the money, everything is right. I shall never be sorry that we paid our visit of devotion to Santa Prisca in her lonely church on the Aventine."

SANT' ALESSIO.

EVER since I shocked good Father Ferdinand by asking who Sant' Alessio was, I have intended to visit his church on the Aventine," said Isabella. "Why not go to-day?"

To say is to do when one has only to call a vettura from the next corner or piazza. The Aventine, the only picturesque hill of all the Roman Seven, at present, was in the fullness of summer bloom and foliage. The palms on its summit waved their plumes in the sunshine with a slow movement, full of grace and majesty, as, for once, we passed Santa Sabina with its treasures of tradition and art unvisited. We were soon at Sant' Alessio, the tower of which we had seen, already, through the cloister of Santa Sabina, making a back-ground for Saint Dominic's orange tree. The entrance to the church is through an enclosed court-yard, such as is found at Saint Pudenziana's and several others which have been changed from palaces to churches. The court seemed to have been paved, but the Roman clover, with its leaf of the size of the Irish shamrock, and its small tufts of pink or pale yellow, gave it a look of verdure. On entering the church, we were struck with a certain airiness and space; but the story of the ancient church met us at the entrance; for under a wooden stairway of ten steps, black and

eaten with age, though enclosed under plate glass, lay a beautiful statue of Sant' Alessio.

"What a strange feeling it gives one," said Isabella, "to see the very staircase under which he lay in his own father's palace!" There was no need of telling the story to Isabella now. She had read it, with a twinge of mortification, on our return from San Paolo fuori le mura, and the effect of this singular tradition had been deepened by her visit to San Clemente. The patrician youth, the sole joy of his parents in their senatorial home, where he had grown to manhood with all the accomplishments of his age and station, not only betrothed but married, to one he might well love, whom he certainly regarded with affection; yet, on the very evening of his marriage, putting into her hand a purse and a girdle of scarlet, saying: "Keep, I pray you, this present, and God will be with you and me until his holy will is accomplished," and then leaving her never to return: his sojourn at Edessa, where was that picture of our Lord sent to its prince, Agbarus, during the lifetime of Jesus Christ; giving all his means to the poor and living like a beggar himself; and when, after seventeen years, a miraculous voice called the attention of the people to his sanctity, fleeing from Edessa, saying: "I quitted the house of my parents in order to flee from honors; shall I live where they are forced upon me?" and forthwith disappearing from Edessa. His design to go here and there, but prevented by providences, until an inspiration came to him to return to Rome, to his father's palace on the Aventine; not, however, to enjoy again the society of his family, of his bride, or the honors of his rank, but to see all these before him, daily, without accepting them. The father, Euphemian, is coming from his palace with a retinue of attendants. He meets a beggar, who humbly asks, not for alms, but for a place of shelter, a home in some corner of his house. Euphe-

mian turns to a servant and tells him to provide a place for this poor man, to provide for all his wants. The servant leads him to a small closet under the stairway, and here he lives for seventeen years. Euphemian has forgotten about the poor beggar, who has never forced himself on his attention since he asked for shelter. The servants feed him as they would a beggar, from the refuse of their master's table, often, even, from the refuse of their own. Gentle as he is, they often vent upon him, in his apparent helplessness, their impatience and perversity, which he never resents. One day this beggar, who has been lying on his poor pallet consumed by a fever, unattended, uncared for, calls for writing materials. They are given to him, with some poor nourishment which is at hand, and this is the last care he ever receives. A week before this, Euphemian goes with his retinue to a solemnity for which the pope, Innocent I., celebrates mass surrounded by his nobles, when a voice is heard: "Seek the man of God; he will pray for Rome and the Lord will hear him. As to the rest, he will die next Friday." On this day many, on account of this voice, assemble at the church of Saint Peter on the Vatican, among them Euphemian. The mysterious voice is again heard, declaring that the man of God is in the house of Euphemian. "How is it," asks the pope, "that you have concealed such a treasure?" But Euphemian knows nothing of it, and begs to be allowed to go to his own house to prepare for the visit which the pope is resolved to make to it. On returning to his house, Euphemian inquires if any one corresponding to the person described by the angel, is in his palace. The servant in charge of the beggar under the stairs, immediately answers: "Doubtless the poor man who has lived with us for seventeen years and who died last night, is the one described by the angel; for, during all these seventeen years, although often neglected, even abused by your servants,

he has never once resented their abuse or neglect." Euphemian is then shown the dead beggar in his place under the stairs. He lies as if in a sweet sleep, the thin face and emaciated figure full of a tender grace, in his hand the writing made only a few hours before his death. Euphemian, believing it would explain the mystery, tries to take it from the lifeless hand, but cannot. Only when the pope himself enters the small closet under the stairs, and commands the dead hand to release it, is the paper yielded. And now comes to light the whole story, not only of a poor beggar who has died in the house of the Roman Senator, Euphemian, but of the lamented son of Euphemian, Alessio, whose disappearance for thirty-four years has been the one sorrow of that noble house. For seventeen of these years he has lived under the stairway of his own father's palace, and has been fed from the crumbs which have fallen from his table. Even in Rome, all this was a wonder; how much more so to us, who seem not to have one sentiment in common with the patrician Alessio, or his idea of self-abnegation!

It was just at the point of his return to Rome, to his father's palace, that the story of Sant' Alessio had been taken up in the subterranean church of San Clemente before the year 900. There we see, beneath a picture of our Lord enthroned, on one side the archangel Gabriel and Saint Clement, on the other the archangel Michael and Saint Nicholas, the meeting of Euphemian with the beggar Alessio, his wallet slung over his shoulder, his pilgrim staff in hand; then Alessio on his bed of death, before him the pope, Innocent I., astonished at the revelation made by the paper in the dead man's hand; and then, the recognition of Alessio by his family, and his recognition as a saint by the head of the Church.

"How strange," said Isabella, "that all this is to be found, not on the walls of the church of Sant' Alessio, but on those of

the subterranean San Clemente; unless, it was to kindle anew the devotion to this saint, whose virtues were so contrary to those approved in our age!" She recalled, too, the beautiful border of birds and garlands, below this picture of Sant' Alessio, as if his memory, in those early times, had been full of sweetness and grace.

There is a charming view from the side of the church leading to the sacristy in a chapel opening from the sacristy-passage is the beautiful monument of Cardinal Guido di Balneo, of the time of Leo X. Under the church also, is the crypt of Sant' Alessio, a thin mist of moss over all its marbles. But nothing had for our little party the charm of the dark, worm eaten stairway, under which the patrician Alessio had practiced, so heroically, the virtues which are supposed to belong to the poor and to the outcast.

SANCTA MARIA AD MARTYRES.

HAT a perfect labyrinth of streets!" said cousin Margaret.

"And what a perfect medley of people and donkeys, of fruits and vegetables and flowers; of everything animate and inanimate!" said cousin Richard; and Dora walked between them, each holding one of her little hands, as if they expected to lose her at every turn. As for Dora herself, she believed that she understood better what a *labyrinth* and a *medley* meant, a hundred times over, than if she had tried to learn from a book. At first she was a little confused, and a little afraid, too; for it seemed as if they must certainly be trodden on by the donkeys or run over by the light carriages. But she soon found that she was far safer than in many cities where there are side-walks. Then, how mysterious those old Roman streets were, turning this way and that; now in sunshine, now in shadow; rising and falling, like the real hills and valleys on which they were built. Then the fruits: such oranges and lemons, with their own green leaves, and perhaps a bunch of orange flowers close beside them; and such figs! as large as pears, dented by touching each other, and fairly bursting in their ripe sweetness, but so cool when tasted. What stalks of white

lilies! Saint Joseph's own lilies; or as cousin Margaret always called them, Annunciation lilies! roses, too, and mignonette, and all seeming to enjoy the fresh morning air on this shaded, winding street. Dora wondered why it curved in this way, and why the shadows were so deep; until she found they were following the curve of a vast circular building, which looked as old as the very hills to Dora, and almost as solid. Just then her eyes caught a glimpse of a fountain in the square before them, and an obelisk: "The twin of our little obelisk in the Piazza Minerva!" she exclaimed.

"The obelisk in the Piazza Minerva was taken from this very square," said cousin Richard. "But see these birds, canaries, red-breasts, little Roman sparrows, nightingales, ring-doves, goldfinches, all singing together; and here is an owl, and there an eagle. These warblers love the spray, which now and then touches them in their cages, and the song of the fountain makes an accompaniment for their own carols."

Cousin Richard moved slowly from one cage to another, until, when Dora raised her eyes, they looked directly on the front of the vast, circular building, whose curves the street had followed.

"The Pantheon!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands. "The Pantheon, cousin Richard!"

"So my little cousin knew it without being told!" said cousin Richard, as delighted as Dora herself could be.

"How could I help knowing it, for it is exactly like the pictures I have seen of it? Only——" here she paused, and the bright young face seemed awe-struck, as she almost whispered—"only, cousin Margaret, it looks so solemn. No picture has ever given that look."

That vast rotunda of stone, dark with the weather-stains of full nineteen hundred years, its circular walls supporting a

dome almost as high as themselves, and the portico, with its immense columns clustered under it, all in shadow, was, indeed very solemn.

"It looks as old as the world," said Dora, after a moment of grave silence.

"As old as Christianity, you may say with truth," replied cousin Richard; "for it was finished, in all its perfection, twenty-seven years before the Birth of our Lord. But little did Agrippa think, when he had his name cut deep in the solid stone as its builder, that he had prepared a temple, not so much for *all the gods*, as its name, *Pantheon*, means, but for that Son of God, born of a Virgin, promised to the world even by the pagan sibyl of the Capitol. In exactly 399 years after the coming of Christ, it was closed, by the order of the Emperor, Honorius, as a place of pagan worship. In 608, Pope Boniface IV., wishing to preserve this noble monument of ancient Rome by devoting it to the worship of the true God, obtained the consent of the Emperor Phocas to do so, and consecrated it, under the title of *Sancta Maria ad Martyres*, or Saint Mary of the Martyrs. Such was the care taken, in those early ages of Christianity, to honor Jesus Christ, his Mother, and his friends the martyrs, so many of whom had suffered courageously for him in this same Rome. But you can have no idea of this best preserved of all the Roman monuments, until you enter it."

When they entered the portico, Dora found herself in a grove of immense columns; columns so beautiful as to inspire cousin Richard to tell her all about them, and all about the portico itself, which had been pronounced perfect as a piece of architectural beauty. This portico, 110 feet long, and 44 feet deep, is supported by sixteen Corinthian columns, eight of which are on the front, and the other eight are ranged in lines behind them. Each column is 36 feet in length and 5

feet in diameter. Seven of the pillars in front are of grey, the other nine of red Egyptian granite. One of these has the Barberini *bee* on the capital; another the *star over three hills;* showing that the first was set up by Pope Urban VIII., the second by Pope Alexander VII., during the repairs made by them. The bronze doors are the very same which Agrippa hung, on their strong hinges, twenty-seven years before the Christian era.

Dora listened to all this very attentively, and only wished she could remember these heights and lengths and widths. She really had very little notion of feet or yards or rods; but one thing was certain: even if she forgot every one of these wonderful measurements, she could never forget the impression of grandeur which this portico, dark with its own solemn shadows, had made on her young imagination. Yet this impression was to be succeeded by another still more wonderful, unlike anything she had ever seen or would ever see again; for no sooner had she crossed its threshold than the sublime beauty of this ancient temple took full possession of soul and sense. She had seen the vast dome from the square, standing like something eternal against the blue sky of Rome. But now, once within that dome, how it rose and rose above her, until she seemed a mere atom! The whole round vastness seemed full of light; but where it came from she did not realize, until she stood directly under the centre of the dome and found herself looking straight up into the open sky; no glass between her and the blue vault of heaven, over which floated now and then a white cloud. It seemed to Dora, that she had never been so near heaven before; not even on the highest mountain peak she had ever climbed.

It was with a deep sigh, as if she were taking breath, that she turned her eyes downward to what was around her. Then she saw that she was standing in the centre of a pavement

which inclined gently towards this centre from all sides, in such a manner as to allow every drop of rain falling through this open dome, to slide off the marble pavement into the dark water-courses below. All this looked so simple; yet it was as perfect as it was simple. When she had seen this central part, her eye began to take in, slowly, the niches and their altars, which she saw on the circular walls. For some reason her eye could not move quickly in this Rotunda. At first she had not thought of its being a church, because so unlike any church she had seen; but now she saw the high altar opposite the great bronze doors, and on each side other altars, until the vast circle with its seven niches was complete.

"These are the same niches which Agrippa set in the walls," said cousin Richard, "and in which he set statues of the seven principal pagan divinities. The Church has taken possession of them, in order to honor those whom God himself has honored with an everlasting honor. The preciousness of these marbles, some of which have no longer their like in the quarries of the world, is only a figure of that sanctity which God bestowed upon the Blessed Virgin, who is honored here in so special a manner, as also her spouse Saint Joseph, and the first martyr, Saint Stephen."

There was no crowding of ornament in this grand temple. Each altar stood spaciously by itself, with its own treasures and surroundings; and as cousin Richard pronounced the name of Saint Joseph, he turned towards his altar as to an old friend. "I remember coming here for high mass on the Feast of Saint Joseph, when a cardinal was celebrant; and here is the little box, still, in which those who love Saint Joseph can drop their offerings, though ever so small, for the honor of his altar. See, too, here are beautiful reliefs, on each side of the altar with its statue, giving the story of his holy life, so

hidden and humble, yet so full of wonders. Opposite this is the altar of Saint Stephen."

"Everywhere in Rome," said Dora, "we find the statue or picture of Saint Stephen. In the church of Saint Agnes, he is represented on a beautiful tablet with Saint Laurence; and at Saint Paul's he has a grand chapel all to himself."

"Then he should certainly have a niche in the Church of Saint Mary of the Martyrs," said cousin Margaret.

"Yes, indeed," returned Dora; "I was only thinking how much oftener we are reminded of the saints here in Rome, and especially of such an one as Saint Stephen, than we are in America."

"In America," said cousin Richard, "I am afraid we think about the saints in order to obtain favors through their prayers, rather than to imitate them; and what Saint Stephen gets for us, the grace to forgive our enemies, does not seem so necessary as a safe journey. Besides, in America we think of martyrs as belonging to quite a different age from ours; forgetting that the spirit which was in Saint Stephen is apt to make martyrs everywhere and in all ages. But here is an altar which will have a special attraction for you. It is an altar to the Blessed Virgin, and the statue was designed and executed at Raphael's dying request, by his friend, Lorenzetto. It is consoling to find that the great artist, who painted, in the course of his short life, so many charming pictures in honor of the Blessed Virgin, could leave such a testimony of his devotion to her in the hour of death. Those who speak of Raphael as a man of genius, who painted Madonnas because Madonnas were the fashion in those days, should see this statue, and see, too, this small slab of marble let into the wall of the Pantheon, the Church of Saint Mary of the Martyrs. This is the only monument which Rome, in her great love for Raphael, thought worthy of him. He was buried, where he

asked to be buried, close by the altar of Mary, and here is the inscription which marks the spot."

Dora knelt beside the altar, and before this small tablet, and, even with her imperfect knowledge of Latin, could spell out the praises of this inimitable painter of sacred personages, this student of nature under its loveliest forms and holiest inspirations, this favorite of two popes, Julius II., and Leo X., and yet died on his thirty-seventh birth-day, April 6th, 1520. "Besides this evidence of his piety," continued cousin Richard, "his will contained a donation of real estate, which was to secure, each year, one mass for his soul."

When cousin Richard looked at Dora he saw the tears rolling slowly from her closed eyes, and her lips were moving as if in prayer. When she rose from her knees she whispered to cousin Margaret: "If he needed one more prayer I wanted him to have it;" then, as she looked again at the statue, a bright smile broke over her face: "Do you see? there is a beautiful Indian necklace of beads and quills on the neck of the Blessed Virgin and of the Holy Infant! It must have been the gift of some princess of America, perhaps of Pocahontas herself. That is *charming!*"

"It really is charming," said cousin Margaret, "for it tells, as no words could do, the touching story of the devotion of woman, even in the wilds of North America, to Mary, Virgin and Mother. And it was here, Dora, that I found I was a Catholic;* here, in the *Pantheon* of pagan times, the *Saint Mary of the Martyrs* of Christian times, where I saw the Blessed Virgin to be the Mother of all who were willing to be called her children. For it was here that I became convinced that natural religion and revealed religion, all that is lovely and of good repute, were to be found in that Church which loves and honors Mary as its Mother."

* NOTE.—This is literally true of a friend who once visited the Pantheon with me and told me the story of her conversion —E. A. S.

SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE.

BEAUTIFUL Santa Maria Maggiore! Whether it is seen from the height of the Quirinal Hill at the Quattro Fontane, where four fountains guard the intersection of streets, with its twin domes, and its campanile, the tallest in Rome; its vast apse with its tiers of steps over which crawl, like dwarfs, the multitudes always thronging this beloved basilica, and its obelisk pointing this serene picture; or, as seen from the piazza in front, with its elegant Corinthian column, forty-five feet high without base or capital bearing at its summit the Mother Immaculate, crowned with stars, the moon at her feet; with the five portals of the grand façade, and one of these a Porta Sancta or Holy Door, open only for a year of Jubilee—however seen, from whatever point, Santa Maria Maggiore is always beautiful. And Christendom has kept the story of this basilica as one of her choice traditions. The Lateran Basilica had a consular and an imperial origin; but for Saint Mary Major, the Great Saint Mary's, a higher dignity was in store.

In the year 350 there lived in Rome, on the Esquiline Hill a patrician named John. But as he was childless, it had been agreed upon by himself and his wife, that they should leave

the greater part of their vast property to the Church, so recently freed from persecutions. While the precise manner of doing this was under consideration, John and his wife had on the same night, that of the 5th of August, one and the same dream, which they told to each other on waking. The Blessed Virgin had appeared to both, saying that she had knowledge of their pious intention, and that in the morning they would find snow on the Esquiline Hill, covering the precise space which she desired them to cover with a church. To their surprise, they found a large area covered with snow; nor were they the only ones to be surprised, for this marvellous fall of snow on the 5th of August, not over the whole city but on a portion only, had called together a multitude. The dream had been fulfilled, and Patrician John and his wife had no other mind on the matter than to gratify the Blessed Virgin in her request. To render all things secure, they hastened to the pope, Saint Liberius, to tell him their dream. What was their surprise, when they were told by him that he, too, had the very same dream, concerning the fall of snow on the Esquiline Hill, and how the area thus covered was to be used! There was no more hesitation. The church was built, and was consecrated by Pope Liberius under the title of Sancta Maria ad Nives; or, Saint Mary of the Snow.

Let us now enter the portico, and turning to the left, ascend a winding flight of stone steps, to find ourselves on a loggia or upper portico, with a view from its open arches to which no words can do justice, because they can never give the color of these giant cypresses with their swarms of bees, of the distant mountains on which the snow lies often until mid-summer, of those tracts of ancient Rome with their winding, narrow streets. We could linger for hours on this picture framed in by the arches of the loggia, but on the inner wall, for ages, the façade of Santa Maria Maggiore, is a series of

mosaics which many a visitor to Rome misses in the hurry of a winter's sojourn. At the highest part of the wall Jesus Christ is represented on a throne, the right hand raised to bless; in the left a roll on which is written, *Ego sum Lux Mundi!* "I am the light of the world." Four angels support the glory in which he is enthroned, and the glory itself is strewn with stars. Above the angels are the symbols of the Four Evangelists; below them stand, on the same line with our Lord, as if they were the guards of his throne, on one side the Blessed Virgin, Saint Paul, and Saint James; on the other, Saint John Baptist, Saint Peter and Saint Andrew; all named. At the ends of the wall below this, are scenes giving the story of the basilica; on one side the vision of Liberius, on the other of John and his wife. All are represented as sleeping, with attendants beside them, and over each group appears the Blessed Virgin, huge flakes of snow filling the air around her. Between these two we see Patrician John before Pope Liberius telling the story of his vision, the pope listening to him with a smile on his face which means: "The very same vision which I had myself!" And then we see Pope Liberius, in all the glory of his pontificial vestments, blessing the ground for the basilica with his right hand, as he points it out with his left. Nothing could be told with more animation than this story in mosaic.

Descending the winding stairs, we enter the basilica to find a monument on our right in honor of Patrician John. But no monument, nor indeed any one beauty of this interior, can for the moment fix our eyes, which are filled with the one impression of grandeur, of harmony. If we look before us, we see stretching forth in vista, forty-four Ionic columns, standing on an Opus Alexandrinum pavement of crimson and violet with grey; and above these, on the straight entablature which runs the whole length of the vast nave, are mosaics, representing those scenes from the Old Testament, which were quoted by

the Fathers in the Council of Ephesus, as prefiguring the divine maternity of Mary. Still raising our eyes to the ceiling, we see the richly figured pattern covered with —— shall we tell the story of this ceiling, which may well make every American heart beat with a noble, even holy pride?

The first gold received by Columbus in the New World was carried faithfully to Ferdinand and Isabella. By these Christian sovereigns it was given to Pope Alexander VI. This pope did not put this first gold from a newly discovered continent into the papal treasury, neither did he make from it tiaras or cope clasps, nor even sacred vessels for the papal chapel. But he did what only the spiritual sovereign of the whole world would think of doing. The fine gold which came to him without alloy, he had beaten, beaten, beaten into the thinnest of tissues, and spread over the entire ceiling of the beautiful church of Santa Maria Maggiore!

We Americans must often feel, as we visit the churches of Rome, her museums, her libraries, how she gives us everything, while we can return only admiration and love. But under the ceiling of Santa Maria Maggiore, we can thank God, that, like the Magi, we have been allowed to make our offering to Mary bearing on her knees her divine Son, and receiving it in his behalf.

But the church of Saint Mary Major is a monument of the love of her children, not for one age only, but through all these glorious ages of Christianity. And the mosaics of the entablature, growing richer, more significant as we go on, end only with that Arch of Triumph which spans the nave over the high altar. But the arch has its story also.

When Pope Celestine I., in 431, called together the Council at Ephesus, it was to establish, beyond question, the honor of Mary as the mother of Jesus Christ, true God and true man. On account of his own feebleness of body, the Pope was repre-

sented by his arch-priest, Sixtus, the son of Sixtus, a Roman; and Sixtus was the hero of this Council forever memorable in the history of our race. In this city of Ephesus, the Blessed Virgin Mary had lived with Saint John, and there was a church at Ephesus named "Saint Mary," like so many of our churches to-day. The traditions concerning her life at Ephesus had never died out of the memory of its inhabitants, and when they found the council of two hundred bishops assembling in their midst, their excitement was intense. Could it be, that this council would say or do anything which was not to the honor of the Son in the honor paid to his Mother? As the sittings of the council went on, were prolonged, their excitement became painful. It was the one topic of conversation in the city, and when it was understood that the decision would soon be made public, vast crowds blocked up the streets near the council rooms, covered the flat roofs, filled the balconies of the neighborhood; and when, after hours of waiting, a herald appeared at a window overlooking this assemblage and gave forth, in a loud voice, that by the word of this council, by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, Mary was declared the true Mother of Jesus Christ, true God and true man, the whole vast multitude again and again took up the word: *Dei Genitrix Maria*, "Mary is Mother of God." That was a glad day for Ephesus, nor was it forgotten by Sixtus, the Roman. On his return to Pope Celestine, an arch of triumph was planned for Sancta Maria ad Nives, as the largest church bearing her name. Pope Celestine died, a saint, in 432, and left orders for a picture representing the great council, to be painted in the catacomb of Saint Priscilla, where he was to be buried. It is to be remembered here, that in the catacomb of Saint Priscilla, even now, are to be seen more Madonnas than in all the other catacombs of Rome; and most of these Madonnas, beginning with those painted before the year 100, were there

when Saint Celestine planned the arch of triumph, thus furnishing models of the highest authority for the subjects to be represented in mosaic on the arch under consideration. The death of Saint Celestine did not delay the work. He was succeeded by Sixtus III., who entered upon the raising of the arch and its decoration with all the enthusiasm of that council at Ephesus. In the very height of the arch as its keystone, is represented an altar, and on this lies a book with seven seals. Above this stands a small, dark cross, symbolizing the humanity of our Lord, and still above this, another cross, all resplendent, symbolizing our Lord in the glory of his Godhead. On each side of this cross stand Saint Peter and Saint Paul. Above them, keeping the straight line of the ceiling, the symbols of the Four Evangelists, viz: the winged face of a man for Saint Matthew, of a lion for Saint Mark, of an ox for Saint Luke, of an eagle for Saint John; and below these the inscription: *Xystus Episcopus plebi Dei*; "The Bishop Xystus to the people of God;" and still below this the *A* and *Ω*, alpha and omega, or the first and last letter of the Greek alphabet: according to Saint John, who, three times in his Apocalypse, declares our Lord to be the *A* and *Ω*, "the beginning and the end." Below all these, are three zones, filling up the sides of the arch. The first subject is the Annunciation. Does this seem strange? But this same Annunciation is on the ceiling of the catacomb of Saint Priscilla. On the arch, the Blessed Virgin is sitting, accompanied by two angels; over her head is the Dove of the Holy Spirit, and the Angel Gabriel flies towards her to announce the Incarnation of the "Word made flesh." Then Mary is seen, followed by the same two angels, and, accompanied by Saint Joseph, she presents her Son in the temple to Simeon. Near him stands Anna, prophetess, and a crowd of people, and near the temple are seen doves, recalling to mind the modest offering of these

chaste Spouses on the presentation of Jesus in the temple. Then we see the Magi before Herod in Jerusalem, and a servant points towards Bethlehem. This is followed by the Adoration of the Magi, when the Infant Jesus is seen sitting on a throne, supported by his own omnipotence; and then comes the Massacre of the Innocents, represented by a group of women holding their infants in their arms, while three men approach to destroy them. After this, Jesus is found in the temple accompanied by three angels, the doctors standing near the gate of Jerusalem, which, like Bethlehem, is represented at the base of the arch. An inscription in Greek, for several centuries the language of the Church as Latin is to-day, gives the history of the Council of Ephesus and its decision in honor of the maternity of the Blessed Virgin; and all these pictures in mosaic on a gold ground! O beautiful Arch of Triumph, well may we keep a holiday in our hearts before you!

But what do we see in the hollow of the apse beyond the altar and the arch? If it is towards evening, we shall find it lighted up by the level rays of the sun until we seem to be in heaven. For there, like a lily, all in white, lies the Immaculate Virgin on her couch, the apostles around her, while her son receives her dear, sinless soul, like a little infant, into his Divine arms. And then come other groups between the windows, and pictures and windows all set in a mosaic which looks like a bed of moss in early spring, with its tiny blooms of the tint of burnt sienna.

But the level rays of the sun show us still more. For above this tranquil death bed of the Virgin Mother, in the full glory of its blissful consummation, we see our Lord crowning his Mother in the eyes of heaven and its angels, giving to her, visibly, that crown of filial love and filial honor which he had had for her in his Divine Heart from the very instant of his Incarnation. How noble, how gracious, are these two figures

on the same throne; under his feet the sun, under hers the moon. Around his head the cruciform nimbus, and all the blue of the sky studded with golden stars. At the sides of the starry arch in which they sit, are lovely arabesques, of the iridescent hues of the peacock's plumage, and birds among the branches. Angels throng to the very edge of this circle, adoring, rejoicing, and on the flowery shore of the river Jordan that flows below, with hands upraised towards the celestial vision, walk Saint Peter and Saint Paul, Saint John Baptist and Saint John Evangelist, Saint Francis and his dear disciple Saint Anthony, while kneeling, very small, are those who ordered this great work, Nicholas IV., a Franciscan, and Cardinal Colonna. And the Jacopo da Turrita, who executed this mosaic near the year 1299, was a Franciscan monk.

Now we will look back into these side chapels. One is all light, the other is deeply shaded. In the light one, we see beautiful monuments; but we will not look at them to-day. In this chapel at Christmas, is shown, every year, the precious casket in which lies the crib of the Infant Jesus. That same Helen, the empress, who found the cross of our Lord, found his crib; the five little boards, dark with age, even then, which some Hebrew Christian woman, with the instinct of a woman's heart, had preserved and handed down with its tradition; for what mother does not love the cradle of her little one, and what Christian woman would not love, yes, venerate and cherish, the crib of the little one of Bethlehem and Nazareth! When Saint Helen found this treasure, with a most womanly as well as saintly veneration, she covered it with plates of silver, and the sacred grotto itself with slabs of precious marble. Thus it was kept for the admiration of Christian pilgrims, until the year 624, when the Mahomedans, by invading the Holy Land endangered the existence of all relics; and the crib, with the relics of Saint Jerome, was

brought to Rome and deposited in this side chapel of Saint Mary Major. Here, at the midnight mass of Christmas, the little crib is placed where it can be venerated, enclosed not only in the silver plates of Saint Helen, but in a case presented by Margaret of Austria, wife of Philip III. of Spain; and this again enclosed in one of still greater richness, by the Duchess of Hermosa, representing our Lord as an infant in a crib of enamel adorned with bas-reliefs in silver; but all three cases deriving their preciousness from the five small, time-eaten boards within.

Let us now cross the nave to the chapel in a perpetual twilight. We shall not look at all the wonders of this most beautiful and costly chapel in the world, but merely pay our visit to the Madonna painted by Saint Luke, which stands high above the altar of precious *Lapis lazuli*, in a setting of such gems as emperors and pontiffs give to sacred things. From the time this picture of the Blessed Virgin and her Son by Saint Luke, was carried in procession by Saint Gregory, to the present, it has been the special treasure of Sancta Maria ad Nives, and to this day the prodigy of the snow on the Esquiline Hill on the 5th of August, 350, is kept in memory in this chapel; shall we tell you how? From Ave Maria to Ave Maria, through two openings between the altar of Lapis lazuli and the people, fall slowly, like the snowflakes in the mosaics on the wall of the loggia on the façade of Saint Mary Major, white rose leaves, filling the air with whiteness and perfume, and covering the marble pavement of the chapel, as the snow once covered the Esquiline Hill, where Patrician John and his wife laid the foundations of Sancta Maria ad Nives, in honor of Mary, Mother of the God-man, Christ Jesus.

PILGRIMS AND SHRINES

BY

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

Sing ye to the Lord a new canticle; Let his praise be in the Church of the Saints.

—PSALM cxlix—1.

IN TWO VOLUMES

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IMPRIMATUR

PATRITIUS AUGUSTINUS

ARCHIEPISCOPUS CHICAGIENSIS

☆

TO

THE FRIEND

WHOSE GENEROSITY EQUALED ONLY BY HER DELICACY

ENABLED ME TO VISIT

THE OLD WORLD

THESE SKETCHES OF PILGRIMS AND SHRINES ARE

GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED

☆

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

SAN PIETRO IN VINCOLI.

THE centuries on centuries which have rolled over the churches of Christian Rome, seem only to have mellowed the tints of their precious marbles, and to have toned down the colors of their brick campaniles. There is no sign of decay in any of these venerable temples to the ever-living God. Their frescoes may have faded, may have become almost indistinguishable even in outline, as in the church of *San Cesareo*, or still more hopelessly ruined by the dampness of their present subterranean locations, as in that chapel of *San Martino ad Monte*, in which Pope Sylvester assembled a solemn council in 325 or 326, the Emperor Constantine being present, and where the decorated cross and the Madonna of the sanctuary are seen dimly through the gathering moss as through a green veil. But the walls preserve their grandeur and strength, and are as unbroken as the traditions which they embody. From time to time, some event draws upon one of them the eyes of the whole world, and it becomes a place of pilgrimage to an entire generation, thus adding to its ancient associations all the charms of a present sympathy.

For three hundred years tourists and art lovers, as well as artists, have climbed the steep street leading to that part of the

Esquiline Hill where the Baths of Titus once stood, to contemplate the sublime figure of Moses, which Michael Angelo executed with his own hand for the tomb of Julius II., and which he commanded to speak, in the enthusiasm of giving it the last strokes of the chisel. The Hebrew lawgiver is, indeed, worthy of this homage, as he sits with his tablet on his knee, one hand grasping the long, flowing beard of a patriarch. The grandeur of Michael Angelo's own soul fitted him to make known the highest type of that Moses who was skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, who abode on Mount Sinai forty days, and, in the midst of clouds, of lightnings and of thunder, whereby God manifested himself as the Jehovah of his people, received the Ten Commandments. There was also a sacred tenderness in the soul of Michael Angelo which prompted him to express, through that sublime face and figure, the peculiar sadness which must have clung to Moses through his whole life. Reared in the court of Pharaoh, he was still a Hebrew in all his sympathies, and this latent spark of nationality was blown into such a flame by an act of oppression towards one of his people, that he could forget all the honors of a life at court, all the delights of a present prosperity, to become the leader, under a divine inspiration, of a stiff-necked and rebellious people. Their leader to a land flowing, indeed, with milk and honey, but which he was never to enter; and all as a punishment of his just anger, borne to an inordinate degree, towards a people of whom the Psalmist said: "They do always err in their hearts, and they have not known my ways." The sadness of an impetuous and noble soul, constantly disappointed of its present aims, only to work out more perfectly the eternal designs of God, makes the poetry of this head of Moses, which is so utterly unlike any pagan ideal of a lawgiver, and which attracts, so powerfully, souls for whom the mere lawgiver with his budding horns,

symbols of power, could have no charm. It is the blending of majestic impetuosity with a supernatural pathos, felt rather than seen, which lifts this work of Michael Angelo, as well as his frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, above the level of all works of their kind. There is a singular pleasure, too, in studying the execution of this wonderful statue, which shows every accentuation of feeling in the mind of the artist as he wrought out the marble. This is no stonecutter's work, but the sharp incisions betray the emotions of the artist as perfectly as the inflections of the dramatist, at the height of his scathing denunciations, betray the indignation of a just soul; while close beside these sharp incisions come the most carefully sculptured muscles of arm or hand, with the veins standing out in a way to tell how hotly the blood coursed through the mighty heart which beat one hundred and twenty years before called to its rest.

And yet—for here comes to light one of the wonderful characteristics of these old churches of Christian Rome—this statue of Moses, which every guide-book puts forward as the chief attraction of the church in which it stands, has been in existence only three hundred and seventy years, while this same church has been a place of pilgrimage since the fifth century, nor has the object of veneration once changed, the history of the devotion running thus.

When the Empress Eudoxia, wife of Theodosius, in 439, went to Palestine to visit the places consecrated by the mysteries of the redemption, Juvenal Patriarch of Jerusalem, presented to her the two chains with which Herod bound Saint Peter in prison, and which fell from him at the miraculous touch of the angel sent for his deliverance. These chains were received by the empress with the liveliest gratitude and most profound respect. On her return to Constantinople she reserved one of these precious relics for herself, but gave the

other to her daughter Eudoxia, who was married to Valentinian III., in Rome. The daughter prized this relic of the Prince of the Apostles no less than her mother, and hastened to display her treasure to the Pontiff, Saint Sixtus III.; whereupon his Holiness showed her the chain with which Saint Peter was bound in the Mamertine prison, and wore to his martyrdom. Moreover, from this interview we may date the miracles which attested the worth of these relics to the mind of the faithful; for no sooner were the two chains laid side by side, than they united, miraculously welded, as the first pair had been miraculously unlocked. The pious empress, in admiration over this prodigy, no longer claimed her own chain; but leaving it with the pontiff, set about building a basilica for its reception, where both chains, thus united, could be venerated by Christians. Thus, while the mother was erecting a church in Constantinople to honor Saint Peter's chains, the daughter was erecting another on the Esquiline Hill, in Rome; the same San Pietro in Vincoli, which to-day attracts the step of the pilgrim, even more than that of the tourist or artist, up that steep side of the Esquiline Hill.

Peering eagerly, a little anxiously, too, it may be, at the labyrinth of streets before, behind, on either side of us, as we walk from the Roman Forum to the Coliseum, we see to the left the welcome *Via S. Pietro in Vincoli*, which at first glance seems to open only between high walls, until a short curve gives us a hope of a free space beyond. From the walls, whether of houses or citadels it would be hard to say, the pretty Coliseum ivy hangs out its festoons, and its small blossom of delicate purple seems to rejoice in its safety from human hands. Suddenly, as we come to the steepest part of the ascent, we find ourselves on the lower edge of a sloping square; on the right we see the convent of the Maronite monks, as plain an edifice and as regardless of architectural

proportions as a prairie farm house, but standing in the shadow of a palm tree of such beauty as to mark the spot to the veriest stranger; while to the left, the wall of brick and stucco opens to show us the grassy knoll on which stands the church of Saint Francis of Paula, with its mediæval tower for a belfrey, and close beside it, as we ascend, is the low arch under the palace of the Borgias. The green piazza is bounded on the two other sides by the church of San Pietro in Vincoli and its adjacent monastery, which are seen crowning this rocky summit of the Esquiline. But our readers may feel inclined to take our favorite, though circuitous path, and thus pay a visit to the church which honors the memory of the founder of that family of Franciscans, which took the name of Minims. Flanked by its tall, machicolated tower, which stands forth like some veritable warrior of the family that won its name of Frangipani or Breadbreakers by their noble generosity during a famine in the thirteenth century, the church, like the virtues of its patron, is hardly seen at first, and its extent only realized by passing around it, as one is obliged to do to discover an entrance. Once there, we find its piazza as still as a cloister, and almost as closely environed. Sitting on the steps of the old church, the light April winds breathing around us, there is a wonderful charm in the picturesque group of towers and terraced roofs at one side, the spring flowers nodding from their tiles. Directly in front is a wall, on which we could still see the half-effaced frescoes of open-air stations, each with its canopy in stucco, and over this wall we could see the roofs of the city almost as far as to Saint Mary Major.

Our first visit to the church of *San Francesco di Paola* was made on his feast-day, the 2d of April, when we found it gorgeously draped with silken hangings of white, pale yellow, garnet, and blue. The light from the windows was excluded,

and in its place hundreds of wax candles drew every step towards the side chapel, where the relics of Saint Francis of Paula were kept under the altar, over which hung a true likeness of the saint in his extreme age; for Saint Francis of Paula lived to the age of 91. Nothing could be more touching than this true picture, whose lineaments, and above all, its expression, are so perfectly individual, and at the same time full of that glory which was already awaiting him. He stands, leaning upon his staff, his cowl drawn over his head, and his eyes raised, with a meek sort of rapture and an intense longing, towards heaven. All the charity and humility which he inculcated among his *Minims* by example as well as by a constant repetition of lessons on these virtues, shine through those aged eyes, and we realize what his presence must have been to his own community. Leaflets, with an engraving from this picture, but introducing the sea-coast, where Saint Francis found a cell in his youth, for a background, are given to those who receive Holy Communion at this altar on his feast, and to every one, indeed who asks for them; one of the many Italian customs which strike the mind of the stranger most happily. Leaving the church to come again upon the quiet piazza, we followed the tide of worshippers, curious to see where they would find an outlet, when we were arrested by the sight of a slender Corinthian pillar, of white marble, standing on a high grassy mound, just where the grounds of the church, monastery, and a school attached to it, seemed to end. The pillar was like many we had seen near the more ancient churches; but on the base of this one, so as to make the rays of the star which decorated each side of it, were cut the favorite words of our saint, *Carità*, *Umiltà*, words which he was accustomed to utter quite by themselves, as if they contained the spirit and matter of long discourses. Taking out our sketchbooks to preserve a memory of this pretty

column, we found it relieved against a gloomy recess, which a moment's examination showed was a thoroughfare blasted through the solid rock of the Esquiline summit, from the Piazza San Pietro in Vincoli, into this one of San Francesco di Paola, and continued by a rude stairway into the street below. As we sat in the sunshine outside, group after group emerged from the perpetual shadow of this cavernous way—parents with little children, peasants in Roman costumes, fruit and flower girls with their laden baskets on their heads—with a picturesqueness which only the bright colors of this southern land could give, though we found the gloomy cavern coming into our sketch in strong contrast with the white column. Then, as we went on drawing, an airy balcony caught our eyes, and we must secure this. All at once we bethought ourselves of our guide-book, and found we had been sketching not only the white pillar which commemorates the peaceful virtues of Saint Francis of Paula, but the celebrated archway beneath the palace of the Borgias, while the balcony above it was the very one from which the members of that proud family had often overlooked the Eternal City. Nor was the contrast between the cavernous archway and the peaceful column more marked than the contrast between the haughty Borgias, even if guiltless of the crimes attributed to them, and the mild peasant who would have all his followers like little children, veritable *minims*.

After this episode, we are ready to emerge through the arch upon the sunny piazza of San Pietro in Vincoli, to pass through its shady portico into the grand old church which has so many and so varied attractions for us, even if we have visited it many times before. The low-browed portico hardly prepares one for the grandeur of the interior, where two majestic lines of Doric fluted columns, ten on either hand, lead the eye to the high altar in the middle of the choir, with its

frescoes depicting the principal events in the life of Saint Peter. The fresh breezes which play around this summit of the Esquiline wander through the church, and there is a breadth of light pervading it which leaves a most agreeable impression upon the mind. At the very entrance of the left aisle, is a relief in marble of Saint Peter, enthroned and delivering his keys to an angel, who receives them kneeling.

The second altar is adorned by a mosaic of extraordinary interest, not only on account of its age, dating as it does from 680, but for the circumstances which suggested it. During the visitation of Rome by the plague in 680, when hundreds died each day, a citizen dreamed that the pestilence would be stayed, only when the relics of Saint Sebastian should be brought from the catacombs into the city. This dream was communicated to Pope Agatho, who commanded the translation to be made without delay. The mosaic was executed soon after. The groundwork is blue, on which we see an old man with white hair and beard, wearing the cuirass and toga of a Roman soldier but carrying in his hand the crown of a martyr; the whole expressed after the Byzantine manner. Beside it, on a tablet, is given its history with an almost scriptural simplicity.

"To Saint Sebastian, martyr, dispeller of the pestilence. In the year 680 a pernicious and severe pestilence invaded the city of Rome, and it was of three months' duration—July, August and September. Such was the multitude of the dead, that on the same bier parents and children, husbands and wives, with brothers and sisters, were borne out to burial-places, which, everywhere filled with bodies, scarcely sufficed. In addition to this, nocturnal miracles alarmed them, for two angels, one good and the other evil, went through the city, this last bearing a rod in his hand, and as many times as he struck the doors, so many mortals fell in those houses. The

disease spread for a length of time, until it was announced to a holy man that there would be an end to the calamity if in the church of *S. Petri ad Vincula*, an altar should be consecrated to Sebastian the Martyr, which thing being done, immediately, the pestilence, as if driven back by hand, was commanded to cease."

A much more dramatic representation of this event has been given, however, in another part of the church, above the tomb of Antonio Pallajuoli, and of his brother Pietro, both famous workers in bronze of the time of Lorenzo Ghiberti. In the background of this fresco we see the citizen telling his dream to Pope Agatho, who is seated among his cardinals. On the right hand of the foreground the two angels, one as a spirit of evil, the other of mercy, go from door to door on their mysterious errand; on the left hand a procession is bringing the relics of Saint Sebastian from their place in the catacombs into the city, while the immediate foreground is covered with the corpses of those who have fallen victims to the pestilence.*

The statue of Moses, with the lesser statues which make the tomb of Pope Julius II. so inferior to the original design of the master, is at the end of the right aisle, close by the door leading to the sacristy. Fronting this end of the aisle is the charming picture of Saint Margaret, by Guercino. Nothing could be fresher, lovelier, more like youth and maidenhood, than this picture in its forms and in its coloring. The gesture, too, in which she seems to keep back the advances of the loathsome dragon, is full of meaning, for it is without fear;

* In Rome we see everywhere Saint Sebastian. His statue, his picture, is never out of place. But the marked devotion to him is in the grand church of *Sant'Andrea della Valle*, where he figures in one of the niches of the façade, and is thus seen by every one who takes the great thoroughfare to Saint Peter's. Why a chapel also is there under his invocation, is explained by a note in *Les Petits Bollandists*. This church is situated near the sewer into which his body was thrown, and from which it was rescued by the Christians in obedience to a vision vouchsafed to the pious Lucina. On station days, three links of the chain with which he was bound are exposed on the altar of the chapel dedicated to him. A very beautiful picture of Saint Sebastian serves as an altar-piece in this chapel, but by whom it was painted we could not learn.

a repulsion rather than dread, and as if he could have no power over her, fixed as her young mind is upon a celestial beatitude.

Behind the high altar in the middle of the choir, under the story of Saint Peter frescoed on the apse, is an antique chair of white marble, with a footstool of the same, of nearly the same form as the chair of Saint Gregory in his Church on the Cœlian Hill. It is said that this Episcopal chair, as well as the twenty fluted Doric columns of the nave, once belonged to the adjacent baths of Titus. If so, instead of giving a sigh, according to the manner laid down in books, we would congratulate all the twenty Doric columns, and the marble chair with its pretty footstool, upon having been transferred from the bathrooms, however gorgeous, of a Titus, Trajan, or any other emperor, to their present honored place in a Christian church, even if this church were not so venerable or so famous as San Pietro in Vincoli, and if for no other reason than the preservation which has thus been insured to them. For writers calling themselves Christian, to accuse the Church of robbery and plunder, in thus appropriating to the service of the true God what has served idols, or the luxurious ambition of rulers worthy of anything rather than veneration, is so little in accordance with that spirit of sacrifice which has not known how to spare the purest gold or the costliest gems in the decoration of holy places, that we are not surprised to find most of these writers "straining out gnats to swallow camels." And if we watch their narratives closely, we shall find them, sooner or later, acknowledging these much-bemoaned appropriations to have been made in order to save world-renowned treasures either from utter destruction or ignoble use.

Under the high altar repose the relics of the Maccabees, the seven brothers who, with their mother, Salome, one of the valiant women of the Holy Writ, suffered torments rather

than sacrifice to idols under Antiochus IV., between the years 161 and 164 before Christ. These heroes are the only ones whose relics have passed from the guardianship of the Old Law to that of the New. They were first venerated at Antioch, the place of their martyrdom, and their relics were thence transferred by Saint Helen to Constantinople. The same Empress Eudoxia, whose zeal secured to Rome the possession of Saint Peter's chains, brought to this church upon the Esquiline Hill the relics of the seven Maccabees, sons of Salome. A few years ago, the identification of these relics in their ancient sarcophagus was a most solemn ratification of the traditions of the Church; which, in this as in so many other instances, has nobly vindicated itself in the eyes of all who are willing to believe.

On the side of the high altar opposite the sacristy is the chapel of Blessed Archangel Canetoli, a canon regular in the Church of Saint Saviour. His father and brothers fell victims to the civil discords which at one time stained Bologna with blood, and his own life was saved only by a singular protection of Providence. Having been sent to live in the house of his Order at Venice, he was charged with the care of the guests. It was in this capacity that it became his duty to receive the assassin of his own father, and so perfectly did the servant of God triumph over the natural movements of his heart to revenge, that he served with charity this enemy of his family whom he recognized perfectly. His death took place on the 16th of April, 1513.

This altar is the one on which the Blessed Sacrament is usually kept in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli. It was on Whit-Monday of 1876, which fell on the 5th of May, and a station day at San Pietro in Vincoli, that we visited the church, and while kneeling before the altar found ourselves summoned in the most urgent manner by the custodian to

follow him. At first we imagined that a mass was being celebrated at some privileged altar. But passing the high altar, and the chapel of Saint Margaret, and even the Moses, too swiftly to give to any one of them a glance, we hastened through the outer to the inner sacristy to find a party of English-speaking Catholics before the open reliquary in which the chains of Saint Peter are kept. Through this zeal of the custodian, we reached the sacristy just in time to venerate them—not only to touch them with our rosaries, but to kiss them with profound affection and respect—before they were reinclosed in the magnificent receptacle provided for them. This receptacle is formed in the solid wall, like a chest, closed first by a curtain of red silk, then by a grating of gilded metal, and finally by a door of bronze, elaborately wrought in designs by the same brothers, Antonio and Pietro Pallajuoli, whose tomb we have seen near the entrance of the church. Three keys close the door of the chest, as also of the grate, and these are kept by three different authorities. one by the sovereign Pontiff, another by the titular cardinal of the basilica, and the third by the Rev. Father Abbot, of the Canons Regular of Saint John of Lateran, who serves the basilica. When the chains are shown, one of the canons, in a surplice and stole, presents the chains to be kissed, and then touching the neck of each pilgrim with the same iron collar worn by Saint Peter, says: "By the intercession of the blessed apostle, Peter, may God deliver thee from all evil."

The miracle which attested the identity of these apostolic chains while under the eye of the pope, Saint Sixtus III., was succeeded by others when these chains were deposited in the church built to receive them; "for many," we are told, "were cured of grievous maladies by the touch of these holy chains." When the popes of those ages wished to make some present of extraordinary excellence, they were accustomed to send a

few filings of these precious links, as we are told repeatedly in the letters of Saint Gregory the Great. Sometimes these filings were sent in a key of gold or silver, richly encased; and those who received such a present wore it suspended from the neck, in order to secure the protection of Saint Peter. It was such a present that Saint Gregory the Great sent to Childebert, king of France, as a proof of his special affection for him; also to Theotista, a noble patrician lady, sister of Mauritius, emperor of the East; to Anastasius, patriarch of Antioch; to Recarede, king of the Visigoths of Spain, and to distinguished personages, both ecclesiastical and laic. We also read that other persons, equally exalted in rank, solicited of the popes these precious filings, and that Justin I., emperor of the East, even sent embassadors to Pope Hormisdas, in the early part of the sixth century, to ask for some particles of the chains of Saint Peter, as the most precious thing he could receive; so great was the veneration in which these relics were everywhere held. Towards the year 657, Pope Vitalien sent some of these filings to the wife of Oswin, the holy King of Northumbria, England. Evald, archbishop of Vienna, received some particles of these apostolic chains from Pope Constantine in the eighth century. Saint Gregory III., in the same century, sent a key containing the same relic to Charles Martel. Saint Leo III., still later, made the same present to Charlemagne, and Saint Gregory VII., or Hildebrande, to Acon, King of Denmark, and to Alphonse, King of Castile. Benedict XIV., wishing to renew this ancient custom, at least in regard to his native country, sent to the Cathedral of Bologna, towards the middle of the last century, a key of gold inclosing some of these same filings. Neither are the fathers silent concerning these chains. Saint Chrysostom, of the golden mouth, in the fifth century, bestowed glorious titles on Saint Peter, and commended the virtue of his chains as likely to ex-

ceed that of his shadow, which we are told was so potent to the curing of the sick. Saint Augustine, also, in the very beginning of the fifth century, wrote this in his Sermon XXVIII: "If the shadow of Saint Peter was so salutary, how much more would be the chain which girded his body? If the mere appearance of his image had such power to restore the sick to health, what power must there not have been in the chains which pressed his sacred limbs? If Saint Peter was so powerful before his martyrdom, how much more when he had triumphed over the attacks of demons? O fortunate chains! whose manacles and links have been turned into crowns and diadems, making of an apostle a martyr! O happy fetters! with which the captive was dragged to the punishment of the cross, not so much to be executed as to be consecrated!"

Many times during the great calamities which have fallen upon Rome and the Church, the reigning pontiffs have ordered these sacred chains to be exposed, and carried in procession from one basilica to another. Pope Pius VI., ordered these chains to be transported, the 17th January, 1798, to the Vatican, thence to Saint Mary Major and to Saint John of Lateran; and on the 5th of February they were restored to the Eudoxian Basilica, where they remained exposed during five days for the veneration of the faithful. Another solemn exposition of these relics took place in the month of August, 1814; and in 1837, when Rome was invaded for the first time by the cholera, Gregory XVI. ordered the holy chains to be exposed, with other distinguished relics, in order to preserve the inhabitants from the scourge. Certain it is, that if the cholera entered Rome, its course was much shorter and less fatal than in the other capitals of Europe, according to the best authorities.

Although filings of these renowned chains cannot be secured by every pilgrim to the Eternal City and to the

Basilica of Saint Peter in Chains, yet the ingenuity of Christians, as devoted to Saint Peter as those in any preceding age, has invented a means of securing the blessings attached to them. Small chains, of a size to be worn as watch-guards, fac-similes of the veritable chains worn by Saint Peter are touched to these chains, and thus under the seal of a cardinal, become assured partakers of the merits attached to the original relic. These can be procured, for a mere trifle, of a person in charge of them, and they are worn very generally by visitors to Rome, as well as by the Romans themselves. A confraternity has been established to encourage this devotion, and numerous indulgences are attached to the wearing of this chain in a devout spirit.

The sacristy in which the relics are kept is worthy of description. Both the outer and inner sacristy boast of a pavement in beautiful *opus Alexandrinum;* and so worn are its still bright marbles with centuries on centuries of use, that we can believe the guide-books and the custodian, when they tell us that it dates to the time of Titus, whose bath stood on this spot. The walls of the inner sacristy are adorned with marbles, and among other forms are inlaid round blocks of choice porphyry. Upon the wall of the outer sacristy is the deliverance of Saint Peter by Domenichino.

Coming down the grand nave to the door, we see on the right hand, next to the altar of Saint Sebastian, the tomb of the amiable, truly noble, Cardinal Cinzio Aldobrandini, the friend of Tasso. Accomplished as he certainly was, we cannot but realize how the glory of his name has been enhanced by its association with that of the poet, to whose last days he was indeed a consoler, and whose monument on the Janiculan, under the guardianship of the monks of San Onofrio, is one of the memorials of the care which Pius IX. has bestowed upon everything connected with the honor of Italy.

As we looked back through the twenty massive columns of fluted Doric, we remembered that here the great Hildebrande was crowned Pope as Gregory VII., in 1073, while Stephen IX. was proclaimed here in 939. But with a still more ardent feeling of interest did we remember that here Pio Nono received his Episcopal consecration, as Bishop of Spoleto. Dear as everything must be even now, which is connected in the least with the present reigning Pontiff, the august prisoner of the Vatican, the time is coming when each memorial will be venerated still more profoundly; and when the magnificent reliquary in which the apostolic chains are exposed on the great festivals, especially on the 1st August, the feast of Saint Peter's Chains, will seem almost a prophecy concerning its pontificial donor, Pius IX.

This reliquary is adorned with statuettes of Saint Peter and the Angel, representing the apostle as saying to his deliverer: *Ecce nunc scio vere.* *As we write, the Golden Jubilee of Pius IX. is being celebrated in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, to which the whole Catholic world is sending its tribute of honor. And now, on his fiftieth anniversary as a bishop of the Church, and when he has sat thirty-one years on the chair of Saint Peter, it is not hard to believe that he will yet say with Saint Peter, *Nunc scio vere;* and that this will be his antiphon, sung with a voice still sweet and strong, to the *nunc dimittis* of a true *servant of the servants of God.*† But this sublime close of a pontificate as remarkable as this of Pio Nono, under which we are privileged to have lived, must be the fruit, not only of the virtues of the Pontiff, but of the prayers of his people; for the same narrative which tells us of

*NOTE.—I have thought it best to retain this sentence; written, as it was, during the life time of Pio Nono, as giving expression to the hopes of the Catholic world In one sense, also, as there can be no break in the papal succession, so there can be no failure of prophecy. As Pius IX. was the exponent of Saint Peter as Christ's Vicar, so are Leo XIII., and his successors. To whichever comes deliverance, the prophetic voice is the same. E. A. S.

†A pontificial title first used by Saint Gregory the Great.

the deliverance of Saint Peter, bears witness to the fidelity of the Church in praying for its head.

Coming out again on the low-browed atrium which serves as a portico, the eye takes in one of those wonderful views of Rome, so full of historical interest, as well as of beauty, as to fix itself firmly upon the memory. On the right, the low arch, under the palace of the Borgias, opens just enough to remind us of its cavernous grandeur below. On a line with this, as the hill begins to slope, rises the majestic machicolated tower of the Frangipani family, worthy to serve as a campanile for the Church of Saint Francis of Paula, both by its dower of beauty and the honor of its name. The graceful vines cast shadows on its huge sides, while between the tower and the tall palm of the Maronite Convent, is seen in the distance, above the tiled roof of Roman homes and palaces, the tower of the Roman Capitol, crowning that hill, *clivus capitolinus*, which conquerors and poets have climbed to win their wreaths of bay and of fragrant laurel;* and below which are the frightful Mamertine Prisons, where, for eight months, Saint Peter wore one of the very chains now venerated in the Basilica of the Esquiline, which glories in its title of *Saint Peter in Chains.*

*The true poet's laurel is fragrant. It is still found in the Colonna Gardens.

SAN GREGORIO AL MONTE CŒLIO.

WE can always find a *vettura* on the Piazza Santi Apostoli; and with this assurance, we turn our faces towards the beautiful square on which stands one of the basilicas founded by Constantine, and which cherishes the relics of the apostles, S. S. Philip and James, while it glories in the patronage of all the Holy Apostles, by virtue of its name. The *vettura* secured, let us take the Way of Triumph to San Gregorio on the Cœlian Hill, for it is the 12th of March, Saint Gregory's own feast.

Skirting the very edge of the newly excavated Forum at the foot of the Capitol Hill, passing through the Arch of Titus with its noted sculptures in high relief, among which the "Seven-branched Candlestick" always catches the eye; and having the ruined palaces of the Cæsars continuously on our right, we soon stand face to face with the Coliseum. Our driver pauses here, from habit; for who would pass this venerable ruin, even once, without a tribute of respect? Thence, turning sharply to the right, we enter, through the Arch of Constantine, the shaded avenue which leads directly to San Gregorio. On our left, wave the umbrageous groves which still mark the precincts of the sacred wood of the Camenæ, while on our right, the hill is crowned by picturesque con-

vents with their stately palm trees. We have only time to take in at a glance all these varied surroundings, when the ancient church of Saint Gregory the Great, on the Cœlian Hill, seems to meet us in the way.

Its natural elevation remains the same as when, in the sixth century, it was known as the palace of the Roman senator Gordianus and his wife Silvia. A triangular plot of green sward, close set, even thus early in March, with pink daisies, gives an open space before the church and its three adjacent chapels, which range themselves, with their gardens, on the arc of a circle above; the whole standing in an angle between the road leading to the Appian Way past the baths of Caracalla, and the road leading past SS. Giovanni e Paolo, San Stefano Rotondo and the Navicella, across the summit of the Cœlian Hill. As we climb the long flight of irregularly worn steps, with their tufts of grass and flowering shepherd's-purse between the heavy blocks of stone, we are glad to pause and take breath; then, turning, we find before us one of the most impressive views to be had, from any point, of the palaces of the Cæsars. An apparently interminable length of ruins stretches before the eye, in a way to give us a full sense of their utter desolation; for, of all the Cæsars who revelled in those palaces, or from them ruled the world, not one has left a trace of his personality on an arch or apartment. We cannot say, nor can the most diligent antiquarian tell us, to which of all who gloried in the name of Cæsar belonged one of those unroofed, desolate rooms; while, turning the eye to the right, close to the Camæan groves, the picturesque apse of SS. John and Paul, martyrs under Julian the apostate, with its lines of closed arcades, its tall campanile in brick, its flying buttresses throwing arches and shadows across the way leading over the Cœlian Hill, preserves, for the consolation of the pilgrim of to-day, the very spot on which two members

of the imperial household shed their blood for Christ. And still the rising of the campanile and the closed arcades and the flying buttresses on one hand, and the slow crumbling of walls and arches on the other, have gone on under the eyes of the generations on generations of monks, who have dwelt in the palatial, then monastic, home of Saint Gregory the Great.

"Is there not something grand in standing on this spot?" said a clear American voice at our side; "more so than upon any other spot in Rome, when one thinks of the boastful Cæsars; for Saint Gregory was the grandest Roman of them all! We need something besides our classics to take us through Rome intelligently. Somebody has lived here besides the Cæsars and the Mark Antonies and the Brutuses. Plutarch's Lives, and the Decline and Fall must be reinforced by the Lives of the Saints, the monks of the West, and a lesson or two from the Breviary."

The laughing sarcasm of our American friend has a bitter truth under it. How many who climb these steps and look out on this wonderful panorama of pagan and Christian Rome, have any definite image in their minds of this saint, the glory of the Cœlian Hill? or really know why this Gregory, out of the two hundred and fifty-nine who make a line of pontiffs challenging the world's kings and emperors to produce their like, is the only pope, save Leo I., who has received, at the same time as that of Saint, the surname of Great? Art has done much to bridge over this chasm in the erudition of the classical tourist, by presenting to our imagination, an inspired, and at the same time, venerable, figure of a Doctor, Pope, and even one of the Four Latin Fathers of the Church, in his tiara, with the Dove of divine inspiration at his ear. But how meagre is all this, compared with that living, breathing presence, which comes before us the moment

we turn to the records which have come down through the writings of John and Paul the Deacons, even into our English tongue! Let us recall the noble and even pathetic story of this last of our Four Latin Fathers, as we linger on the steps of *San Gregorio al Monte Cœlio*, and we shall find every outline, and every tint, harmonizing with the scene around us.

The year 540 saw the birth of the only son of the senator Gordianus and his wife Silvia. Both claimed descent from the most illustrious families of Rome; illustrious by reason of their virtues, as well as of their nobility and opulence. Yet no sooner had their lives been crowned by the hope of perpetuating these titles to honor in the future, than Gordianus consecrated himself unreservedly to God. Silvia received a similar inspiration, and retiring from the palace, lived with her son in a small house near it, opposite the church of SS. John and Paul. There she was at leisure to instruct the little Gregory in the best way to serve God, and to nourish in his soul the precious seeds of divine grace. No sooner was he sent to school, than he was the admiration of Rome for his quickness in learning, the brilliancy of his wit and the charms of his elocution. His talents seemed to mark him out for the service of the state. He lived in his own palace on the Cœlian Hill, in all the magnificence becoming his rank, and while still a young man was named prætor, or first magistrate of Rome, by Justin II., the reigning emperor.

In this position Gregory filled the eye of the Roman people, so exacting in regard to majesty of presence, as well as virtue, in their prætors. He appeared always before the people in the robes of his office, rich silks embroidered with gold and adorned with precious stones; and every where he was received with joyful respect. But on the death of his father, a change came over the spirit of Gregory. In the midst of his

prosperity, and under the embroidered, jeweled *Trabea* or robe of office, he had practiced a rigid virtue, and it was his delight to converse with men consecrated to God. But now a voice called him to follow them in the renunciation of the world. The force of secular habits, the magnificence of his rank and even the applause of his fellow citizens, must have had a strong hold upon Gregory; for it was only after repeated inspirations that he believed himself seriously called to a religious life. At last, however, his intimate relations with the monks of Monte Cassino, who had then taken refuge in Rome from the fury of the Lombards, especially his delight in his dear friend Constantine, the successor of Saint Benedict at Monte Cassino, and still more a divine enlightenment of his mind in regard to spiritual things, enabled him to break all his ties to the world; to break them, too, in a spirit which accorded with the sublime rule of life given by Saint Benedict to his disciples, and with which Gregory had been familiar from his youth. Fully in earnest, he devoted a portion of his vast wealth to the endowment of six Benedictine convents in Sicily; established a seventh in his own palace on the Cœlian Hill under the patronage of Saint Andrew, and distributed what remained among the poor. His palace turned into a monastery, at its gate an asylum for the sick and destitute, Gregory took the Benedictine habit, and put himself under the strictest rule of that Order. Once a monk, he would be the model of monks as he had been of magistrates, applying himself to the perfect fulfillment of his monastic duties and to the special study of the Sacred Scriptures. He ate nothing but vegetables, soaked in water, which his mother, who had become a religious since her widowhood, sent to him every day in the silver porringer he had used as a child.

And the Romans—if their eyes had followed him with veneration when he appeared among them in all the magnificence

of a Roman prætor, how much more now, in the black habit, scapular and cowl, of a Benedictine monk! For this people, apparently so devoted to outward grandeur, had then, as now, a singular capacity for understanding the grandeur of voluntary poverty. And as for Gregory—no young novice ever yielded herself more completely to the charm of a true vocation. To follow the routine of prayer and study was a heaven upon earth to this devoted son of Saint Benedict, and it was with a cry of anguish that he heard himself called upon, by Pope Benedict I., in 577, to perform the duties of one of those seven cardinal deacons, who served, each in his own quarter, the poor and sick of Rome. It was the first shock to the peace of his silent monastic life; his first return to the ways of the great city, which he believed to have left forever. To this period, however, we can refer some of the most interesting details of his life, bearing, as they do, the impress of his breadth of mind, largeness of heart, and magnificence of goodness, combined with true humility. One day he received at the door of the monastery a ship-wrecked sailor, who begged piteously for alms; so piteously, that when the usual coin did not satisfy him, Gregory gave him another. Two days after, the importunate sailor returned and was more importunate than before. The six pieces which were given him did not answer to his idea of his necessities. Gregory had no longer the patrimony of a patrician to draw from; that had been given to the poor when he took his Benedictine habit; but with an impulse worthy of the Christian race of which he came, he bethought himself of the silver porringer, sole remnant of his former grandeur, sole memento of his mother's love, of his peaceful days with her as a child, still bearing the marks of his childish handling; and laid it, unhesitatingly, in the hands of the beggar. Then, in truth, Gregory, the monk, belonged wholly to God and to his poor.

Another day we see him in his Benedictine habit on the streets of Rome, crossing the Forum, where so many of Rome's noblest and cruelest deeds had been done. There is the slave market, and as his pitying eye runs along the lines of these unfortunate beings, it falls upon three youths of marvellously fair aspect and complexion, golden hair, and eyes as blue as the Italian sky above them. Immediately, Gregory, with all his natural enthusiasm, enquires concerning their country and religion. The slave dealer answers that they are from the Isle of Britain and are pagans. Which Gregory no sooner hears, than with a touch of holy pity on his face he sighs deeply, saying: "How sad, that the father of darkness can claim such luminous countenances, and that the beauty of these foreheads reflects a soul devoid of interior grace! But of what tribe are they?" "Angles," is the reply. "They are well named," returns the monk, "for these Angles have the forms of angels, and they should become the brothers of the angels in heaven. But from which province were they taken?" "Deira," is the reply. "This is still better," continues the monk. "*De ira eruti;* they shall be snatched from the ire of God, and called to the mercy of Christ. And what is the name of the king of this country, Deira?" "Alle or Ælla," answers the slave dealer. "Truly, he is well named, for *Alleluia* shall yet be sung in his kingdom." "We may well believe," says an author who quotes this at length, "that the young captives were bought and taken to the Benedictine monastery on the Cœlian Hill." There was a tradition to this effect among the Anglo-Saxons; and, furthermore, that Gregory conceived the idea of purchasing the Anglians exposed for sale in the market, and educating them as missionaries for their native country. But certain it is, the sorrow of Gregory's noble heart for the condition of the inhabitants of the East Angles, was to be the joy of the English. For instead of say-

ing, like so many of that day and our own too: "Oh, what angels of children!" only to go their way and forget the needs of their souls, the monk Gregory never again forgot that far off isle of Britain from which they came. His soul was consumed with a desire for their salvation, and he finally persuaded the pope to allow him to take a company of monks and go to England, where so beautiful a race were serving idols instead of the true God.

The whole of this had been done quickly, on the inspiration of the moment, with Pope Benedict. But no sooner were the Romans aware that Gregory had left the city for this distant mission, than they ran in crowds to the pope, crying out: "You have offended Saint Peter, you have ruined Rome, by allowing Gregory to leave us!" The pope, only too well pleased to yield to the popular voice, sent messengers after Gregory, who overtook him in three days and conducted him back to his monastery. His present disappointment was great, but his purpose remained unshaken.

If his monastic peace had suffered on the call of Benedict I., to act as cardinal deacon, it was still worse when Pelagius II., in 578, sent him as *nuncio* to the emperor, Tiberius, in Constantinople. During his involuntary absence, which lasted six years, Gregory was accompanied by a number of monks from Saint Andrew's, reading and studying with them, "that by their example, as by an anchored cable," he writes of himself, "I might ever be kept fast to the tranquil shore of prayer, wherever I should be tossed by the ceaseless waves of secular affairs. For to their society I fled, as to the bosom of the safest port from the rolling swell, and from the waves of earthly occupation." Thus his whole life in Constantinople was that of a "genuine Benedictine." While there, engaged in the most subtle diplomacy, he found time to write his thirty-five books of Morals upon Job, a work bearing upon the

interior as well as exterior life. During this time, also, the patriarch of Constantinople, Eutychius, who had suffered for the faith under Justinian, fell into an error concerning the resurrection of the body; and this error even appeared in a book put forth by this venerable confessor for Christ. Gregory was alarmed, and immediately held several conferences with the patriarch; who, being of most humble disposition, was no sooner convinced of his error than he was ready to retract it. Soon after this he fell sick and was honored by a visit from the emperor. Not willing to lose this opportunity to correct his error, he pinched up the shriveled skin on his dying hand, and said to the emperor: "I believe that I shall rise in this very flesh."

Having succeeded in re-establishing the most amicable relations between the Holy See and the Byzantine Court, Gregory returned to Saint Andrew's, and to the peace of monastic life, not only uninjured in his vocation, but confirmed in it. He was immediately chosen abbot, and like another Benedict he ruled and guided his brethren whom he tenderly loved. He associated himself with all their trials, their interior crosses, provided for their temporal and spiritual necessities, and, above all things, secured the holy death of many among them. Gregory has described several of these in his *Dialogues*, and they may be said to breathe the very air of heaven. But this love for his brothers and sons in religion, did not prevent the requirement of the most exact obedience to their holy rule. One of the monks, who was a skillful physician, was found, at death, to have secreted three pieces of gold, thus breaking the rule which forbids private property. Gregory ordered the three pieces of gold to be thrown upon the corpse in the presence of all his brethren, and he was buried without one mark of respect. This act of justice performed, Gregory directed

all the masses, for thirty days, to be said for the unfortunate monk.

In 590, a frightful overflow of the Tiber was followed by an equally frightful pestilence throughout Rome, of which the pope, Pelagius II., died. Gregory was immediately declared pope, by the voice of the clergy, senate and people. Terrified at the thought of such a responsibility, Gregory protested, and wrote to the emperor, Maurice, beseeching him not to confirm his election. His letter was intercepted, and another was written by the Romans themselves, to ensure the emperor's voice.

While all this was pending, the pestilence was depopulating Rome, and did not spare even the monastery on the Cœlian Hill. Then it was that the great soul of Gregory rose up for the protection of his native city, organizing a procession which still remains unrivalled. The seven basilicas were the centres of the various groups; and for the first time, not only the secular clergy, but abbots and priors with their monks, and abbesses with their nuns, came forth from their deep retirement to intercede publicly for the people; and to these, widows, married women, the laity generally, and even tender infants, were joined; as with litanies, psalms, prayers and many tears, bearing, as their banner, the Madonna painted by Saint Luke, the vast concourse proceeded through the city to the church of Saint Mary Major. In this manner, for three days, solemn invocations were made to heaven, while Gregory called upon the people to do penance. On the last day, while the procession was thus slowly defiling through all quarters of the populous city, and while the plague was carrying off as many as eighty every hour, Gregory saw, on the summit of Hadrian's Tomb, an archangel, who was sheathing his sword like a warrior returning from the slaughter. At the same moment, also, a choir of angels was heard singing above the

Madonna which they carried; *Regina Cœli lætare:* O Queen of Heaven, rejoice; and thus was begun the joyous paschal anthem sung to this day. From that moment the plague ceased. The bronze archangel which now crowns Hadrian's Tomb, perpetuates the miraculous deliverance, and the mausoleum is more generally known to-day, as *Castello Sant' Angelo.*

Gregory no sooner saw the city free of the pestilence, than he disappeared from Rome. He had heard rumors concerning the confirmation of his election, and hid himself in one of the caves to be found everywhere among the surrounding mountains. He was discovered, however, by a pillar of light which was seen above the cave. Being thus convinced that his election was by the manifest will of God, he no longer resisted it; but, to the end of his life, sighed and even groaned aloud, whenever he recalled his few years of peace as a Benedictine monk; so great was the charm of a monastic state for a soul like that of Saint Gregory the Great.

Seated upon the chair of Peter, what a succession of admirable acts flow from his unceasing solicitude for his people, the people not only of Rome, but of the world! Now it is some powerful patriarch, like John of Constantinople, whose self-asserted jurisdiction infringes upon the titles of the Holy See, and, therefore on the rights of Christendom. Now it is an Arian, now a pagan prince, whom he brings sweetly under the yoke of Christ. Now he defeats the aggressive Lombards who threaten the existence of Rome; now the treachery of the Byzantine emperors. Now it is a slave whose religious vocation he protects against the avarice of her master, under the pontifical mantle; and again, it is the Jews whom he shields from popular hatred. The liberty with which Christ makes his people free, was the liberty which Gregory claimed for all over whom extended his spiritual or temporal jurisdiction.

But while Africa, Asia, Spain, Gaul, as entire Christendom, were always before his eyes; while the Liturgy of the Church won his enthusiastic attention, so that the stations for the different churches in Rome, as we find them to-day, were by his appointment; so that the song of the Church, or the chant to which are sung the words of the divine office and of the mass, continues to be called the Gregorian chant; still it was in England and her Angles, that he had declared years before, were born to become angels, who seemed to have won and chained to itself that noble and sanctified heart. While the very world seemed to be crumbling under his feet, while he could find neither comfort nor repose in any quarter, no sooner did the fullness of time come than he set to work to realize his dream of a noble race converted to God. Of his holy zeal, we who linger to-day on the steps of San Gregorio, overlooking the ruined palaces of the Cæsars, are the distant witnesses. But this, as Montalembert remarks, was to be the missionary work of Gregory, not as monk, alone, but as pontiff; of the first monk who sat on the chair of Peter.

In the year 596, Pope Gregory sent to England, from his monastery of Saint Andrew's on the Cœlian Hill, the prior, Augustine, with forty monks; each of them kindled by the same zeal for spiritual conquest as the Benedictine pope. They were furnished with books, and all the spiritual armor which the Holy See could bestow. Moreover, all the diplomacy of the sovereign was put in requisition to secure the safe passage of the missionaries through countries hostile to each other; nor was there an hour during which the weight of this mission did not rest, personally, upon Gregory himself. After having embraced each of them as a brother in religion, and declaring, while bidding them farewell, that he envied them their privilege, he still lingered on these very steps where we stand to-day, and gave them his last blessing as they knelt

on the triangular grass plot before us. Are we ready now to enter the old palace of the senator Gordianus and his wife Saint Silvia, for she is a canonized saint, and also the palace, as well as monastic home, of Saint Gregory the Great?

With all these inspiring memories fresh in our hearts, let us cross this court of a patrician house of ancient Rome; let us lift the heavy curtain, and stand within this church, still fragrant with the traditions of heroic sanctity. Its nave, supported by sixteen columns of antique granite, stretches before the eye to a solemn length, and there is a grand composure in the air of the whole church, as we stand just inside the door. On each side the nave are chapels, which shine out from the tender gloom of the aisles like colored gems. In the first chapel to the right, we have, for an altar-piece, Saint Silvia, with her young son, Gregory, at her side, while her eyes are fixed on the vision of a tiara over the head of her son. The picture is one of exceeding beauty, and the chapel reminds us, that in Saint Peter's we find Michael Angelo's *Pietà*, the dead Christ on the lap of his mother, in the same first chapel on the right hand; as if it were the mother's place of honor in the house of her son. Pausing in the chapel of Saint Peter Damian, that fervent Benedictine of Font Avellano, the friend and intimate counsellor of six popes; then of Saint Romauld, founder of the Camaldoli Order, based essentially on the Benedictine Rule, to whom the church of San Gregorio was confided in 1573, and whose superior general passed from it, in 1831, to the pontificial throne under the name of Gregory XVI.; we go directly forward to the chapel of Saint Gregory in which this aisle ends. But of even greater interest than this chapel is the small room adjoining, which was formerly the cell of Saint Gregory, barely large enough to contain the bed and chair of a Benedictine. In this room we see the stone on which, according to the inscription,

Saint Gregory took his short sleep after the labors and vigil of the day and night. There, too, is the marble chair, in which he sat as Abbot of the monastery, so battered and worn with its more than twelve hundred years of usefulness, as hardly to have the heads of its lions recognized. Exactly opposite this room, on the other side of the high altar, is the one in which Saint Gregory kept many a vigil. On the right, as we enter, is a deep niche which seems to have been dug out of the wall, so irregular is its form. In this deep recess, rather than niche, is a rude painting of the Blessed Virgin, which, according to his own account, spoke more than once to Saint Gregory; and, which if only as a proof of his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, is unspeakably precious.

Coming again into the court, a door to the right allows us to enter a garden, in the midst of which stand the three chapels on the arc of a circle. The first of these is the chapel of Saint Silvia. We can be certain that she lived very near this spot, perhaps actually on it, while Gregory's infant sports were made in the garden which surrounds it. A statue of Saint Silvia, esteemed one of the most beautiful modern statues in Rome, and representing her as of venerable age, stands above the altar; while Guido Reni was called upon to paint the ceiling. The second and largest chapel is that of Saint Andrew, in which Saint Gregory delivered several of his homilies on the Gospels. Here we find the famous frescoes; one by Domenichino, representing the Scourging of Saint Andrew, the other by Guido, representing this saint welcoming, on his knees, and with the most joyful veneration, the cross on which he is to suffer. The third chapel is dedicated to Saint Barbara. In this is preserved the table at which Saint Gregory fed, every day, twelve poor men, serving them himself; and at which, one day, sat an angel with the twelve poor men, so as to make thirteen. The place thus occupied by the angel is

marked by a cross. Over the altar is a noble statue of Saint Gregory begun by Michael Angelo and finished by Cordieri, who also executed the beautiful statue of Saint Silvia. The great pontiff and saint is represented sitting, in cope and tiara; in his left hand a book, the right being raised with two open fingers to give the papal benediction, while he listens attentively to the Dove whispering its divine inspiration into his ear. The right foot, with the cross conspicuous on its sandal as if to receive the kisses of the faithful, is slightly extended. Saint Gregory is said to have presented to his monastery, likenesses of his father and mother and also one of himself, which are thought to have been in existence 300 years after his death. From this likeness is supposed to have come that type of countenance seen in all the best representations of Gregory, and which Michael Angelo would be sure to preserve in this statue. We are not surprised, then, to find it possessing a marked individuality; having all the grand regularity of the old Roman patrician type, with that peculiar sadness which we feel must have settled upon his countenance with years, when we remember with what pain he was torn, time after time, from his chosen retreat; and, finally, called to bridge over the fearful chasm between ancient Rome, actually crumbling under the feet of in-coming barbarians, and that new Rome which Christianity, especially through the Order of Saint Benedict, evolved out of the decomposing elements of the old empire. No one can look at the worn face of the pontiff, who at the age of fifty-five had accomplished works by his pen, his words of mouth and his acts, which will ever be a source of wondering admiration, without realizing how sincere was the grief of his heart in the midst of his pontifical elevation, when he said, in answer to Peter the Deacon—his friend from infancy, his dear companion in study—as to the cause of his sadness: "My sadness to-day is that of all my days; always old

by reason of continuance, and always new by reason of increase." While the same worn face, slightly inclined in its earnest attention to the divine whisper, assures us equally of the sincerity of his self-assumed title, "Servant of the servants of God," which has ever since been used by the sovereign pontiffs. It was from this last chapel, so rich in personal reminiscences of Saint Gregory both as monk and pontiff, that he sent forth Prior Augustine and his forty monks on their mission to England and to the Anglians; and is there a spot in all Rome, which can rouse more profound emotions in any one who claims the English language as his mother tongue? The cradle, indeed, we may call it, of English Christianity; while from it we overlook the crumbling remains of that pagan Rome which sought only to subjugate, where Gregory, the Pontiff-monk, actually sent true freedom, true civilization and enlightenment. Returning through the blooming garden, we come again into the portico of the court, where two inscriptions, which all of us have seen copied into books of history and travel, but which now come out in most animated characters to our eyes as if every word had a soul, tell us how Gregory the Great converted this palace, in which he was born, into a monastery, and how he sent forth from its gates his missionaries to England.

And here we stand, face to face, with the one great fact concerning England and the Benedictines, since to them, under God, she owes Christianity and civilization. For whatever seeds of Christian truth or Christian tradition had been dropped on her soil, or into the minds of the ancient Britons, we know that they failed to bring forth the full ear until nourished by the sunshine which Augustine and his forty monks brought to their shores. To these same Benedictines we owe Saint Bennet Biscop and his beloved disciple, the father of English history, Venerable Bede, with all who accompanied and succeeded

them in the ways of learning and of sanctity. When the present Italian governmentnot only took from Monte Cassino, her domains, her revenues, her bare subsistence, but actually contemplated the appropriation of Monte Cassino to secular use, England, through her parliament, acknowledged this indebtedness to the Benedictine Order. What it could not do officially, it accomplished through the force of its individual names and their collective importance, by imploring the Italian government not to shame the nineteenth century by usurping and appropriating to secular or national use, "Monte Cassino, that fountain head, not only of the Benedictine Order, but through it of European civilization;" thus recognizing the rule of Saint Benedict as the link which united pagan and Christian civilization; and exactly at the critical era when that rule was represented by Saint Gregory as the successor of Saint Peter, sovereign pontiff of Rome, and Father of all the faithful.

And of all this, we, of America, are among the fairest fruits. Claiming from England our language, and a full share in all the glories of her best history and literature; claiming, also, our full share in whatever noble, Christian, Catholic laws have given stability to her as a kingdom, while they underlie our own Republic, we, too, acknowledge, with joy and pride, our indebtedness to the rule of Saint Benedict and therefore to Saint Gregory the Great—Benedictine monk, as well as Roman Pontiff.

On the Appian Way.

SANTA BALBINA.

AMONG the photographs in a portfolio, precious mementos of a winter and spring—even to midsummer—in Rome, is one which invariably holds the eye of the most listless of picture-gazers. There are many others in the portfolio which are larger, many which one might suppose would be more striking, especially to an eye not familiar with Roman scenery; but still, the unlearned as well as the learned, the child of some secluded home on the prairies, as well as the youth who has travelled in Europe before his teens, always pause before this small photograph of "The Appian Way;" the *Via Appia* of the modern Italian, or *Regina Viarum* of the ancient Roman; which is as sacred in its associations to the Christian of whatever country or people, as it is interesting to the classical scholar. In truth, we may say that if the *Appian Way* deserved the title of *Regina Viarum*, or "Queen of Ways," from pagan Rome, still more does it deserve this title from Christian Rome. For while the dismantled tombs of the Appian Way beyond the third milestone, give no clue to those whose ashes once rested within, or of their builders, who hoped to perpetuate their names in death, the Christian pilgrim reads, with a

thrill of pious joy, on the marble tablet, or tufa wall, the names of saints and martyrs whom he has venerated from his youth, and kneels at the shrines where their sacred relics repose.

The Appian Way, which has defied the ravages of time and the vicissitudes of governments for two thousand years, was begun B. C. 312, by the censor, Appius Claudius the Blind, the most illustrious of "the great Sabine and Patrician race, of which he was the representative." This magnificent avenue, paved through its whole extent, was carried, by Claudius himself, across the Pontine marshes as far as Capua and afterwards to Brundusium. Beginning within the present walls of Rome, at the site of the ancient *Porta Capena*, or Capuan Gate, which is now clearly marked for the traveller by a P. C. on the wall of the vineyard between the churches of San Gregorio and San Sisto, it is made visible from a distance for miles across the Campagna by the magnificent pagan tombs of Roman patricians, the *Columbaria* * of their slaves and freedmen, and the cemeteries of the early Christians. It is this avenue of ruins, with stretches of the Campagna on either hand and mountains on the horizon, which makes the charm of the photograph we have alluded to.

Starting from the Capitol, we cross the Roman Forum, pass through the Arch of Titus, stand face to face with the Coliseum; turn to the right through the Arch of Constantine, to the right again at San Gregorio, pass the rope-walk which invariably marks the populous boundary of a European city, and see on the left the P. C., which tells us that we have reached the old Porta Capena, mentioned by Ovid, Propertius, and Martial. For near it stood the temple of Mars, before which the armies, entering Rome in triumph, were obliged to halt; the little temple of Hercules; the temples of

* *Columbaria*, so called because the walls were filled with small niches for the urns in which the ashes of the dead were kept, these walls having a resemblance to a dove-cote.

Honor and Virtue vowed by Marcellus and dedicated by his son, and also a fountain dedicated to Mercury. Here also stood the tomb of that sister of the Horatii, who, coming to the Capuan Gate to meet her sole surviving brother, saw on his shoulders the cloak, wrought by her own hands, of one of the Curiatii to whom she had been betrothed. At this sight, we are told, the maiden cried aloud and wept for him she loved. But her brother, full of wrath at her tears, drew his sword and stabbed her to the heart, saying: "So perish the Roman maiden who shall weep for her country's enemy!" It was at the Porta Capena, too, that Cicero was received in triumph by the Senate and Roman People upon his return from banishment B. C. 57; and not far from the same spot is the *Fountain of Egeria.*

But these localities, distinguishable only to the eye of the close observer, and interesting only to the classical scholar, are almost forgotten in the glow of enthusiasm which kindles at the sight of the fortress-looking church crowning a ridge of the Aventine Hill on the right. Grand in its proportions, solid in its structure, and bearing all the marks of its imperial origin, one must climb the winding, rocky pathway, washed by rains, bordered by wild flowers, and stand in front of the portal with its strip of crimson velvet edged with bullion, to believe it is a church. But its story is one of those which illustrate the empire as well as Christianity, and belong to the Catacombs as well as to the Appian Way.

In the year 117 after Christ, Alexander I. had sat nine years upon the Chair of Peter, to which he was called when only thirty years of age.* But this youthful pontiff had received rare graces from heaven, and this special one, among others, of winning souls to Christ. In spite of the awful per-

* Among the portrait-pictures by Fra Angelico, is one of Alexander, Pope and Martyr. The beauty of the face is too youthful to be understood, unless we remember the age of Alexander when called to rule the Church of Christ.

secutions in this early age, Alexander converted many of Rome's noblest senators to Christianity. The most noticeable of these conversions was that of Hermes, Prefect of Rome, whom he baptized, together with his wife, his sister Theodora and her sons, and twelve hundred and fifty slaves, on one of the Paschal days. To all these slaves Hermes gave their liberty, and distributed his immense riches among them, so as to render their freedom a blessing. When the decree against the Christians under Trajan was sent to Rome, Hermes was denounced to the authorities as a Christian, and with Pope Alexander, was committed to prison under the care of the imperial tribune, Quirinus. No sooner did the tribune see his prefect in his charge, than he began to expostulate with him: "Why do you resign a post of honor for the chains of the vilest of criminals?" But Hermes replied: "I have not lost my prefecture; I have only exchanged it for a still nobler rank. A terrestrial dignity is liable to all the vicissitudes of earth; a celestial dignity is as eternal as God himself."

"What," exclaimed the tribune, "can have seduced you, whose wisdom we all admire, to so foolish a doctrine! Do you really believe there will remain anything of us, after this life, save a few ashes which a breath may scatter to the winds?"

"I also," said Hermes, "once smiled at such a hope, and esteemed only this mortal life."

"But," persisted Quirinus, "what can have led you to this change of sentiment? What proofs have you of your present belief? Tell them to me; perhaps I, in my turn, shall believe in them."

Hermes replied: "You have now under your care the very person who convinced me: Alexander!"

At the bare mention of this name, Quirinus uttered a malediction against Alexander, and then, in the same breath, cried

out: "Oh, illustrious Hermes, my master, I conjure you to resume your office, your rank. Alexander is an impostor, a miserable magician, whom I have thrust into the lowest dungeon. Is it possible that you have been deceived by this adept in crime? If he is as powerful as is pretended, why does he not deliver himself and you?"

"The Jews," answered Hermes, "said these very words to Jesus Christ, my Master, when he hung upon the cross. And if Jesus Christ had not been horrified at their perfidy, if he had not been certain of their insincerity, he would have come down from the cross, and have revealed himself to them in all his majesty."

"Ah, well," said Quirinus, with a gesture of disdain, "I will go to this Alexander, and I will say to him: 'Dost thou wish me to believe in thy God? Behold, I triple the number of thy chains; meanwhile, let me see thee, at the hour of supper, in the cell of Hermes. If I see this miracle, I will believe.'" With this proposition on his lips, the tribune actually visited the dungeon of Alexander, and, after having tripled his chains and doubled the guards at the door, left his prisoner.

But no sooner had Quirinus left him, than Alexander extended his arms, chained as he was, and prayed thus: "My Lord and my God, who has seated me on the throne of Peter, thy apostle, to thee I offer up the passion and the death which await me. But grant me this one favor; conduct me, this evening, to the cell of Hermes, and return me, to-morrow morning, to my own dungeon!"

No sooner had evening come, than a child, bearing a torch, appeared to Alexander, took him by the hand, opened the sealed entrance and conducted him to the cell of Hermes. The two martyrs, thus miraculously reunited, immediately betook themselves to prayer, and in this attitude they were

found by Quirinus, when he took the evening repast to Hermes with his own hands.

At first his affright did not allow him to utter a word. He was thunderstruck. "You asked for a miracle," they said to him. "The one you demanded has been granted. Believe then in Jesus Christ." But when he had recovered his spirits, he said: "Perhaps this is only one of the exhibitions of your magic."

"What!" exclaimed Hermes; "was it not at your suggestion that the seals of the prison were broken without leaving a trace? You named your own conditions; have they not been kept?"

The face of the imperial tribune showed deep emotion. Some thought was struggling for utterance. At length he said: "I have a daughter, Balbina, whom I had expected to give soon in marriage. But an ulcerous wen has appeared upon her neck, for which no physician holds out the hope of a cure. Heal her, and I will believe in Jesus Christ."

Without a moment's hesitation, Alexander replied: "Take this iron chain which is around my neck and lay it upon the neck of thy daughter, and she will be cured."

Quirinus stood as if not quite sure that he ought to leave his prisoners together. Alexander saw this, and said: "Lock the door as usual; to-morrow morning you shall find me in my dungeon."

On the morrow, at the first dawn of day, Quirinus could have been seen at the door of Alexander's dungeon. Nor was he alone. His young daughter, Balbina, miraculously cured, was with him. He opened the door to find his prisoner within, and casting himself at his feet, bathed them with tears, saying: "My lord, I conjure you, intercede for me to that God whose bishop you are, that he may pardon my past incredulity. Behold my daughter! I have done as you commanded me, and she is cured."

Quirinus was indeed converted. Immediately, at Alexander's request, the Christians under his charge were brought before the pontiff. Then, at the suggestion of Quirinus himself, all the prisoners were brought in, and these, together with Quirinus and Balbina, were in the end baptized. But all this could not transpire without consequences. A secretary in the service of Quirinus reported these events to the prefect, Aurilianus, and the tribune was summoned to his presence to answer for thus becoming the dupe of his prisoner. To the reproaches and threats which were heaped upon him, he boldly replied: "I am a Christian. You may scourge me, strike off my head, burn me, anything you like; but I shall never be other than a Christian. All the prisoners who were in my charge are Christians likewise. I have entreated the pontiff, Alexander, and the patrician, Hermes, to quit their dungeons; I have even opened their doors to allow them to escape, but they have refused to do so. They sigh for death as the famished sigh for a feast; now do with me as you see fit."

"Insolent fellow!" cried the prefect; "your tongue shall be cut out and your body tortured." His tongue was really cut out and his body stretched on the rack. Afterwards his hands and feet were cut off, and, finally, his head was severed from his mangled body, with the order to throw his carcass to the dogs. But the dogs of Rome had finer instincts than their pagan masters; and the body, with the dissevered members of the tribune of the fortress-prison on the slope of the Aventine Hill, remained untouched, when some Christians gathered them up by night and bore them to the Cemetery of Pretextatus on the Appian Way.

As to Balbina, we can well believe what is said of her in the *Acts* of Saint Alexander, pope and martyr, which are among the few that escaped the burning of the Christian records ordered by Diocletian, and which have been marvel-

lously confirmed by the recent discovery of the tomb of Saint Alexander, in Rome, on the Nomentan Way. In these *Acts* we are told that Balbina, after living the life of an angel, employing all her goods for the support and nourishment of the persecuted Christians, gave up her soul to God on the 31st of March, in the year 169, on which day her feast is solemnly kept in the fortress-church of Santa Balbina on the Aventine Hill, on the Appian Way. Her body was laid by the relics of her father, Quirinus, in the Cemetery of Pretextatus. Even now the Catholic pilgrim in Rome finds himself summoned to her shrine on that day by the *Diario Romano*, and while the dismantled Baths of Caracalla on his left hand, as he ascends the rocky road, proclaim the nothingness of human ambition, on the right, a church, of a still earlier period, raises its invincible front under the patronage of the daughter of a Roman tribune, its picturesque tower of brick being one of the marked forms which stand out against the softly undulating lines of the Campagna from a distance. The open timbers of the roof on the interior preserve its ancient aspect. In the choir is an Episcopal chair of great age, all of marble and mosaic; and the tomb of Stefano Sordi, which supports a reclining figure, is adorned with the colored and gold mosaics peculiar to the Cosmati family. On the walls is a crucifix in relief, from the old crypt of Saint Peter's, which is most touching in its expression; so affectionately does our Lord fix his eyes on the Blessed Virgin beside his Cross. Under the high altar is a sarcophagus, containing the relics of Santa Balbina and Santa Felicita, surmounted by a gilt crown with palms crossed. Before this sarcophagus on her feast day, we found, spread out on the marble pavement, a floral carpet, the flowers laid on wet sand in tasteful patterns, and fringed with long stalks of the white and purple stock-gilly flower. At the corners were pots of

pansies, delicate purple aud pure white; from all of which we were encouraged, by those in attendance, to draw fragrant mementos of Santa Balbina, virgin and martyr.

Between the Appian and the Ardeatine Ways, which run side by side to each other, and adjoining the Catacomb of Saint Callistus, lies the newly discovered and still only half explored, Catacomb of Santa Balbina. Saint Mark, who was pope in 336, is known to have greatly enlarged it, and even to have built the basilica where his relics were deposited in this cemetery, whose grandeur is said to be likely to surpass any which have yet been discovered, so numerous, so vast, and so well lighted are the chambers already explored. But there is another cemetery which must draw, still more irresistibly the feet of one in search of all that concerns Saint Quirinus and his daughter Balbina, and this is the Catacomb of Saint Pretextatus. It stands on the left side of the Appian Way, between the first and the second milestone outside the walls, under a surface covered with vineyards and prairies, near the site of the Circus Maxentius. To which individual of the illustrious family of the Prætextati we owe this catacomb, has not yet been discovered, but the martyrs deposited in its subterranean beds are perfectly known, thanks to documents of undoubted verity. This cemetery is one to which we shall again call the attention of our readers; but we will mention here, that in one of the principal chambers is a crypt, containing a sarcophagus, in which were preserved, for many ages, the relics of the martyred tribune. On the face of this stone is sculptured, according to the custom of those times, the bust of the person who lay within, clothed in the *laticlave*, or tunic, with a broad purple stripe, which was a mark of distinction worn by tribunes of senatorial rank. In devotional pictures, Saint Quirinus is represented, sometimes with an arm cut off; sometimes in armor with his horse, as an

equestrian tribune; sometimes, too, he is accompanied by a falcon, which refuses to touch the severed tongue of Quirinus, thrown to it for food, or a dog, which refuses to touch the limbs of the martyr, thrown to him in like manner. Saint Balbina is represented holding the chain of Pope Alexander which was the means of her miraculous cure. She is invoked for the healing of scrofulous diseases, as well as her father, Saint Quirinus. All the traditions to which we have referred, are observed by ancient pictures in the choir of the noble canonesses of Saint Quirinus at Nuyss, not far from Cologne, which is enriched by the relics of the imperial tribune and his daughter. The story of the translation of these relics is too interesting to be withheld. Leo IX., a native of Alsace, and pope from 1049 to 1055, was earnestly entreated by his sister Pepa, abbess of Nuyss, while on a visit to Rome, to give her the bodies of Saint Quirinus and Saint Balbina, which he finally consented to do. The relics accompanied Pepa on her return. Arrived one evening at a little distance from Dacksbourg, now Dabo, the mule carrying the relics refused to go on, and the abbess was forced to deposit them on the ground as decently as was in her power. The next morning the relics could not be raised from the ground, with all the strength which could be brought to their rescue. The pious abbess was not one to contend with the manifest will of heaven, and she immediately proceeded to build a sanctuary on the spot, which was confided to proper guardians; contenting herself, meanwhile, with carrying to her convent the heads of the saints, which expressed no unwillingness to accompany her. At two different times, an attempt was made by the nuns of Nuyss to bring the relics, entire, to their convent; but both attempts were defeated by some providential interference. The priory of Saint Quirinus, around which a village bearing his name soon sprang up, is still in possession of a

large portion of these relics; although Rome has recalled a sufficient part to lay a claim on the veneration of the Catholic pilgrim, in the Church of Santa Balbina on the rocky slope of the Aventine Hill, overlooking the Via Appia.

SS. NEREO, ACHILLEO E DOMITILLA.

THE daisies, pink and white, already besprinkled every square yard of green sward within or around Rome; the brilliant crimson anemonies, too, had already spread their corollas in the sunshine; but the sharp air of a March morning, even in Italy, gave a wonderful exhilaration to our spirits as we drove to the stations of the day, on the *Via Appia.* The full blossoming time had not yet come, but still there was a delicate tinge of opening buds along the old vineyard walls and the crevices of the ruins; and here and there, not only a spray of roses (for these blossom the winter long), but of wild mustard and mountain-fringe, swung from their nooks among the broken bricks and crumbling mortar. Santa Balbina raised its fortress-front on the Aventine slope at the right; and still farther on, the ruins of the baths of Caracalla stood in their unroofed, desolate grandeur against the sky.

To Americans, who have the same idea in locating a church that they have in placing a school-house or a town hall, viz.: the convenience of the parish, the sight of so many churches in a neighborhood absolutely uninhabited save by those who serve them, is sufficient to prove how carefully Christianity protects everything connected with her history, early or late. Standing

before the Church of SS. Nereo, Achilleo and Domitilla, one of the principal stations of the day, we were carried back to the time when SS. Peter and Paul walked, bound, over this very road to marytrdom; for while passing this spot, according to a tradition faithfully brought down to our own times, Saint Peter dropped one of the bandages which the Christians had put around his ankles, galled by the heavy fetters of the Mamertine prison. The bandage was eagerly secured as a relic of the prince of the apostles, and an inscription served to mark the place where it happened. But the associations most likely to come to mind, are those directly connected with the saints whose names have been given to it. Their story is one—we are sorry to say—not nearly so familiar to Catholics generally as that of any one of the pagan emperors; and, too often, the story is first learned on this very spot. To go to Rome without knowing something of the Cæsars, the statesmen, and the orators of the Eternal City, would seem ridiculous—for of what interest can their monuments be to the ignorant? But to go to Rome without knowing anything of her saints, excepting, perhaps, Saint Peter and Saint Paul, is so common that we have ceased to smile at this ignorance; for we can only mourn over the indifference, even of Catholics, to the wonderful charms of the Acts of the Martyrs. While the Bollandist *Acta Sanctorum*, for two centuries and a half, has been giving to the world one of the most magnificent proofs of the grandeur of these Acts of the Saints themselves, and their connection with the history and literature of the Christian ages, the Catholics of to-day, and of our country, look upon the reading of the Lives of the Saints as fitted only for monks and nuns, or devotees. The best way to cure this false notion, is to set down such persons among the monuments of Christian Rome with nothing but a traveller's guide-book in hand, and they will realize how much they need

to read quite one side of the classics or the popular histories of Rome, to understand them. There are charming histories of the saints, even in our own language; but so long as these are kept on the shelf for pious books and shunned accordingly, our generation is sure to lose one of the most delightful sources of intellectual culture in art, poetry, and general literature.

But this story of SS. Nereo, Achilleo and Domitilla? Saint Paul in his Epistle to the Philippians (iv. 22), says: "All the saints salute you, especially those who are of Cæsar's household." This epistle is named among those which Saint Paul wrote from his prison in the house of the centurion, still pointed out on the corner of the Corso and the Via Lata, his prison forming a part of the foundation of the beautiful church called, Santa Maria in Via Lata. No doubt, therefore, among the very saints of Cæsar's household, whom Saint Paul had in his mind when he wrote this sentence, may be reckoned the parents of the patrician lady, Flavia Domitilla, a niece of the Emperor Domitian, and espoused to Aurelian, a prince indeed, but a pagan. This amiable princess, while yet young, had been baptized by Saint Peter, with the other members of her family, more than one of whom had been reckoned worthy to give their blood for Jesus Christ. Among the devoted servants of Domitilla were Nereo and Achilleo, distinguished both for their virtues and their zeal. They had seen, with admiration, the fidelity of their young mistress to her duties as a Christian, and had often said to each other: "Surely the Spouse of virgins has elected this choice soul as his own. Aurelian may try to claim her, but the heavenly Bridegroom will prove a rival too powerful even for a prince." This cherished hope found a sudden expression one day, as they saw the care taken by Domitilla to adorn her person in order to be more beautiful to the eyes of her

betrothed. Under an inspiration, as unexpected as it was sincere, they exclaimed: "Consider, O gracious lady, the majesty and the excellence of him whom you call your Lord, and how far he must excel all the princes of the world; consider, also, the honor of being chosen by him in an especial manner, as one chooses a well-beloved spouse; and, still further, consider with what a jealous eye this divine Lover will behold any effort on the part of this chosen one to win the praise or admiration of a mere mortal. From the very hour of your baptism, we have believed you one of those specially beloved by Jesus Christ. Can you slight his choice, or hesitate for one moment to return him love for love?"

Never could an arrow from the bow of the skilful archer, hit the mark more closely than did these words the conscience of the Christian maiden, Domitilla. All the native nobleness of her soul rose up at the sound of these inspired words. Aurelian, prince of the Roman empire as he was, suddenly lost all his charms in her eyes, for she compared him with that type of all beauty, of all excellence, Jesus Christ himself. Her two faithful servants could not but see the impression made by their words, and they were encouraged to dwell upon the security of those who turn from the short delights of this life, from all the uncertainties of happiness in marriage, from the honors of society, and the grandeur of wealth, to a life humble, retired, full of good works and pious labors, such as a Christian virgin of those days would lead, although of the household of Cæsar. The picture of holy virginity thus drawn by these servants of God as well as of her house, completely won Domitilla's heart, and she said, with enthusiasm: "Good Nereo and Achilleo, you who have inspired me to embrace this celestial state, to live like the angels in heaven, hasten to obtain for me all its safeguards and all its merits; obtain for me that veil of the Christian vir-

gin, which the Bishop gives to the true spouses of Jesus crucified."

Trembling with joy, Nereo and Achilleo ran to Saint Clement, who had succeeded Peter, Linus and Cletus, as Father of the faithful, and told him how Domitilla, of the imperial family, had determined to consecrate herself to the service of Jesus Christ. The venerable pontiff blessed the Lord, and lost no time in discovering her real dispositions. "Have you thought well, my daughter," said the Pope, who had seen so many fair heads bow under the sword of the executioner, so many tender virgins stretched on the rack until every joint snapped, had seen them devoured by flames, or thrown to the wild beasts in the amphitheatre; "have you thought well of the rude conflict you may be called upon to sustain? and will your courage hold out to win the victory? Aurelian, irritated by your refusal of him, will not fail to accuse you to the emperor as a Christian. To what awful temptations will not your faith be exposed, and how can you avoid martyrdom?"

"And is not this to arrive at the highest happiness?" replied Domitilla; "I count little upon my own natural strength, but I expect everything from the all-powerful grace of my Divine Spouse, and persecution will only advance his honor and glory." Saint Clement knew all the merits of this generous reply, and saw that her love of virginity was most sincere; he therefore delayed nothing, but solemnly blessed her, and put the sacred veil on her head.

What Saint Clement had predicted, was not long in coming to pass. Aurelian was enraged by the decision of Domitilla. At first he tried the promise of everything the heart of woman could wish, if she would turn from her resolution; then he threatened her with the imperial anger, and assured her that no influence which he possessed with the emperor should be spared to accomplish her utter ruin, unless she received

him again as her affianced husband, and fulfilled her promise of marriage. But all this tended only to strengthen her resolution.

As it was not the policy of the imperial government to destroy the patrician families, but rather to secure them in its own interests, the vengeance of the emperor, or of his prefect, was not vented upon Domitilla first, but rather upon those of her household who had encouraged her rejection of Aurelian. It was then to Nereo and Achilleo that the prefect sent his summons; nor did they shrink from the consequences of their advice to Domitilla. In vain were promises, persuasions, and threats lavished upon them; in vain were they scourged with whips, each lash of which was loaded with lead. Their constancy was such, even under this torment, that the tyrant feared to excite the compassion of Domitilla and thus arouse her to follow their example. This decided the prefect to send them to Terracina, on the coast between Rome aud Naples, with instructions to the consul to proceed against them as Christians. The formalities were gone through with; they were ordered to renounce Jesus Christ, to burn incense to idols —gods of Rome. Then it was that the mouths of these servants of Domitilla were opened to declare their faith and to denounce the superstitions of their countrymen. "How can it be," they exclaimed, "that we, who have been baptized by Peter himself, and instructed in all things concerning our faith, should acknowledge any other God than the one supreme God, the God of Christians! Blind and most unhappy are they whose eyes are so holden that they do not see him who is infinite in his perfections, and but adore in his place divinities which they have made for themselves, and thus deify their own base passions! Never can we throw the least grain of incense before the false gods you have called upon us to worship."

For such answers the consul knew there was but one remedy—the torture which ends in death. Stretched upon the rack, their sides were torn with hooks, and the bleeding wounds burned with torches. With every bone out of joint, their ghastly wounds aggravated by pitchy flames, the joy of their faces made the consul so fear its effect upon the bystanders, that he commanded them to be beheaded. Their glorious martyrdom was accomplished on the 12th of May, in the year of our Lord 98. Half a League from Rome, on the *Via Ardeatina*, or Ardeatine Way, which runs nearly parallel with the Appian, was already a Christian cemetery, or catacomb, belonging to the family of Domitilla. In one of the chambers of this underground home of the dead, the bodies of the two martyrs were deposited by a disciple named Auspice. It was in this chamber, and before the very *loculi*, or beds, in which their relics reposed, that Pope Gregory the Great, before the year 600, delivered a eulogy upon their singular merits, exhorting the faithful to imitate those whose venerable bodies they stood so near, and to despise the deceitful allurements of this present life. This eulogy is known as the "Twenty-eighth Homily of Saint Gregory," and we shall see how this eulogy was prized, a thousand years after it was uttered by the lips of Saint Gregory in the gloom of the catacomb lying between the Ardeatine and Appian Ways.

But Domitilla? Left to herself among the seductive influences of a court as corrupt as an emperor's court could well be, did she persevere in her vocation as a spouse of Jesus Christ? To be his spouse, for Domitilla, at least, did not mean to retire from the world, its troubles and contradictions, as well as its vanities, and to live a life of peaceful contemplation. To be his spouse, for Domitilla, at least, was to carry his cross, to accept his shame, to share his sufferings.

To be his spouse, to Domitilla, at least, was to choose, not peace, but a sword, and to be a word of contention in the imperial household. But the noble soul of Domitilla rose to the level of her celestial espousals. Not in vain had Saint Peter, prince of the apostolic band, poured over her the waters of regeneration; not in vain had he laid on her tongue the Bread of Angels and the Strength of martyrs; she was no child to need human support at every step. Nereo and Achilleo had merely pointed out to her the way of holy virginity, and the Bridegroom she had chosen could sustain her in the way. If Aurelian should prove implacable, unrelenting in his revenge, Domitilla could be persevering in her refusal of him. Her birth, her youth, her beauty, stood between her and the law for a time, and she was merely sent to the Isle of Ponza, not far from Terracina, as a place of banishment, from which, it was hoped, she would soon be recalled.

Aurelian, who had never really despaired of winning Domitilla, managed to have two young Christians, well instructed in the faith, but of worldly dispositions, given to Domitilla as attendants. These young women, named Euphrosyna and Theodora, were instructed to persuade the princess that there was not the least harm in listening to the suit of Aurelian. They began by observing to one another, in a careless way, that all Christians were not called to a life of virginity, that it was quite possible to save one's soul in the state of marriage; and when they had succeeded in drawing Domitilla into the conversation, they added: "If marriage is lawful, why should you, a princess, refuse a prince as your husband, especially when, by accepting him, you may convert him, his family, and all who belong to him?"

The Christian instinct of Domitilla was not to be deceived by this plausible way of putting the case before her, and she replied: "And you, Euphrosyna and Theodora, had you

once plighted your troth to two noble princes, would you think of breaking your word to them in order to marry two slaves?"

"Certainly not, unless we had lost our wits!" replied the two girls.

"Then," said Domitilla, "why should I be less wise than yourselves? I have been espoused to the Son of the living God, Christ Jesus, the Creator and Ruler of the world; how can I turn from him, and all the joys and dignities of an espousal which is for eternity, to marry one who is a mere mortal like myself?" The beautiful young face of Domitilla became radiant with the joy of her heavenly alliance as she spoke, and Euphrosyna and Theodora, who had only smothered in their souls their love for Christian perfection, were convinced by her direct appeal to their consciences. Still they hesitated. Had they not been charged, by the highest authorities in Rome, to bring about this marriage? It was worth one more trial to succeed, for they did not ask her to burn incense or to deny her faith.

"But if you have such confidence in the honor you gain with Jesus Christ by becoming his spouse, ask a favor of him, and see if he will grant it. We have a brother who is blind; ask your spouse to give sight to our brother, and see if he will reward your constancy to him."

"Your brother is not here," replied Domitilla, "and it would delay us to send for him; but you have a mute girl in your service, who can come instantly, and you shall be instantly convinced."

The girl was sent for, and Domitilla immediately besought her Spouse, Christ Jesus, to show to her companions with what favor he regarded the petitions of those who consecrated themselves to him. As if the voice of Domitilla had instantly penetrated the heavens and touched the ear of her Divine

Spouse, the mute girl spoke, and the first use which she made of the gift of speech was to declare herself a Christian! At this astonishing miracle, wrought by the prayers of Domitilla, Euphrosyna and Theodora were overwhelmed with shame and contrition; they threw themselves at the feet of Domitilla, and declared themselves not only Christians, but spouses of him who had thus rewarded one wholly consecrated to him. The news of all this flew quickly to Aurelian. Beside himself at being thus foiled in his plans, he obtained an order from the prefect to put an end to the whole affair by setting fire to the house in which Domitilla was living. The two attendants did not fly from her, but their bodies were found the next day by Cæsareo, a Christian deacon, with the body of Domitilla; all three in the attitude of prayer, among the ashes and cinders of the mansion.

According to the laws of Rome, the malice of Aurelian could not interfere with the funeral rites of Domitilla. Her precious relics were taken to the family cemetery, where her faithful teachers in the way of perfection had already preceded her. This cemetery, still one of the most beautiful of those near Rome, had been built with a façade of brick which looked out on the Ardeatine Way; the interior, too, had been adorned with all the care which the Roman patrician families were accustomed to bestow on their tombs, and upon its Christian symbols fell the light of day. There was no need of hiding their tombs, Christians as they were, from the Romans of those days; so sacredly were the last resting places of the dead regarded. To this day, the crumbling frescoes on the wall, belonging as they do to the first age of Christianity, claim the admiration as well as the veneration of the pilgrim. The vault of one of its chief passage-ways is covered, in its entire length, with an exquisite design, representing the vine and its branches, that symbol so dear to the early Christian,

given to us by our Lord himself; and among the branches and delicately outlined leaves and clusters of fruit, flit little birds and winged *genii* with baskets of grapes on their heads. The foliage and light tendrils spread over the entire vault, and even the walls, with the suppleness and freedom of nature. In the vestibule are landscapes, in the style of the frescoes at Pompeii; a decoration so rare, that they are thought to exist nowhere among the Roman catacombs excepting in this one of Domitilla, Nereo and Achilleo. Among the symbolical groups in this cemetery, which belong to the first century, the most remarkable is that of Daniel in the lions' den, in which the grouping and execution, but above all the grace and movement in the picture, are worthy of the best days of Roman or Greek fresco. In fact, these pictures at once decide the question of the comparative excellence of Christian decorations during this and the following ages, when persecutions, and the misfortunes which they brought to Italy as a punishment, prevented all progress in the fine arts. It was not until Christianity rose superior to all oppression, that her artists regained the dignity and graciousness of outline which belong to these frescoes in the cemetery of Domitilla, painted before the year 100 of the Christian era. It was to this resting place (which the word cemetery really means) that the relics of the young and beautiful Domitilla were taken, under the care of the deacon Cæsareo; and we could even see the spot, far off on the Campagna, as we stood in the clear, spring sunshine, before the Church of SS. Nereo, Achilleo and Domitilla, while a little further on, rose the Church dedicated to the holy deacon Cæsareo.

This ancient foundation, under the title of "*In Fasciola*," or bandage, in allusion to the tradition we have mentioned and the inscription which marked the spot, dates back to a noble matron, Fabiola, who, as some declare, was converted

by Saint Jerome; but, certainly, she was under his spiritual direction, like Saint Marcella, Saint Paula, and many other patrician ladies of Rome. At her death, about the year 400, she gave her house for a church, to be dedicated in honor of SS. Nereo, Achilleo and Domitilla, in sight of whose resting place across the Campagna on the *Via Ardeatina*, the lady Fabiola had lived. In one of those beautiful letters written by Saint Jerome to Saint Eustochium, he tells her how Saint Paula, her mother, when on her way to Jerusalem, touched at the Isle of Ponza, "ennobled," as he says, "under Domitian, by the exile of the most illustrious of women, Flavia Domitilla; and visiting the narrow rooms which she occupied during her exile, ending only with martyrdom, felt her soul rise on the wings of faith, and believed that she saw, already, Jerusalem and the holy places." This enthusiasm seems to have been shared by her saintly companions in Rome, and allows us to understand the way in which it came about, that Fabiola chose Flavia Domitilla, Nereo and Achilleo, for the patrons of her foundation.

In the year 523, John I. rebuilt this church, and soon after the year 795, it was rebuilt a second time by Leo III., to whom we are indebted for its choicest adornments. In the sixteenth century, Cardinal Baronius, who took his title from this church, rebuilt it, but took the greatest care to preserve the form of the ancient basilica, and all its precious ornaments were preserved and re-erected. By an inscription on a slab in the tribune or sanctuary, he entreats his successor to use the same care in their necessary restorations.

"Whoever thou mayest be, cardinal priest, my successor, I pray thee, for the glory of God and the merits of these martyrs, increase nothing, diminish nothing, change nothing, but guard piously the re-established antiquity. So may God, by the prayers of his martyrs, be always thy Helper."

While there is nothing imposing, nothing really beautiful in the exterior of this church, the interior is rich in everything which belongs to antiquity, in everything which can carry the mind back to the primitive ages—even to the very first age of Christianity. The tribune, with its altar, Episcopal chair and stalls, is raised several steps, and surounded by a screen, inlaid with precious marble. Instead of *ambones*, or small side-pulpits, are two plain reading-desks for the epistle and gospel. The altar is inlaid with marble, and above it is a canopy, supported by four pillars of African marble. Below this altar is a marble grating or *transennæ*, which allows the pilgrim to see the tomb of SS. Nereo and Achilleo, and even to pass through it objects of devotion so as to touch their sarcophagus. This screen, unique in its beauty, reminds one of the *shell pattern* used in needle work even at the present day, and the graceful, open curves will be found on the 12th of May, the Feast of SS. Nereo and Achilleo, filled with roses and every beautiful flower and leaf of the season, from which the pious visitor is allowed to take what will satisfy his enthusiasm. The Episcopal chair is of unrivalled beauty. The arms are supported by sculptured lions, and the high back rises in a sculptured gothic point, tipped by a pine-cone and enriched by mosaics. On the back of this chair, Cardinal Baronius caused to be cut, in deep letters, that part of the twenty-eighth homily of Saint Gregory, in which he eulogizes the martyrs, SS. Nereo and Achilleo. Above, on the arch of the tribune, is a mosaic, representing the Transfiguration of our Lord, who stands in an oval glory, Moses and Elias beside him, and Peter, James and John prostrate at his feet. As supporters, we see on one side the Annunciation, on the other a Madonna with the Divine Child, and angels near them with extended wings, in an attitude of adoration. All these precious decorations are of the time of

Leo III., or the sixth century. The basilica has its three naves; on its side-walls are painted the Apostles, all grand figures with marked characteristics. The altar of the right-hand nave is dedicated to the blessed Virgin, the left to Saint Domitilla, and on the architrave of the middle nave is found the story, as we have given it, of Flavia Domitilla, Nereo and Achilleo. It is from these that many a traveller has learned it, and has felt a spark of devotion kindled in his heart towards these martyrs of the first age.

Until the sacrilegious invasion of the Lombards in 756, none of the venerated bodies of the martyrs had been removed from the crypts of the catacombs. To quote the elegant expression of Saint Leo: "The crown of martyrs, which encircled the Eternal City, had been preserved intact," until this period; the exceptions numbering only five, according to good authorities. But this Lombard invasion proved how easily the Church might be rifled of her most cherished relics; and from time to time, as circumstances urged, the most famous were removed and placed under altars expressly dedicated to them, or in places of safety. It was thus that the relics of Saint Domitilla and SS. Nereo and Achilleo, were deposited under the altar of the basilica bearing their name, more than three hundred years after Fabiola gave the foundation. But before they were thus consigned, the people of Rome claimed the right to pay them civic honors, such as Rome had paid to her best patriots. The relics, withdrawn from their original resting places on the *Via Ardeatina*, were escorted in triumph to the Capitol, and the festive procession passed under imperial arches bearing these inscriptions: "The senate and the Roman people, to Saint Flavia Domitilla, for having brought more honor to Rome by her death than her illustrious relatives by their works."—"To Saint Flavia Domitilla, and to the Saints Nereo and Achilleo, the excellent citizens, who gained peace for the

Christian republic at the price of their blood." After which the relics were received at the door of the basilica, in which they still rest.

A ride of five minutes brought us to the little square of green grass, a-bloom with daisies, in front of the church that bears the name of Saint Cæsareo of Terracina, the deacon who rescued the bodies of Saint Domitilla and her companions from the ashes of their funeral pyre. An ancient granite column, of beautiful proportions, adorns this little piazza, and small as the church is, it won a mention from Gregory the Great, and important events have transpired therein. Here Saint Sergius, of Sicily, was elected pope in 687; here, Eugenius III., an abbot of SS. Vincenzio and Anantasio, was elected pope in 1145, but was obliged to fly from Rome to Monticello, thence to the Abbey of Farfa, where he was consecrated. The interior of the church, desolate as it now seems, unless visited on a station day, is interesting beyond description. The pulpit is declared to be "one of the most exquisite specimens of church decoration in Rome, covered with the most delicate sculpture, interspersed with mosaic." The marble itself is as fine as alabaster, and the symbols of the evangelists, with the lamb, are treated as harmoniously as flowers among the spiral columns twined with strings of bright mosaic. There is a niche below the pulpit, and on the side, which conceals six marble steps, are round slabs of precious red porphyry let into the creamy white marble. The whole clings to the ancient wall, with its almost effaced frescoes, like a piece of frost-work in a dim forest. The high altar, too, is enriched by the same mosaics of the Cosmati as the pulpit, and small owls peep out from the capitals of the delicately carved pillars. Below the altar is the confession, where the relics of the saints repose, and from which two angels are drawing aside a curtain in marble. In the tribune is a very ancient Episcopal chair which

has most delicate mosaics. The Paschal candlestick belongs to the same order of excellence; but of all the treasures of San Cæsareo, none are more captivating than the reading-desks, standing as they do on the inlaid altar screens, each a simple square of marble resting on an angel's head—no sorrowing angel, but so joyful as to remind one of the everlasting gladness of the hosts of heaven.

There was a piece of embroidery in each of these old churches on their station day, which was unlike anything we saw in Rome, excepting at the *Quattro Incoronati;* and this was an altar-cloth of the finest linen lawn, embroidered with silks of different colors in the very tent-stitch which is so much in vogue among ourselves at this present time; nor will any of this work in our industrial rooms out-vie these very ancient altar-cloths, wrought by the hands of nuns whose bones mouldered, ages ago, in their graves. The tinted silks, too, were of exquisite delicacy and prove that the ancient dyers might venture to warrant their colors. There was a very tender sentiment in the bringing out of these delicate fabrics, which harmonized so well with the mosaics of the Cosmati, on all the station days, as if they were among the most prized of the ancient treasures. We touched them reverently, and wished that more of the needle work of our country-women could hope for, or deserve, by the motive for its production, such an immortality as that enjoyed by the frail altar-cloths of the Church of Santa Domitilla, and SS. Nereo ed Achilleo, with its neighbor, San Cæsareo, on the Appian Way.

SAN GIOVANNI IN OLIO.

STANDING in the shadow of San Cæsario, and looking towards the Campagna, a boy could sling a pebble to the spot where a green lane branches off to the left from the *Via Appia.* This lane, as green and as lonely as many a pasture-lane in New England, leads to the old Latin Gate, now walled up. But although no year of jubilee brings a silver hammer to break through its solid masonry; although no solemnly beautiful procession of pontiff and his ecclesiastics, no cavalcade of Roman nobles, no chanting penitential confraternity, nor even the host of some sacrilegious invader, ever passes under its arch, the 6th of May of every year finds the heart of Christendom turning towards the small, green enclosure directly before the Latin Gate. The grass-grown lane is enlivened, if not thronged, by the pilgrims who may be in Rome on that day, and by lines of students, two by two, from all the colleges of the city. The daisies spread their pink and white disks full under the May sun, and enamel the fresh turf. The perfume from the blossoming vineyards is all around us. There is not, in fact, a lovelier station in all Rome, than that of "Saint John in oil before the Latin Gate;" nor is there one which has kept more literally to the tradition which has come down to us, un-

changed, during eighteen hundred years. The Liturgy of the Church celebrates a special feast, commemorating the event which lends such a charm to this spot, thus giving to the solitude a voice which grand choirs can only feebly echo, whether by anthem or organ-pipes. The tradition carries us back to the year 95, of the Christian era, and to the second general persecution of the Church, under Domitian, who was so universally abhorred for his cruelties, his pride and his shameless vices. More cruel than Nero, if we can credit Tacitus, he delighted in making a display of barbarities which other tyrants had the grace to conceal from public view. Rome saw the blood of her noblest families watering her streets by his hand; and he banished, with apparently special ignominy, such pagans as bore a character for extraordinary virtue, who thus seemed to rebuke his crimes. What, then might not Christians expect?

This general persecution, moreover, allowed the whole Roman world to compete with its head. At this time Saint John not only still lived, but he was the active shepherd and pastor of all the Asian churches, making Ephesus his home. Here he was arrested; but as if Ephesus were too small to be the scene of such a martyrdom as awaited the beloved disciple, he was sent to Rome and to the emperor, for his sentence. When we remember the singular beauty claimed for Saint John by whoever has attemped to portray him, whether in youth or age, and the venerableness which must have come to him with his great age, with dignities, and above all, with his near personal intercourse with Jesus of Nazareth, and his uninterrupted life with the Virgin Mother of his Redeemer, we fancy, perhaps, that even the brutal emperor must have yielded to the sublime gentleness of the aged apostle. So far from this, however, Saint John seems to have stirred all the savage propensities asleep in the bosom of

Domitian. It was not enough to torture that aged frame, the torture must bring ignominy; and as Jesus Christ himself, in the glory of his perfect age, thirty-three, was scourged by Roman soldiers, so his beloved disciple, when nearly a century old, was called to bear the shame and the torment of the Roman whips.

But the oil and the wine of consolation? how was it to be administered? How were the wounds of that aged flesh to be healed, according to Domitian's ideas of mercy? The baths of the Romans had given rise to the most sumptuous devices, and the costliest marbles had furnished reservoirs for swimming, small seas enclosed in precious red porphyry. Corresponding to these, were hideous cauldrons of iron, not for water, but for oil, boiling oil; and by such a bath were the wounds of the aged apostle to be soothed; the unctuous luxury of the imperial baths only suggesting a more intense torture for imperial victims. As nothing short of the most shameless publicity suited the mind of Domitian, this barbarous sentence was to be carried out beside one of the gates of the imperial city. The one chosen was that opening out on the Via Latina. An immense cauldron, with its boiling liquid, the oil of consolation turned into a torture, was planted a short distance from the gate, just to one side of it, and thus allowed a space for the crowds sure to gather around such a spectacle. Into this bath was thrown the venerable form of the apostle who had outlived his companions around the Divine Master, and in whose memory were stored the dearest traditions of Christianity. We can imagine the horror of Christian Rome at such a wanton outrage; the disgust even of pagans not utterly brutalized. But the horror and the disgust were quickly changed to wonder and to joy, as the snowy head was seen to rise above the boiling oil—above the rim of the cauldron—not only unscathed, but with brow and cheek restored to the

freshness of youth, as if having enjoyed a most exhilarating bath. In truth, the martyr came forth from the cauldron rejuvenated; no longer bent with age, no longer feeble in step, but with the vigor of early manhood. The prodigy struck even the dull senses of Domitian with awe. Instead of another sentence of death, the venerable apostle was banished to the Isle of Patmos, where heaven awaited him while still on earth, to make his solitude glorious. The pen of the aged evangelist was dipped in rainbows of more than terrestrial brilliancy. Domitian had spared him, only to crown the infant Church with a halo of revelations which surpassed all the prophecies of the Old Law concerning the Messias and his kingdom; while neither poet or painter can ever hope to rival that vision, in which mingled forms and colors and undying song dazzle the eye, entrance the ear, and open eternal vistas before the imagination. To Saint John, on his Isle of Patmos, was given that vision of celestial reward which was to light up, in after times, the darkest hours of the Church of Christ, illuminate prisons as hopeless and as dreary as the Mamertine prison itself; while it would nourish the devout imagination of a Fra Angelico in his studio-cell at San Marco, and sustain the flight of a Dante in his *Paradiso.*

A locality as public as that of the Porta Latina, was not one to be forgotten. The very spot where the immense cauldron stood, was quite as likely to be preserved as any other spot in the history of Christianity. To this day, the miracle is magnificently kept in mind, not only by the liturgy, but by the Church of Saint John before the Latin Gate, built under the first Christian emperors, upon the spot where a temple of Diana once stood; or rather, it is to be presumed, where the temple of Diana was changed into a temple in honor of the living God. So early as the year 772, this church was rebuilt by Pope Adrian I.; and again in 1190, by Celestine III. The

last restorations of any note were made in 1685 by Cardinal Rasponi, and few churches have retained, externally, more of their ancient character. It still preserves its fine *campanile* and the old brick walls of the nave and the apse, adorned with terra-cotta friezes. The portico is entered by a narrow arch resting on two granite columns; while the entrance door and the altar keep the brilliant, ribbon-like mosaic of the Cosmati, of 1190. Of the ten columns, eight are of plain granite; two are of *porta santa*, fluted, and may have belonged to the temple of Diana itself. The altar piece is the work of Frederick Zuccheri, and represents Saint John in the cauldron of boiling oil. This was painted by the order of the Cardinal Titular, John Jerome Albini. Near the entrance of this church is a very picturesque marble well, richly adorned with carving, like the well to be seen in the cloister of Saint John Lateran.

But there was an actual certainty involved in this tradition of the martyrdom of Saint John in a cauldron of oil before the Latin Gate, which did not wait until a pagan temple could be appropriated in order to do honor to its claims. Tertullian, Eusebius, Saint Jerome, in their several centuries—Tertullian in the third, Eusebius in the fourth, Saint Jerome in the fifth century—had expressly declared the circumstances attending this martyrdom. But it is not alone to books nor to manuscripts, however precious, that the church has entrusted her traditions. How many thousands upon thousands were to be instructed, their faith kindled, confirmed, who would never hear of the three great scholars, not even of Saint Jerome! To the monuments of Christian Rome, history, as well as devotion, owes a debt not easily acknowledged in its fullness. The Church which rebuilt "Saint Paul's outside the walls," in 1824, not because it was a convenient place for worship, not, certainly, because it was a salubrious residence for learned Benedictines, but as a site upon which Christian history had planted its feet, thrown

out its banners, and borne testimony to the blood shed by "Paul, apostle, doctor of the Gentiles"—this same Church took possession of the few feet of ground beside the Latin Gate, on which had stood the cauldron of boiling oil. On these few feet of earth, long before the present large Church of Saint John before the Latin Gate arose, not twenty rods from it, a small chapel was built, which was, in some measure, the first memorial erected in Rome to the honor of Saint John, the Evangelist. This little chapel was devoutly believed to cover the exact spot on which the cauldron stood. In 1509 it was rebuilt by Benedict Adam Borgognone, Auditor of the Rota for France, under the pontificate of Julius II. Above the architrave to the north side door, he placed his coat-of-arms: three eagles, with the motto, *Au plaisir de Dieu;* or, as we might render it, "To the good pleasure of God." Below this is the inscription bearing testimony to the rebuilding: "Benedict Adam, Auditor (of the Rota) for France, dedicated this chapel to Saint John, the Evangelist, under the pontificate of Pope Julius II., in the year of our Lord, 1509."

Occupying no more space than Domitian's cauldron might have done, this elegant little octagonal chapel is embellished with as much care as a basilica. It is furnished with two doors, one on the north, looking towards Rome, the other on the south, looking towards the Porta Latina. Towards the west is a large, barred window, half as high as a man, through which one can look into the chapel and pray, when the doors are closed. The altar stands on the east side of the chapel, and is of fine, white marble; underneath it is a sort of well, wherein were placed the instruments used in his martyrdom, and other relics of the Saint; such as his venerable hair, which was shaven in so savage a way that the blood streamed from his head under this use of the razor, as well as from his body

under the lashes of the Roman whips, all of which is alluded to in the inscription on a very ancient slab of marble still above the north door:

"Here the champion John won the palm of martyrdom, who merited to discern the Word of the Beginning. Here the proconsul had him beaten with clubs and torn with pincers. Boiling oil was not able to inflict any hurt upon him. The oil, the cauldron, thy blood and thy hair, are preserved in this place, which illustrious Rome has consecrated to thee."

For this reason the altar is hollow, and in the front is an opening in the form of a cross, through which a lamp can be seen, that is kept burning to show the veneration in which the spot is held. The interior walls were adorned with frescoes, which being found, in 1630, greatly discolored and nearly destroyed, Cardinal Francesco Paolucci, renowned for learning and piety, and at that time titular of the Church of Saint John before the Latin Gate, had them repainted by Lazzaro Baldi, a pupil of Pietro da Cartona. These pictures are five in number. The first, arched at the top, serves as an altar-piece, and represents the martyrdom of Saint John in the boiling oil. The one to the left of this represents the Saint holding in his hand the poisoned cup, given to him at Ephesus, from which issues a serpent, and seen in so many pictures of Saint John, as to be considered one of his special symbols. The third picture represents the saint conducted from Ephesus to Rome, loaded with chains. Between these two last mentioned pictures is the south door, above which we read in marble:

"In honor of Saint John, Apostle and Evangelist, by Francis, Cardinal Paulutesius, Titular, in the year 1658."

To the right of the altar-piece, Saint John is seen led into exile; and to the right of this fresco, is the fifth, representing the Apostle at Patmos, writing his magnificent Apocalypse. Between these two last frescoes, is the north door,

above which is the remarkable inscription concerning the relics. Finally, opposite the altar, above the iron-grated window, are the arms of Cardinal Paolucci, the last restorer of the chapel, under which we read the favorite motto of Saint John: *Diligite alter utrum.* "Love ye one another." The chapel is also adorned with stucco ornaments of great beauty, and the doors, as in the time of Benedict Adam, have fine marble jambs. The pavement is formed of terra-cotta slabs, such as were in use among the ancient Romans and are daily drawn from the ruins of antique buildings styled *Taroloni.* Over this is laid a sort of *intaglio* (or impressed) work, in imitation of the stucco which adorns the ceiling and cupola. All the relics formerly kept in this little chapel are now in the basilica of Saint John of Lateran, to which the Church of Saint John before the Latin Gate was united in 1144 by Lucius II. This act was confirmed by several pontiffs, his successors, and finally, by Gregory IX., in 1728. Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, titular of the Church of Saint John before the Latin Gate, created Cardinal by Pius IX., December 22nd, 1873, has recently renovated this little chapel of San Giovanni in Olio. But this renovation has been accomplished without changing a line of the architecture or of the paintings.

As the small octagonal chapel now stands relieved against the ancient Porta Latina, its angles are finished by delicate pilasters; while, to give it elegance of proportion, above a narrow roof of tiles, rises a wide band of terra-cotta, with arabesque reliefs; this again is roofed in steeply like a cupola, surmounted by a cone, and from it springs a slender cross with two little pennons, like flags of triumph. On the feast, which

NOTE.—It gives me pleasure to acknowledge my indebtedness to the erudition of Miss Edes of Rome, translator of Baunard's Life of Saint John, for valuable information concerning the history as well as the frescoes of this interesting chapel, which is only alluded to in the briefest manner in guide-books for travellers. The authorities quoted by her, are: Nibby: Rome in 1838; Venuti: Roma Antica e Moderna; Crescembini: Storia della Chiesa di S. Giovanni avanti Porta Latina, 1763. E. A. S.

is the 6th of May, this little chapel is always open, and also on the station, when mass is said in it. On these days, the north door vanishes, and in its place hangs a purple cambric curtain. Lifting or pushing this lightly one side, we see a space barely large enough for an altar, with priest and acolyte, and two or three to assist at the mass. The small chapel, from the interior, is like nothing in the world so much as a huge cauldron, and we seemed to be in it with Saint John and with that Divine Master to whom he was so dear, and who went down with him into the depths of the boiling, seething, hissing oil, to bring him forth again as from a refreshing bath. The first thought is one of profound veneration, of undoubting faith; and with this comes an exaltation of soul such as must have made Saint John praise God who glorifies himself in his saints.

Before leaving this spot, consecrated by a deathless martyrdom, we not only touched our rosaries to the altar, to the steps of the altar, to the very pavement under our feet, but we culled a handful of fresh daisies and laid them on the same spots, as we should have touched them to the sides and the floor of the cauldron itself. Then, raising the light curtain, we stepped out on the green sward and looked back on this tiniest of chapels, to see it like a picture, framed in by the walls of the neighboring vineyards and the closed Porta Latina; while, beyond, the dismantled Baths of Caracalla rose into the tender atmosphere of that Roman sky.

SAN SEBASTIANO.

RETRACING our steps along the grass-grown lane, we again strike into the Appian Way. Riding southward swiftly, according to the Roman fashion, we soon see the Gate of Saint Sebastian through the Arch of Drusus, that most ancient of all the Roman arches yet standing; and so completely does the eye take in both these objects, that one is never represented satisfactorily without the other. This arch, which is considered, next to the Pantheon, the most perfect existing monument of Augustan architecture, was decreed by the Roman senate in honor of Drusus, second son of the Empress Livia, the favorite wife of Augustus, by her first husband, Tiberius Nero. Drusus died during a campaign on the Rhine in the year 9 before Christ. As Ozanam writes: "At the moment when Drusus was throwing bridges across the Rhine, and cutting roads through the Black Forest, it was time to make haste; for ten years later, a town of Judea would give birth to Him whose disciples were to pass along these roads and complete the destruction of barbarism." The German hordes in their forests baffled the legions of Cæsar, and the body of Drusus was brought back to Rome to be buried by his step-father, Augustus, in the *mausoleum* which he had raised for himself;

while the arch bore testimony to his bravery and to the regret felt by the Romans for his untimely death. It is a single, narrow arch, with all the stern, dignified simplicity which characterized the architecture of that period. Formerly, it supported an equestrian statue of Drusus, a seated female figure which represented Germany, and two trophies. To-day, it is one of the most picturesque of all the Roman ruins. Bereft of its statues, the bricks on its summit are bare, except as they are clad by the flowering weeds which make ruins lose half their sadness; and thus we can still see the remains of the aqueduct, by which Caracalla supplied water for his baths. It is through this arch, that we catch our first sight of the *Porta San Sebastiano*, with its two semi-circular towers of the Aurelian wall resting on a basement of marble blocks. At this famous gate, the senate and people of Rome received in state the last triumphal procession which entered the city by the old *Regina Viarum*, or Queen of Ways, which we know as the *Via Appia*. This triumph was allowed to Marc Antonio Colonna, after the victory of Lepanto, in 1571; that same victory which Saint Pius V. saw, in a vision, at the very time of its accomplishment, and while the faithful were going in procession, before his eyes, through the streets of Rome, chanting litanies for the deliverance of Christian Europe from the power of the Mussulman. In this triumph, as in the triumphs of the old Roman generals, the children of the conquered prince walked in the ranks of the victor, who rode into Rome attended by the nobility, all dressed in great pomp and splendor, preceded by the standard of the victorious fleet.

Looking through the ancient Arch of Drusus at the same time as through the Gate of Saint Sebastian, the eye follows the Appian Way, bathed in sunshine, bordered with vineyards. As we ride over this smiling landscape, it is impossible to realize that on either hand, under this rich verdure of many

tints, wind the dark, narrow passages of the Christian catacombs, which Saint Leo the Great called "the crown of martyrs which encircles the Eternal City." But before we reach the entrances to these subterranean cities of the dead, we come to the spot where the *Via Ardeatina* branches off to the right; and here, so close upon the Appian Way, as almost to break its majestic line, stands a church. No parish clusters around it. No bells bring together on Sundays and festivals, scattered worshippers from the vineyards, or shepherds in their pointed peasant-hats, sheep-skin overalls and mantles, or shepherdesses, with distaff in hands, in short, blue gowns and the traditional folds of white linen, or *panno*, on the head and shoulders—from tending their flocks on the knolls of the Campagna. It is another of those monuments which stand as witnesses to the traditions of the apostolic age. For here, on the great pagan and Christian highway, Saint Peter, flying from the minions of Nero at the urgent desire of his people, meets his Lord bearing his Cross and hastening toward the city which his Vicar had just left. The apostle, nothing doubting the presence of his Master, exclaims: *Domine quo vadis?* "Lord, whither goest Thou?" And the answer comes in that deep, minor key, so familiar to Peter, and which never failed to enchain him still closer to his Master: *Venio Romam iterum crucifigi.* "I come to Rome to be crucified again." Then Peter knows it is not by flight that he will best serve the necessities of the Church committed to his care; and without a thought of hesitation or of regret he turns back to imprisonment and to crucifixion. But the place of a meeting so gracious on the part of our Lord, so characteristic on the side of Saint Peter, was not left without a visible proof of this midnight interview between the glorified Head of the Church and his Vicegerent. The stones of the Appian Way kept the prints of the Sacred Feet which stood still, for

a moment, as Jesus answered the astonished question of his disciple and his Vicar. The flag-stone, however, on which the impression remained, has been consigned to the keeping of another church more favorable to the safety of this treasure. Near the centre of this same *Domine quo Vadis*, we see a faithful copy of the original, to which the pilgrim touches devout lips, so strongly is the mind affected by the sacredness of the spot. Two frescoes, one on each hand, of this lonely little chapel, keep the exact tradition in mind. On one side is our Lord advancing with a swift step towards Rome; on the other, Saint Peter starting back as if in astonishment; the keys in his hand as the symbol of his vicarship. But to show the deep hold which this tradition kept over the Roman mind so far down as the 16th century, we find in this chapel a cast of Michael Angelo's Christ bearing his Cross, as met by Saint Peter on the Appian Way. The original, in marble, is on the left of the altar of *Santa Maria sopra Minerva;* and to show how constant has been the veneration to the footprints of those Sacred Feet, left on the flag-stone of the Appian Way, the foot of the statue by Michael Angelo in the Church of the Minerva, is so worn by the lips of the faithful, that the foot has been sandalled with bronze in order to preserve it. Those who affect to despise the frescoes on the wall of the *Domine quo Vadis*, and even to think lightly of the cast of the Sacred Feet, still feel their veneration for the spot enkindled by the fact, that Michael Angelo's genius has found honor by a perpetuation of this beautiful tradition.

Soon after passing this wayside monument, for which the Romans have a special veneration as for everything connected with the story of the Prince of the Apostles, we come to the wide, open space covering the site of the Catacomb of Saint Callistus. Green hillocks mark to the eye the *luminari* which still allow the light of day to pierce into those subterranean

chambers. Beyond it, to the west, we see the Catacomb of SS. Nereus, Achilleus and Domitilla, between the Ardeatine and Appian Ways, and adjoining the cemetery of Saint Callistus. The entrance to this last, on the *Via Appia*, is marked forever to the memory by a half-circular ruin, beside which stand two aged cypresses, with the long lines of arches which carried the Roman water-pipes across the Campagna in the distance, and the blue hills melting into the sky above and beyond them. On the left of the Appian Way, under what would seem unbroken sods, lies the very ancient Catacomb of Pretextatus, to whose sacred chambers we must descend for some of the most interesting events connected with the Christian *Via Appia*. But leaving both these remarkable cemeteries for the present, we follow the ancient road, until a few tall cypresses point out, even from a distance, one of the spots dearest to the devout pilgrim; in fact, one of the Seven Basilicas, privileged, from the earliest times, to bestow special graces upon those who visited them. For, as the list of Roman basilicas shows, Rome venerated next to the apostles, the youthful martyrs who won magnificent victories in the Name of Christ, such as Saint Laurence and Saint Sebastian. The relics of San Lorenzo repose under the altar of his church on the Via Tiburtina, and those of San Sebastiano under an altar of his church, standing in a sort of hollow on the *Via Appia*. The story of the youthful tribune of Diocletian's Guard, born of Christian parents, in Narbonne of Gaul, and educated in the polished city of Milan, choosing the career of a soldier, not because of its honors and as a highway to the imperial purple, but because it afforded him an opportunity to succor the persecuted Christians, and to sustain the wavering courage of the martyrs; of the miracles performed to the same end by the Sign of the Cross at his hand; of his profession of faith, when the time came, face to face with

Diocletian, his imperial master, and in the very hall of audience, from which he was led to be stripped of his tribune's armor and to be tied to an olive tree in the imperial court-yard, there to be shot to death, slowly, by the sure arrows of the Mauritanian band of archers; the taking down of the limp body covered with blood, bristling with arrows, and borne to the apartments of a Christian widow of the imperial household, named Irene, who found life feebly asserting itself in the untouched heart of the martyr; the restoration to life only to claim his right to speak the truth of Christ and to denounce the persecutor, Diocletian, to his face; the appearance of the resuscitated figure of this favorite tribune to Diocletian from a window overlooking the imperial stairway, to reproach him for his enormities against God and his faithful; the horror of the persecutor, who supposed he saw the disembodied spirit of his victim, and the change of this horror to rage and habitual cruelty, as he ordered the pallid, majestic figure to be struck down with clubs and then thrown into the hideous *Cloaca Maxima*, the vast sewer, through which flowed all the filth of Rome; the vision which came to Lucina, another Christian widow, in her sleep, in which she saw Sebastian, radiant as an angel, in the midst of the horrid sewer, entrusting to her the sacred duty of securing his body and depositing it in the care of the Christians; the ready zeal with which she fulfilled the trust, actually rescuing the body and having it conveyed, as a most precious trust, to her own house and vineyard on the Appian Way, about two miles from the gate; all this has come down to us in the verified *Acts of Saint Sebastian.* To this succeeds the story of the holy widow converting her house into a church; of the building of a basilica on this very spot by Constantine, the first Christian emperor, which was consecrated by Saint Sylvester; the renovation of this church, in 367, by Saint Damasus, Pope, as an inscription verifies; the

formal dedication of this church to Saint Sebastian, by Innocent I., before 417; the homily of Saint Gregory the Great pronounced there before 590; its restoration by Adrian I. in the eighth century, and by Eugenius IV. in the fifteenth; and finally, of its entire reconstruction in 1611, by Cardinal Scipio Borghese, from plans by Flaminio Ponzio, precisely as we now see it, with its facade embellished by three round arches of faultless beauty, supported by six antique columns of granite, four of which stand in pairs; and we have a monument which authenticates Christian traditions as well as Christian annals.*

But there is a subterranean history connected with this church which is unrivalled in some respects; for the cemetery, or catacomb, of Saint Sebastian is the only one in Rome which has never been closed, which has given uninterrupted testimony to the Church of the Catacombs. Indeed, the word *catacumbus*, applied solely at first to a crypt in this subterranean cemetery, is the origin of our word catacomb, now used for all these underground burial places or chapels. And the existence of this word involves one of the most interesting episodes in the history of the relics of SS. Peter and Paul. The exact date of this event is not stated by our authorities,† but the incident is cited or alluded to in a manner to command a respectful hearing, aside from matters of faith. It would seem that the Oriental Christians, considering themselves the rightful possessors of the relics of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, inasmuch as they were countrymen and fellow-citizens, sent deputies to Rome to obtain possession of them. These deputies were divided into two bands, one going to the

*Among the ruined Palaces of the Cæsars, where we seek in vain a single locality connected with the name of any emperor, rises a small chapel, built on the foundations of the one in which Gelasius II. was elected Pope in 1118. The present chapel was built by Urban VIII., in 1629, and is dedicated to Saint Sebastian; because it stands on the place where the captain of the prætorian guards was pierced with the arrows of the Mauritanean archers in the imperial court-yard.

†Rome Souterraine: p. 172-4.

Vatician hill for the body of Saint Peter, and the other to the Ostian Way, where reposed the body of Saint Paul. They met at the junction of the Appian with the Ostian Way, or where the Church of Saint Sebastian now stands, each with the coveted treasure. But the moment in which their labors seemed to be crowned with success, brought a strange confusion and dismay. Each party set down its precious burden for a moment; but no sooner did they attempt to go on, than such a tempest of thunder and lightning surrounded them, that convinced of the disapproval of heaven, they relinquished their scheme and took to flight. Meanwhile, the Romans, becoming aware of the loss with which they were threatened, pursued the deputies until they came to this spot, to find the relics just as they had been left by the Orientals. No time was lost in securing their new-found possession. A double crypt, lined with marble, was prepared for their reception, which went by the name of *ad catacumbus*.

But this was not the only time in which the prince of the apostles honored the subterranean cemetery of Saint Sebastian. In the first half of the third century, the emperor, Heliogabalus, having determined to enlarge the imperial circus on the Vatican hill in order to give the elephants more space, the Christians took alarm, fearing that the excavations might extend to the resting-place of Saint Peter. Remembering the security in which the relics had reposed in the cemetery at the junction of the Appian and Ardeatine Ways, they resolved to entrust them to the same keeping. It was not until 257, when Pope Stephen I., having been discovered in this catacomb, had been put to death upon the spot, that the relics of Peter were again restored to the Vatican Catacomb. To a resting-place thus doubly consecrated, Sebastian charged the pious Lucina to convey his remains, that they might lie at the feet, as it were, of SS. Peter and Paul, as the cemetery at that time

seems to have come, as a dower, into the possession of Lucina. The first surprise on passing under the round arches of the portico into the church, is to find ourselves no longer living fifteen hundred years after the saint, but, as it would be easy to believe, in his own century and generation. It is no longer a matter of mere history that such a man as Sebastian once lived, but of actual personal knowledge. The eye falls as if by instinct on the altar of Saint Sebastian at the left, to see him lying, in marble, scarcely paler than he must have been when laid in his new tomb "at the feet of SS. Peter and Paul." A divine languor, as if he had died from the force of his love of God rather than from the touch of the arrows or the club of the executioner, pervades the whole body, and also the head, which droops heavily towards the shoulder, though resting on his tribune's helmet and armor; while the traces of mortal pain on the face are almost lost in the trance of ecstacy, which must have come when the eyes closed upon the things of earth to open upon the face of God. It is the perfection of manhood, nobly surrendering its strength, not yielding to mortal weakness. This statue, executed by Giorgetti, was designed by Bernini, and is regarded as one of his masterpieces. The inscription on the tablet below the statue is an epitome of the saint's life:

"The statue of Saint Sebastian, martyr, whom the Emperor Diocletian ordered to be pierced with arrows because of his Christian Faith, lying under the altar where his body, brought from the catacombs, was laid, as it is seen in the church built in his honor outside the walls of the city, on the Appian Way." Opposite this altar and statue is a case, rich in relics, the pride and consolation of the Franciscan friars. Among these relics is the veritable flagstone on which our Lord left the impression of his sacred feet when he met Saint Peter on the *Via Appia;* also one of the arrows taken from the body of Saint

Sebastian when he was removed, apparently lifeless, to the apartments of Saint Irene. The main altar incloses the body of Saint Stephen I., the same who was martyred in the catacomb below. This altar is adorned with four columns of *verde antique*, and has an altar-piece." To the right of the chapel of Saint Sebastian is the opening leading down to the catacomb, or cemetery.

As the Church of San Sebastiano is under the care of Franciscans, it is always a Franciscan who acts as guide to the catacomb. He carries a lighted taper, inclosed in a lantern, to shield it from sudden draughts of air, and from this lights the long, waxen tapers of the visitors. This was our first descent into a catacomb, and it was with a shudder that we saw ourselves going farther and farther into its dismantled passages, from whose crypts and narrow beds the dust of the last martyr had long ago been taken. But traditions and the annals of the early ages of the Church still point to the spot where Saint Sebastian was deposited in peace; where Saint Stephen, celebrating mass, was discovered by the officers of the emperor, but continued without distraction to the close; then seating himself on his Pontifical chair, received the blow which crowned him as a Christian martyr, adding the nimbus of sanctity to his triple crown as Pontiff. It is in the centre of the irregular semicircle, on the line of which stood the Pontifical chair of Saint Stephen, that the double crypt, built to contain the relics of Saint Peter and Saint Paul is situated, and which forms a cavity under the altar. To enter this crypt, it was necessary to displace a portion of the altar. This was done so late as 1849, by the architect Perret, when the large plates of marble were found, which, from the time of Saint Damasus, in the fourth century, had given the name *Platonia* to the spot. The crypt is still divided into two parts, lined with white marble. It has an opening which

communicates with the catacombs. On removing the mortar and nitre from the wall, a painting, very well preserved, was found. Our Lord in the centre of a rainbow, and around his head an aureole; on his right, Saint Peter in the attitude of a suppliant; Saint Paul on his left, and on each side of this group a palm-tree in bloom. This seemed to occupy the space opposite the entrance. On the left side wall, M. Perret discovered a figure holding a crown in his hand, and on the same side traces of four other figures also holding crowns. Everything led him to believe that on the opposite side had once been figures enough to complete a group of the twelve apostles. These pictures are judged to belong to the fourth century; and it was precisely at this period that Saint Damasus adorned this venerable crypt with plates of marble, and composed the inscription relating to the deposition of the relics of the apostles:

"Here, if you would know, once reposed saints. If you ask their names, they were Peter and Paul. The East sent disciples we freely acknowledge. By the merit of their blood shed, the saints, having followed Christ to the stars, have attained celestial mansions and the kingdom of the elect. Rome, meanwhile, could defend her citizens. May Damasus recall this to your glory, O new stars!"

By ascending a stairway, built in the seventeenth century, we come to a corridor which extends behind the apse of the Basilica of Saint Sebastian. It may be called a gallery, from which we can look down into the *Platonia*, and is encrusted with beautiful inscriptions. The one on the right wall is drawn from the revelations of Saint Bridget of Sweden, who used to come on foot from her house on the Piazza Farnese, where it still stands, to spend hours where she could overlook the crypt consecrated by the relics of SS. Peter and Paul. The inscription on the left is by the learned Cardinal Baronius, a religious of the Oratory of Saint Philip Neri, and relates to

Saint Stephen, pope and martyr. To Saint Philip Neri we owe the fervor of religious inspiration which urged Bosio in his explorations of the Roman catacombs; while Saint Charles Borromeo followed in the steps of Saint Philip. Both these saints, as well as Saint Bridget, found their favorite place for meditation and prayer, near the subterranean refuge of the great apostles, and near the relics of Saint Sebastian; thus adding the perfume of their own sanctity to that of the age of apostles and the age of martyrs. It is thus that the saints join hands in prayer and good works from century to century; while a Bosio in the sixteenth century and a *de Rossi* in the nineteenth are associated with them by their enthusiastic labors in the same holy cause.

The Church of Saint Sebastian may be called the advance-guard of Christian Rome and of the Christian monuments; for when we look still farther across the Campagna, with its tints of now mingling, now breaking, amethyst and amber, in an atmosphere never to be painted or described, it is to catch the grand outlines of the tomb of Cæcilia Metælla and the ragged forms of ruined, desolated pagan tombs, which make the mournful and impressive distance of the Via Appia.

SAN SISTO.

THE return from Saint Sebastian and the Catacombs of Saint Calixtus and Pretextatus, gives us, by a turn in the road when once within the gate of Saint Sebastian, a charming view of San Sisto. As seen from SS. Nereo, Achilleo and Domitilla, to which it is nearly opposite, there is nothing imposing in its appearance; but seen at this turn of the Appian Way within the Gate of Saint Sebastian and the Arch of Drusus, the old monastery recovers its prestige, and becomes fixed in the memory of the traveller as one of the most beautiful objects which has met his eye. The foreground filled in by the irregular vineyard walls and vines, a middle distance is taken possession of by the tapering spires of the cypresses, beyond which rises the elegant, open campanile of San Sisto; and below the tiled roof and rude walls of the ancient monastery, its surface broken only by the oval windows in its storeys. Beyond all this, stretch the ruined palaces of the Cæsars, with here and there a stone pillar among the desolated arches; while the blue of the Roman sky harmonizes the tints in these several distances so subtly, that the whole is a picture in itself, asking nothing from the imagination of the artist. The gate opens upon level

ground, and the scarlet poppies, in June and July, show like flames of fire among the grass. There is no desolation here, and the traditions of the place are as green and living as its thick sward. The first home of Saint Dominic and his Dominicans in Rome, under Honorius III., there is an aroma of the apostolic fervor in the life of Saint Dominic within its walls. Its chapter-room was the scene of three miracles by Saint Dominic, so startling, so irresistible in their evidence, that these alone would have entitled him to canonization on the plea of *heroic* sanctity.

The history of this church, which is near the Porta Capena and the Fountain of Egeria, in the midst of classic associations, owes its existence, however, to nothing connected with classic antiquity. Wholly Christian in its origin, it takes us back to the persecution inaugurated under Valerian, during which the Church was adorned with so many precious gems in the persons of her virgin martyrs.

The martyrdom of Stephen I. in the Catacomb of Saint Sebastian, on the second of August, 257, seemed to be a signal for every sort of cruelty and wantonness. Not a day passed without the shedding of that blood which is "the seed of the Church." So fierce was the persecution, so sharp-sighted had paganism become, that it was considered unsafe to send the Holy Eucharist to the sick, dying or imprisoned, by the hands of a priest, or of any one likely to be suspected of being a Christian, lest, being seized on the way, the Sacred Host should be exposed to sacrilegious insult. It was on such an errand, in place of some venerable servant of God, that a young acolyte, Tarcisius, was hurrying along the Appian Way on the 15th of August, 257, when he was met and rudely accosted by some youths: "Whither so fast, Tarcisius?" Perhaps it was some exaltation of mind visible in the countenance, some recollection in his mien, which excited their

malicious instincts. For when he would have passed them, they said: "Nay, tell us where you are going, and on what errand?" And when, conscious of the celestial Presence which he bore on his bosom in the folds of his mantle, he said: "Hinder me not," they cried: "Ha! ha! so you go on some secret errand! Tell us what it is, and tell us what you are guarding under your mantle, or we will find out for ourselves." For a moment, the blue sky must have become suddenly dark before the eyes of Tarcisius; but in another moment all things were clear to his mind as well as to his eyes. He knew that he could not escape from his young tormentors; but he also "knew in whom he had believed;" and he knew that so long as he kept his secret, God would save his trust from the "dogs, raging to devour." He did not strive, neither did he cry out, but was as silent as his Master before his judges, or "as the sheep before his shearers." This, so far from disarming the youthful mob, only irritated them the more, and they fell upon him with sticks, stones and even cudgels. But nothing could unlock those hands folded over his breast, nothing could break the recollected silence of his tongue. When at last death freed him from his responsibility, the pagans unclasped his hands, and searched his mantle, but found nothing. With the last breath of his martyr, Jesus had passed, unseen, through their midst, as he once escaped the fury of his countrymen, when they led him out to the steep brow of the hill on which their city was built, to cast him down. Those older Christians who had followed Tarcisius, at a distance, to see if any evil befel him, now came up, and found the Sacred Host on his person just as it had been given to him. The body of the martyr was lifted carefully, with the Body of his divine Lord still on his breast, and the relics were afterwards deposited with unusual honors in the cemetery of Calistus. A century later, Saint Damasus,

pope as well as poet, composed for him one of his most beautiful epitaphs:

> "Christ's secret gifts, by good Tarcisius borne,
> The mob profanely bade him to display;
> He rather gave his own limbs to be torn,
> Than Christ celestial to mad dogs betray."

But amid these horrors, the Church did not falter. Calling together the faithful clergy and laity of Rome amid the gloom of some catacomb not as familiar to the pagans as that of Saint Sebastian, a successor to Saint Peter, as well as to Saint Stephen, was chosen in the person of Xystus, or Sixtus, as it was generally written, and the second pope of that name. This Sixtus, an Athenian by birth, seems to have possessed all the intellectual tastes of his countrymen. In his youth he was devoted to philosophy. It was while entranced by all the fascinations of Athenian subtleties, that a ray of divine light fell upon the pages of Plato and of Aristotle. It was as if the natural truth, the truth attainable by reason, had led him on step by step, through the candor of a soul devoted to truth, until he was prepared to understand the beauty of the supreme and everlasting truth as revealed by Christ Jesus, and taught by his Church. No sooner had this light broken in upon his mind, than the skies of Greece and its clear air lost their charms for Sixtus, as well as the porticoes of the philosophers, where men walked only to speak of things pertaining to the soul. The boasted wisdom of these philosophers was now only a twilight compared with the dazzling splendors of the wisdom of God's saints; and he turned from it, without regret, to seek in Rome, at the feet of its persecuted pontiffs, the knowledge withheld so often from the wise and prudent, to be revealed to little ones. In Rome, among men familiar with those interior graces peculiar to the Christians, Sixtus became renowned for his prudence, his sanctity, and

his profound knowledge of everything connected with ecclesiastical discipline. Pope Stephen had chosen him for his archdeacon, and had confided to him the government of the Church during his own imprisonment in a former persecution. His courage and steadfastness therefore, had been thoroughly tested. For two years this faithful pontiff had lent himself to every need of the suffering flock committed to his hand, when a fresh order from Valerian was sent forth, that everywhere, the bishops, priests, ministers of every grade, should be especially sought out and subjected to tortures even unto death, unless they submitted to the religion of the empire. They were also forbidden to hold any assemblies in their cemeteries. This prohibition was one of the new features in Valerian's persecution. The laws of Rome respected the tombs of the dead to such a degree, that even those who had borne capital punishment could receive honorable burial—as was permitted to the martyrs—whatever might have been the torments or indignities inflicted upon them, as Christians, while living. It remained for later centuries, nearer our own times, to violate the tombs of the saints and to scatter their ashes to the winds. But not only were Christians allowed to deposit their dead in peace ; they were allowed to visit their tombs and to hold in them re-unions, which were supposed, or taken for granted, to be similar to re-unions held among the pagans in their family tombs. These re-unions, as we know, were religious as well as social; but they had been respected by the emperors before Valerian, and thus a refuge had been left open to the persecuted Christians. This was now to be cut off, if possible; and all religious meetings, in any place whatsoever, were forbidden by the emperor. The 6th of August, however, had been appointed by Sixtus as a day of assembly for the Christians, and the place appointed was the cemetery of Pretextatus, where mass was to be cele-

brated; this cemetery being one less likely to be watched than that of Saint Callistus. By some treason or by some misfortune, the assembly was discovered, and Sixtus was arrested by pagan soldiers while preaching to the faithful assembled around him. Conducted to Rome, he was accused of having violated the law. Sixtus replied that he had spared no pains to establish the worship of the true God, and to destroy the superstitious worship offered to idols, declaring that he would die, willingly, in such a cause. There is a tradition that Sixtus was led to the great temple of Mars, and there commanded to sacrifice; and that when he refused, the vast temple shook to its foundations, and a part of the walls and pillars fell in. It is certain, however, that Sixtus was judged worthy of death, and his sentence was to be carried out on the very spot where he had offended the majesty of the law. Thus on the very same day, he was led back along the Appian Way, followed by the two deacons who had assisted at his mass, Felicissimus and Agapitus. On the way to martyrdom, Sixtus was met by his archdeacon, Laurence. We must suppose him to have been specially dear, since to him had been committed the dispensing of the treasures of the Church among the poor; but evidently he was not one of those discovered in the cemetery that morning. Meeting his venerated pontiff bound and led as a malefactor, Laurence exclaims in a transport of grief: "Whither goest thou, O Father, without thy son? Whither goest thou, O Priest, without thy deacon?" But Sixtus replied: "Be consoled; a more glorious victory, because a harder combat, awaits thee, my son. In three days thou shalt follow me." This prophecy was literally fulfilled; for, on the 10th of August, the Church celebrates the martyrdon of Saint Laurence, who said, with a smile to his tormentors from his fiery gridiron: "Turn me, turn and eat!"

Passing onward, the procession of soldiers and Christians surrounding the pontiff and his deacons went forward to that same cemetery of Pretextatus which we see to-day, between the first and second mile-stone from Rome, to the left on the Appian Way, opposite the cemetery of Saint Callistus; its consecrated chambers hidden, as then, under smiling fields and fertile vineyards. Without delay and without courtesy, the pontiff was led to the very chamber in which he had said mass, placed in his pontifical chair, and thus seated, his head was struck from his body, his martyrdom being followed by that of the two deacons discovered with him; and blood thus consecrated, anew, this already sacred place. Saint Sixtus has been called "one of the glories of the catacombs," and to this day may be seen, in a chamber of the cemetery of Pretextatus, coarsely cut, and painted in vermilion upon the stone of a *loculus*, or bed, in the wall, the image of a bishop seated in a chair, and a deacon before him holding a book in his hands. Upon another stone the chair itself is represented, as if sharing in the veneration of which the martyr was object; and finally, on the tomb of Gemina, a holy woman, is seen represented, between the figures of SS. Peter and Paul, a portrait, under which is the word SVSTVS. In the fourth century, a small church was built directly over this chamber, in order to mark the precise spot where he suffered. The two deacons were deposited in this cemetery, where their tombs are still to be seen, as well as the fervent petition addressed to them by some pious pilgrims in the third, or the first half of the fourth century. Saint Sixtus himself was carried to the cemetery of Saint Callistus; and with his body, was taken the episcopal chair on which he suffered, stained as it was with his blood. Around these precious relics were collected those of other holy popes, martyrs also, until the crypt was called the "Chamber of the Popes." Here,

above the chair, which was set upon a marble platform with steps, Saint Damasus, that elegant scholar, poet, as well as pope and saint, placed an inscription, cut in the characters which were used exclusively by him and which go by his name. The manuscripts of this pope contained the inscription which has thus come down to us entire, and has been verified in our own day, by the fragments of the original stone found in the chamber. The inscription contains allusions to circumstances which must have been familiar to Pope Damasus and to the Christians of his day. To us it reads like a biography in brief. The scattered fragments have been brought together with infinite care, so that only seven letters are incomplete, and stand, thus, after fifteen hundred years, in their original place, to the astonishment as well as admiration of the visitor to the catacomb of Saint Callistus. It may be translated thus:

"At the time when the sword transfixed the tender heart of our Mother, I, the pastor here interred, taught the commandments of heaven. They arrive suddenly, seize me while sitting on my chair; soldiers had been sent, and the people held out their necks to the sword. The aged man, who saw immediately that they desired to receive in his place the crown of martyrdom, was the first to offer himself and to give up his head, in order that the impatient fury of his enemies should touch no other. Christ, who gives in recompense eternal life, manifests the merit of the pastor, and Himself takes care of the flock."*

Saint Cyprian, a contemporary of Saint Sixtus, distinctly

* Tempore quo gladius secuit pia viscera Matris
Hic positus rector cœlestia jussa docebam;
Adveniunt subito, rapiunt qui forte sedentem;
Militibus missis, populi tunc colla dedere.
Mox sibi cognovit senior quis tollere vellet
Palmam, seque suumque caput prior obtulit ipse,
Imp tiens feritas posset ne lædere quemquam.
Ostendit Christus reddit qui præmia vitæ
Pastoris meritum, numerum gregis ipse tuetur.

states that Saint Sixtus was put to death by the sword, in the cemetery, on the 6th of August, and the *graffiti*, or writing on the walls leading to this chamber, or chapel of the popes, invariably invoke Saint Sixtus.

A few words concerning the cemetery of Pretextatus, as seen to-day, will be in place here. We must remember that all the catacombs, with the exception of that of Saint Sebastian, have been re-discovered in our day. That of Pretextatus was discovered by workmen repairing a ruined part of the stages in the cemetery of Saint Callistus, coming, as they did, unexpectedly, upon a large and beautiful crypt. M. de Rossi, the Bozio of our century, no sooner perceived this through an opening, hardly cleared of rubbish, than running, sliding, creeping on hands and knees, he made his way into the crypt and found himself in a historic sanctuary. On examination it was found, not to have been cut or dug out of the *tufa* or rock, but built in solid masonry, after the manner of the latest pagan and the earliest Christian tombs. On three sides were niches for receiving sarcophagi, and the crypt still bore traces of the marble with which it was formerly faced. The front of the crypt, as seen from the interior of the cemetery, is of beautiful yellow brick, with pilasters in equally fair red brick, and a frieze of terra-cotta. The ceiling, and in fact the whole surface, of this chamber or chapel, is painted in fresco, four garlands run entirely round it from the floor to the *luminare*, which throws a strong light over the chamber. One of these garlands represents roses, another thorns, a third grapes, and the fourth laurel. These garlands are supposed to symbolize the four seasons, and we may say they have never been more gracefully symbolized. Among the three first garlands fly little birds, and from their nests appear the downy heads of their callow young ones. In the last, there are no singing birds, no flowers, no nests; but the

laurel represents that period of life which is enlivened by a celestial hope and crowned with the wreath of victory. Below these garlands, and following the arch of the crypt itself, is a harvest field, reapers busy with their sickles, and others binding the sheaves. Within this is represented the Good Shepherd, bearing the lamb on his shoulder, the faithful sheep at his side, with a background of palms, foliage and birds. Through this fresco an opening was made for the last resting-place of some fervent Christian, who still invokes, by the inscription over his tomb, the saints near whose relics he wished to repose. All the letters are not legible, but the visitor can trace out, . . . *mi refrigeri Januarius, Agatopus, Felicissim . . Martyres:* the two last being the names of the deacons martyred with Saint Sixtus. This word, *refrigeri*, was used by the early Christians as an invocation from purgatory, meaning, "refresh me;" in the sense of console, help; so that we have, in this one inscription, a proof of their belief in purgatory, and also in the invocation of saints. The value of this inscription as a testimony to the faith of Christians at so early a period, may well reconcile us to the injury done to the fresco. The elegance of the decoration in this chapel takes us back to an early part of the second century, while the martyrs who have reposed within its walls, are among the choicest fruits of the harvests of successive persecutions. The tribune, Quirinus, father of Saint Balbina, whose church overlooks us on our first entrance upon the Via Appia; Saint Januarius, the eldest of the seven sons of Saint Felicitas, martyred in 162 under Marcus Aurelius; Valerian, the husband, and Tiberias, the brother-in-law, of Saint Cecilia, martyred under the same emperor, in 177; Urban, the bishop who was instrumental in their conversion, and the two deacons of Pope Sixtus II., found here a resting place.

It is on a return from a visit so rich in precious memories

as this, to the twin cemeteries of Pretextatus and Callistus, that we obtain, by a sharp turn in the way, the view we have already described of the Church of Saint Sixtus, or *San Sisto*, built upon the very spot where Saint Sixtus and Saint Laurence bade each other so tender, yet so courageous, a farewell. The precise words spoken have come down to us in the genuine Acts of these martyrs, showing how deeply they sank into the hearts and memories of those who heard them. Within fifty years after these events transpired, a Roman matron, named Trigidia, built a church upon this spot, in honor of the pontiff-martyr. His precious remains were taken from the cemetery of Saint Callistus and deposited here. From the fourth to the thirteenth century, this church had suffered so much, that in the year 1200, Innocent III. was obliged to rebuild it altogether, since he had resolved to assemble there all the scattered religious of Rome. In 1488, under the pontificate of Sixtus IV., Cardinal Pierre Ferrici restored it at the pope's expense. About the same period another cardinal Philippi Buon-Compagni, charged Baccio Pintelli, the celebrated architect of the Sistine Chapel and the Ponte Sisto, to make the small façade, which is still seen on the church. Under the pontificate of Paul V., in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, the Very Rev. Father Seraphin Sicco, General of the Order of Saint Dominic, caused some pictures to be painted there, and Benedict XIII., one century later, completed its embellishment.

It was on the 26th of December, 1216, that Honorius III. confirmed the Order of Saint Dominic, and in 1217, the same pope, wishing the young Order to have a house in Rome, gave them the Church of Saint Sixtus on the Appian Way. This, then, was the first home of the Dominicans in Rome and it has been ever since in their possession. At the present time, the venerable church and monastery attracts every visi-

tor to Rome, not only on account of its ancient claims upon their regard, but for the frescoes executed on the walls of its renowned chapter-room by Père Besson, himself a Dominican, by the order of Father Mullooly, Prior of Saint Clement, the home of the Irish Dominicans in Rome. The principal frescoes represent, with great vividness, the three miracles wrought in this very room by Saint Dominic. The first is the resuscitating of the son of a holy Roman widow, named Guatonia, who had left her son in his cradle in order to listen to a sermon by the saint. On her return she found her child dead. In her grief, she took the child in her arms and hurried to San Sisto. Owing to the building being under repairs, the rule of the cloister was not in force, and she carried him to the very feet of Saint Dominic who was at the door of the chapter-room. "She spoke," we are told, "with her eyes rather than with her mouth," but Saint Dominic understood her. Withdrawing a little from the door, he prostrated himself in prayer for a moment, then making the sign of the cross over the child, returned him, living and well, to his mother. The second was the resuscitating of a mason who was working on the monastery, and who was crushed under a wing of the wall which fell upon him. The monks, greatly distressed at this accident, besought Saint Dominic to have pity on the unfortunate youth. Telling them to draw out the lifeless body from the rubbish, and making over him the prayer of faith, he restored his broken limbs and crushed body, and gave him to the hands of his brethren in perfect health. The third was still more remarkable, being the restoration of the young lord, Napoleon, who was thrown so violently from his horse to the pavement that his skull was broken and he died instantly. The news of this disaster came to his uncle, Cardinal Stephen, while he was with Saint Dominic at San Sisto, in company with two other cardinals, and

so afflicted him, that he fell fainting to the floor. The grief of the uncle so touched the monks, that they begged Saint Dominic to succor the dead youth. The saint did not refuse, but being vested for mass, he ordered the body to be brought to the chapter-room. During mass, he shed floods of tears and was raised from the ground in an ecstacy. The Holy Sacrifice being ended, Dominic went to the corpse, disposed the bruised bones in their proper places, and betook himself to prayer; then rising, and making the sign of the cross over the corpse, he cried out, with a loud voice: "Napoleon, I say to thee, in the Name of Jesus Christ, arise!" And at that instant before all assembled, the young man rose up, well and sound. These beautiful pictures can always be seen, even though the custodian is not near, by looking through the iron gate of the chapter-room. The kindness of Father Mullooly also allows the pilgrim, on the station-days, to climb up the narrow stone-stairs, trodden by so many saints, to the second storey, and to look through the oval windows over the Campagna beyond. Although the present dampness of the location makes it an unwholesome residence, every facility is given to the traveller to refresh his memory at this fountain of early Christian traditions. Seldom does one pass along the Via Appia without seeing its iron gate swung wide open under its arch of masonry, on which flourishes many a nodding tuft of grass or spray of wild-flowers. The peaceful sunshine and unbroken shadows within the gate, always invite one to enter and to gather, as memorials of the place, the daisies or the poppies, according to the season, or to clutch handfuls of the pretty blossoming leek which covers the low-tiled roofs within reach; while the eye takes in the church of San Cesareo to the right, and, directly in front of the gate, the vast, dismantled, unroofed halls, chambers and banqueting-rooms of the Baths of Caracalla.

From San Sisto, the distance is short to the P. C. on the vineyard wall between the church of San Sisto and that of San Gregorio, which marks the site of the ancient Porta Capena, where the Via Appia, strictly speaking, began. Passing San Gregorio, and the sacred wood of the Camenæ, still a shaded square, and farther on still, the Coliseum, all on the right, to the left the Arch of Constantine and the palaces of the Cæsars, we enter, through the Arch of Titus, on the *Via Triumphalis* of the empire; the tower of the capitol rising fully to view beyond and above the old Roman Forum; while all these monuments, with their picturesque surroundings of earth and sky, enter into the traveller's recollections of that Appian Way, which can never have so profound an interest for even the classical scholar as for the devout Christian pilgrim.

MONTE CASSINO.

SPEEDING by railway into the quaint little town of San Germano, every traveller to Naples sees Monte Cassino, perched like an eagle's nest on the highest of the peaks in that grand mountain region. We could not leave Italy, willingly, without having seen Mount Vesuvius, Herculaneum and Pompeii; but to leave Italy without having seen Monte Cassino, would be to disappoint the wish, if not the expectation, of years. Not only have Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica their individual and united hold on our hearts and imaginations, but the Benedictine spirit has been found to run through so much which we most prized in devotion, and Benedictine history, through the periods and the lives we have studied with such ever-increasing delight, that our American solitude often heard the sigh, that we might, some day, be allowed to climb this steep pathway, and drink from the same fountain which had sent its healing and civilizing waters through the whole Christian world. And yet, when we actually stood at the base of the rugged mountain, looked, until our eyes ached, at the monastery on its very summit, it seemed like a rash dream; indeed nothing but the considerations we have named, could have induced us to attempt this ascent on the back of the best

donkey in Italy. The ascent looked perilous enough, but the descent—!

Strange to say, we had no sooner passed through the stony streets of the town at the foot of the mountain, and entered upon the actual path to Monte Cassino, so broad and so skilfully graded, than all fear subsided, We were stepping on the very edge of precipices, winding round and round the sharp angles of gigantic rocks, but at every point we could see what pains had been taken to anticipate an accident. Our guides, too, were not only good-natured, but were very careful, and our donkeys the surest of sure-footed animals. At first, we dared not trust ourselves to look down the dizzy heights; but admiration soon overcame fear, and we found ourselves forgetting all the imaginary perils of the way in the beauty and majesty of this amphitheatre of mountains, their heads among the clouds, while at their feet lay vast forest tracts, villages and towns, like mere specks or patches of color. Every shade of green, from emerald to the palest olive, on the plains; every shade of gray, of amethyst, of sapphire, on the mountains; while close at our side, and forming the foreground of this picture, were rocks, with their deep crevices rich in verdure, and where the delicate blue harebell, the starry clusters of the virgin's bower, and the wild rose found a home, and trees often threw a grateful shadow over our path.

We soon pass the picturesque *Rocco Janula*, whose strong walls actually withstood two sieges by the German emperor, Frederic II.; its citadel crowning a mountain-peak a little lower than Monte Cassino, while its straggling towers and walls extend almost into the town of San Germano. Then, still ascending, winding along the broad flank of the mountain, we come to the little chapel of Saint Maurus, on the spot where Saint Benedict parted with this beloved disciple when sending him to France to propagate his order, then to the chapel of Saint

Scholastica, each with its saint frescoed on its inner wall; and then to the highest of all, the chapel of the Holy Cross, or Trinity Chapel, as it is often called, on account of its three arches, which can be seen distinctly from the base of the mountain. But although we had passed all the chapels, we still found crosses planted to commemorate events in the life of the holy patriarch of Monte Cassino, and also marking, in nearly every instance, some point in the road; for there can be no doubt that the path is essentially the same as in the days of Saint Benedict. The fourth and last cross stood on a table-land overlooking the vast plain below, but also giving us, after one sharp curve with its steep ascent, a view of the portal of Monte Cassino. When that portal, the very same through which Saint Benedict and his personal disciples had gone in and out, rose before us under the arching acacias of the avenue, with the venerable walls of the monastery above it, we could almost believe that we saw Saint Benedict also, seated on his rude bench, ready to receive, and to confound by the majesty of his presence, the rash Totila; could see him also with the peasant, who had come with his dead child to ask back its life from Saint Benedict; could see the slave, cruelly bound with thongs, driven by an infuriated master to the feet of Saint Benedict, only to be released. All our impressions of the dramatic grandeur of the character of Saint Benedict came back to us with our first sight of the gate of Monte Cassino. It was on the same level spot, or table-land, before the gate where all these scenes were enacted, that we alighted from our patient beasts of burden, and prepared to ascend—yes, still ascend—to the first court of the monastery. This ascent is made through a long, low arch of such solidity that it seems to be cut through the rock itself, and so paved as to allow a mule to carry its burden to the gate of the first court if desirable, while flag-stones give still another path to

the pilgrim on foot. Half way up this solemn entrance is a shrine of Saint Benedict, with its lamp; and over the second gate is a relief, in marble, of the Blessed Virgin, seated between Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica, and holding her Divine Son on her knees.

But how describe the effect of this first court upon the eye and the mind, as we emerge from the low, rocky arch with its gloom, into the full sunshine of the open court? How describe its forests of columns, stretching off in long vistas, and all the beauty of those arcades through which we look on inclosed gardens in their summer bloom, or catch glimpses of the strange architectural phases through which the monastery has passed during its more than thirteen hundred years of existence! As we advanced to the centre of the portico on which we had entered, we found ourselves gazing through an open balcony on the left, over the enchanting view from that side of the monastery; while before us, on the right, rose successive flights of steps, the width of the vast court, and leading to still another court, through which we had a sight of the cathedral church. At the foot of these grand steps were the statues of Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica, and in the very centre of these architectural surroundings was the monastery well.

These Benedictines, we said, certainly understood not only the value but the significance of a monastery well. For there it stood in the centre of that inclosed court like "a thing of beauty and a joy forever;" its massive curb, as graceful in its outlines as a marble lily, of which it reminded us, its straight canopy resting lightly on two Corinthian columns, and the ornaments above supporting a cross. The worn steps, the worn lip of the curb, only told the story of a beautiful age of goodness; while the clang of the buckets, one going up as the other went down, and the splash of water over the

steps, told of the perpetual youth of an ever-gushing spring. We had not come to Monte Cassino without having obtained, through the kindness of Monsignor Chatard of the American College, the *permesso* from the Holy Father, necessary for ladies who wish to see the treasures of this most ancient of all the monastic sanctuaries of the West. The Right Reverend Abbot had also extended to us a courtesy reserved most strictly for the mothers and nearest relatives of the pupils in the seminary, thus giving us the time really necessary, if we were to have more than a glimpse of what we had, for so many years, longed to see. But as if nothing was to be lacking for the perfect fulfillment of our anticipations in visiting Monte Cassino, we could not only claim the Very Reverend Prior as an American, but as a friend; for years before, while on a visit to the United States, he had assisted us in our researches concerning Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica. It was not, then, the *salve* of the porter alone, which had welcomed us to Monte Cassino, and never had our English tongue sounded more delightfully in our ears than when we heard it, that day, from the lips of Dom Bonifacio Krug, or *Father Boniface*, as we had always called him. Nor was it without a feeling of just pride as Americans, that we saw him, at last, in his own place, in this retreat of learning and of sanctity, looking out over one of the grandest panoramas of mountain, and plain, and historic ground, which the world knows.

We had not time to stop at San Germano even for fifteen minutes, and it was in the guest-room at Monte Cassino, on the same level as the first court, that the abstinence dinner of Saturday, so perfect in its appointments, yet so monastic, was served to us. After this we proceeded immediately on our sight-seeing. "And first," said Father Boniface, "we must venerate Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica at their own shrine."

From this point, too, our readers must consider themselves not mere readers, but companions; seeing through our eyes, hearing through our ears. We step out into the first court: "Let us drink from the well, Father Boniface!" and one bucket is lowered to send up another. The porter runs gayly for the large glass tumbler in which the water is given to visitors, and thus refreshed we mount slowly the long flights of steps, guarded by Saints Benedict and Scholastica, pluck a leaf or a flower from the crevices, find ourselves in the upper court, and all around us, in their niches, the papal and royal benefactors of Monte Cassino. And first among these, according to the mind of the Benedictines of Monte Cassino, Abondanza, the mother of Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica. Then, Anicius Tertullus, father of Placidus, and from this benefactor, down through emperors, kings, princes, dukes, counts and countesses to Ferdinand III. How grandly those marble figures look down upon us! What nobleness on those brows, what piety on those faces, whether lifted to heaven or turned benignly towards earth! How had they not been enriched by giving, far more than others by despoiling! Another well stands here; but the lower well has proved too powerful a rival, and the silence of the upper court is unbroken by the clang of its buckets, beautiful as are the proportions of its marble curb. We pass along the shaded side of the court, and come to the church, which stands on that highest point of Monte Cassino, once occupied by the temple of Apollo, and its high altar over the highest point of the highest rock. As Father Boniface remarked, the monastery is not built upon the mountain, but *around* it, and the church and the altar mark its loftiest altitude. The great bronze doors of the nave were closed, and we could see them, in all the splendor of their silver lettering, giving the long list of possessions which had been made over to the monastery

by the generosity and the piety of other and brighter days. Without raising the foot at the threshold, we enter the church where the living God has been so faithfully served since the year 529. Its walls may have been destroyed over and over again; but the foundations, laid not so much on the everlasting hills as in the *true God*, have never been disturbed. Of the first church, which was the temple of Apollo converted into a temple of God, we read that it was destroyed by the Lombards in 589. One hundred and thirty years later, Petronace of Brescia constructed on its ruins a church, which was consecrated by Pope Zachary in 748, and destroyed by the Saracens in 884. The Abbot John restored it, however, in 905; Abbot Didier enlarged and embellished it in 1066, and Alexander II. solemnly consecrated it in 1071. In 1349, a violent earthquake destroyed this magnificent monument of mediæval piety. By the order of Urban V., the church was rebuilt, to be again menaced by destruction in 1648. After this, however, another restoration was made, and the church, as we now see it, was raised by the care of the Abbot Dominic Quesada, upon the designs of the Spaniard, Cosme Fansaga, the most celebrated architect of his time; and Benedict XIII., after almost a century of labor had been expended upon it, gave it a third solemn consecration in 1727.

But what description, however elaborate, could prepare one for the beauty and grandeur which meet our eyes immediately on entering! It is as if all the loveliest forms and hues in nature had been suddenly arrested and fixed upon this spot. Literally incrusted with marbles, from the threshold to the depths of the choir beyond the high altar, a profound harmony pervades the nave, the aisles, on which open eight chapels of wonderful magnificence, the cupola above the high altar, and the deep chapels on either hand. A solemn joy, a meditative

delight, is the motive of this *Te Deum* in stone. The level rays of the evening sun, light, without penetrating into these sacred recesses, and send a glow through every chapel. The bland air of the mountain-summit in July, cool without the possibility of chilling, breathes through the lofty arches. The stillness of this Benedictine home of more than thirteen hundred years, fraught as it is with the associations of the hour, of the shrine, of the whole Benedictine tradition, is a stillness full of peace. Look up to this lofty ceiling, where the life of Saint Benedict and its supernatural wonders is depicted before you! Look at these angels, so solemn in their gladness, as they guard the ten arches on each side of this nave! Look at the arches themselves, and then on the massive pillars which support them, each bearing one of the crosses peculiar to the ten orders of knights who followed the rule of Saint Benedict; each, too, with its olive or laurel or bay-wreath, in all the beauty of their natural hues! Look into these eight chapels, and count, if you can, the variations in their designs, in their ornamentation! In vain will you seek to study their several beauties, so multifarious, so subtle; but you can run your eye along those exquisite pillars supporting the canopy of each altar, along the gradines, too, of these altars, take in at a glance the beauty of these fronts with their symbols, expressed by the richest and most delicate of precious marbles, and then along the altar-railing, and not only on the top will you see garlands, but the rounded edge will present another, and every corner will show you an ivy leaf inlaid. From the railing your eye will fall on the steps, on the floor of this chapel, to find them covered, like an enamelled carpet, with graceful designs and choice colors. You will try, at first, to dwell upon these pictures on the walls, on the ceilings of each, and especially on the chapel of Carloman, the uncle of Charlemagne, who entered the Order quite unknown, and humbly kept the flocks,

saying to the wolves: "Do what you will with me, but spare what has been committed to my charge." You will try to linger here, but the prior will gently urge you forward, knowing, as he does, that you have a great deal to see which you can see only with him; and you will return to these pictures, framed in with lovely marbles, at some quiet hour, and take in all their nobleness of sentiment, all their charming simplicity of expression. You will pause before one altar, however; for it is the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, before which six lamps continually burn; and your eyes will take in, even while kneeling, the beauty of the amethyst-carnelians with which that altar is enriched. They are not there for your eyes, you well know, but as offerings to Him who dwells on this mountain height, to make a home for his devoted followers; and the prior will tell you, if you should not recognize them, that the two young saints in an ecstacy of heavenly peace above the tabernacle, are the two disciples of Saint Benedict—St. Maurus and Saint *Placidus*.

You will take a side look at the sanctuary; but it is not there you are to go now, but to the sacristy. How noble is this vesting room of the priests of God! How every worldly thought is banished by what is seen here! Each altar has here its place of preparation. The priest vests, not only before his crucifix, but before a relief in which the rich wood tells something of the wonders of the Holy Sacrifice which he is to offer up, while the ceiling gives the scene from the Gospels where our Lord washes the feet of the Apostle Peter, and he exclaims: "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." The floor of the sacristy is made from the marble of the old basilica, built by the renowned Abbot Didier. A room, inclosed as it were by the sacristy, contains the treasures of the monastery, not so much gold and silver, as the relics of her own great saints. The weight of bread allowed by Saint

Benedict, in his rule, to each of the religious, is here in bronze, of a round form, on which we read in Roman capital letters, *Pondus libre panis Beati Benedicti.* A Greek crucifix, wonderfully embellished, is the cover to another crucifix, in which is a large piece of the true Cross. There is an inscription among the enamels and precious rubies, in which we read: *Roman ornaments with gold the wood of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, for gold is an ornament worthy of Jesus Christ himself.* Is it to be wondered at if, after fourteen hundred years of pious use, the inscription is not quite clear to the unaccustomed eye? Or shall we complain if it has thus worn away under the kisses of the faithful? The pastoral staff of the Abbot of Monte Cassino is an exquisite work of Cellini, and worthy of that master. Nothing could be more charmingly worked out in gold than the tiny figures of the saints of the Order surrounding the staff, while Saint Benedict gives his rule to a religious and to a knight, both kneeling at his side. With how solemn a feeling did we not pass out of this inclosed room in which had been gathered the sacred dust of so many of God's saints, and how we longed to know that such a repository would, some day, hallow a spot in our own beautiful land!

Passing in and out of the sacristy, you stop to admire the richly embroidered curtain before the door, on which are the arms of the Monastery of Monte Cassino, viz., a tower, with two cypress trees, quartered with the lion rampant. A flight of steps takes you to the Chapel of the Crucifix at the side of the sanctuary, and opposite to this you are taken to the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin, with its picture of the Assumption and bas-reliefs of four Benedictines, one of whom was the blessed Hermaldus, author of the *Salve Regina.* At the foot of the steps we stand amazed before the door leading into the monastic inclosure. We had seen twisted columns of a beauty

not to be described, as we thought, every twist taking up a thread of brilliant mosaic; but those were small, while here are two stately columns of Sicilian *breche*, a sort of rosy, clouded jasper, turning in graceful twists, and through the deep groove runs a rich garland of flowers, sculptured in white marble. Above the door and supported by these wonderful pillars, is a relief of the Immaculate Conception, which was early a favorite dogma with the Benedictines, and which they were the first to urge on the attention of the Christian world. At this door we look into the peaceful cloisters of Monte Cassino, but our visit is reserved for another day. It is from this point, as we face the door for an instant, that we are attracted by the grand picture over the principal portal of the church, which we have not seen before. It represents the consecration of the church, by Pope Alexander II., with Hildebrand (afterwards Saint Gregory VII., but then a Benedictine monk and cardinal deacon) and Saint Peter Damian at his side.

And now that we have made the whole circuit of these chapels and stand once more before the flight of steps leading to the high altar, let us throw our whole souls into the depths of that sanctuary, for beneath that altar, built, as we have said, over the highest point of this mountain-summit, and where once stood a temple to Apollo, reposes all that could die of Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica. Twins as they were by birth, they also lived according to the same religious rule within sight of each other, and the time between their most happy deaths is counted by days. From that tower, at whose base we still enter the monastery of Monte Cassino, Saint Benedict looked off over the plain on which stood the convent of Saint Scholastica, and saw the soul of this sister, from whom he had parted only three days before, ascending into heaven. Immediately his monks are summoned and sent down the steep path of the mountain to bring the body of his sister to the

tomb which he had prepared for himself, and in which he will be laid in forty days. You have seen the picture of this procession, bringing the body of Saint Scholastica to Monte Cassino, on the wall close by the sanctuary. Now you will see their tomb, with its thirteen lamps, with its vases of fresh flowers, and itself adorned with every symbol peculiar to the saints themselves, inlaid thereon with untiring skill, while they are represented as sleeping in a sitting posture, face to face, exactly as they were found in their tomb by the Abbot Didier, in 1066. Above this tomb, enriched by designs in mosaic, in which shines the precious *verd antique*, the *lapis lazuli*, mother-of-pearl, and the variegated marble of Spain, is this touching inscription.

Benedictum et Scholasticam,
Uno in terris partu editos,
Una in Deum pietate coelo redditos,
Unus hic excipit tumulus
Mortalis depositi pro aeternitate
Custos.

Which we may translate thus:

Benedict and Scholastica,
One on earth by nativity,
One in God through piety, together they ascended to heaven;
United here, this tomb keeps their mortal remains for eternity.

Above this inscription is the head of an angel, who seems to guard their resting-place. You have seen beautiful heads of angels on every one of these chapels at Monte Cassino, but this one you will say, is the most angelic of all in its celestial gravity. And Father Boniface will not hurry us here. He knows that we have come to Monte Cassino for this very spot; that it was one of the magnets which drew us across the ocean; gave us courage to ascend the steep mountain-path. Beautiful as everything is around us, magnificent as are these mountain-ranges, pure as the air may be on Monte Cassino, and

wonderful as we know to be the treasures of its far-famed library and archives, still these alone could not have drawn us. We came to the tomb and the shrine of Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica, and once here, have really accomplished our pilgrimage. It is not alone that a great saint and the founder of a great order here lived and died, or that here the most beautiful example of the love between a brother and sister ever given on earth has been kept before the world. It is the union of these two facts in a supernatural degree, and the continuity of the tradition itself, with all that has flowed out of the rule of Saint Benedict to bless the world, which gives to this shrine its surpassing charm. The tradition of Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica contains the monastic traditions of Christendom for fourteen hundred years. Our own convents in America are associated to this one at Monte Cassino; for whether called this or that, the spirit of Saint Benedict has entered into all. He was appointed by God to give a monastic rule to the world; and that rule, however modified by circumstances of time or country, is the one to which America, as well as Europe, owes its present civilization. Father Boniface will not hurry us; therefore we shall be allowed to make our thanksgiving, under God, to Saint Benedict, for all the benefits we have received from him individually, and to Saint Scholastica for having been our example in all womanly virtues and all womanly graces; and we shall be allowed, also, to make our petitions for ourselves and for others; petitions which we cannot help feeling will be joined in and assisted by SS. Benedict and Scholastica here, if anywhere on earth.

The sun was not far from setting when we were ready to take our first leave of this spot, which had for us so many and such powerful attractions. But Father Boniface would not miss the opportunity to show us the wonderful carvings, in wood, of the monastic choir. On the three sides of this

spacious sanctuary, the stalls were absolute marvels of delicate tracery in wood. At the back of each stall was the half-length figure of a saint, surrounded, to the very edge of the panel, not by a mere relief, but by stems and flowers and birds raised from the panel. Every panel was a design by itself, and separated from its neighbors by pillars of a workmanship equally delicate. The arms, the desks, presented still other groups and elaborations, and this choir, lost to the memory of many a visitor by the very multiplicity of wonders around him, might still attract a sincere lover of the beautiful from the plain below. With a sense, so rare in this world, of entire satisfaction, we passed out of the church into the upper court, with its papal and royal benefactors, down the steps fit for an imperial triumph, past the well and the gardens and the statues of Saints Benedict and Scholastica, caught another glimpse of the amethystine mountain-summits around us, and then plunged into the cavernous arch leading to the gate of the turret; thence through the avenue of acacias, until the porter showed us the pretty house, with its vines, on the very edge of a cliff, where we were to find a home while at Monte Cassino. From its clean and blooming inclosure we wandered out to the terraces beyond, where we saw the sun set in summer splendor behind the grand mountains in their purple vesture; and then, plucking a handful of blue hare-bells, returned to our rooms, to watch the moon rise and the stars come forth over Monte Cassino.

Six o'clock saw us on our way to this basilica, on a height only to be ascended by the patient donkey; and since four o'clock we had been watching the mists rise from their level sleep over the plains, then roll themselves into vast clouds, to vanish, we could not tell where or how, but leaving everything before us rejoicing in sunlight. The dew still besprinkled the grass and the wild flowers and the old ivy-vines,

and the birds had not finished their morning carols, when we entered the church, to find mass after mass celebrating at the different altars in this solitude, as we do in the basilicas of Rome with its teeming population. On the great festivals, such as Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, thousands and thousands of the peasantry from the surrounding country flock to Monte Cassino, which is the cathedral of the diocese; and nothing, we were told, can exceed the richness of the ancient costumes seen at such times. But, although this was not a Sunday to bring out the peasantry in any numbers, we still saw the most beautiful costumes we had seen in Italy, and the most genuine peasantry; and they were all at home among these marbles and statues and reliefs and pictures. They trod the inlaid floor reverentially, indeed, but without concern, so different is the atmosphere of the temples of God from the far inferior dwellings of royalty. There was nothing here to recall his littleness to the peasant, unless, indeed, the picture of Prince Carloman, who had been a shepherd like himself; but everything showed him the greatness of his soul; nor did these fine forms and dignified heads do dishonor to the training of their Benedictine teachers. It was a "morning picture in church," of which no poet or artist could fail to see the beauty and freshness.

We were not allowed to return to our house for our cup of coffee, but it was served to us in the sacristy, and thus we could improve the early hour to sketch the well and the court and mountains beyond. Just at the right hour, when the sun lighted up every object on the plain west of Monte Cassino, Father Boniface came to show us the convent where Saint Scholastica lived with her choir of virgins, in sight of Monte Cassino, and from which she came, every year, to meet Saint Benedict at the foot of the mountain, there to spend a day together, talking of the things of God. To see this, we must go

to the open gallery on the side of the court opposite the church, and called "*Loggia del Paradiso*," or Loggia of Paradise, as it really deserves to be called. All the charms of distant mountains, of smiling plains, of villages, of cities, even those of a foreground of rocks and verdure and lofty trees, were here to be found; and, pervading all, an atmosphere which angels might breathe. Our eyes soon caught the square tower and the buildings belonging to the convent, and then we sat down to give, as nearly as pencils could do in our hands, the fair panorama, in which the convent of Saint Scholastica floated in a sort of amber mist. The actual place of meeting between this twin brother and sister, was not to be seen from the Loggia of Paradise, nor even to be reached at present by ladies. We must therefore content ourselves with what was before us. To the right of the convent of Saint Scholastica was Aquino, the town which could boast of having been the birth-place of Saint Thomas, although the castle in which he was born was concealed from us by a lofty mountain-peak. The time passed quickly until eleven o'clock, when the early offices having been chanted in the choir, with that pathetic sweetness which is to be heard only in the songs of the Church, high mass was sung at the altar over the shrine of Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica. There were a few visitors besides ourselves; there were the peasants in their Sunday costumes; but these were all we could see; for the deep choir held the religious of Monte Cassino, and even the long line of students in the large and small seminaries did not come to view. We heard that mass chanted as if for God alone. Its sweetness and majesty were for him as much as the perfume of any wild flower in some inaccessible glen, or the grandeur of some lake shut in by inaccessible mountains. Never had we heard music which God could claim so entirely as given to himself. The mighty organ spoke only in its

turn; and every now and then the one voice at the altar was all that was heard, to be answered only by the voices in the depth of the sanctuary. These solemn pauses were not broken by trifling *thrums* on the organ keys, but allowed to have their full length, and thus lived in the memory and imagination of the worshipper as part of the grand harmony, as they really were.

After vespers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, we were presented to the abbot, and received with that graceful urbanity which characterizes the Italian manners. The sorrows of these troubled times do not touch lightly the mitred abbot of Monte Cassino, and we realized, as we looked on the abbot and the prior at his side, with how sublime a self-abnegation they were devoting themselves to the world, as well as to their order, in the cheerful courage with which they maintained themselves on their mountain-summit, stripped of all their possessions, yet satisfied to remain thus until the storm is passed, if at that time they can say, "We have kept Monte Cassino for God and for the Church and for the world, and that, too, without a single violation of principle." This was their declaration, and no grander anthem could come from the fullest choir that ever sang matins and lauds in the stalls of the old home of Saint Benedict. We did not leave the Right Reverend Abbot under the arches of his old sanctuary, without a gift worthy of himself and the place; a delicate photograph of that picture of Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica, most beloved by the community at Monte Cassino; and on the same card, some flowerets which had bloomed on their tomb, with his own autograph and benediction.

And now we have come to that part of our visit which may seem to many of our readers to give a sort of climax to our story, for we stand between the twisted columns of Sicilian jasper with their garlands in white marble, and on the very

threshold of the cloister of Monte Cassino. Had we stepped over that threshold and returned to the church for an instant only, our permission from the Holy Father, which would serve for one entrance only, would have been over. There was one solid pleasure in this visit to the cloister, however; it was not only a visit which had cost us trouble and pains, and allowed as a most peculiar indulgence (as our whole visit might be said to have been) on the part of our Benedictine hosts, but it was made under their permission and protection. *Monte Cassino was still a cloister;* it had not been profaned by secular occupation, and thus allowed to gratify the mere curiosity of the tourist. It was, as we have said, still a cloister, and we were entering as privileged guests, into the oldest monastic home in Christian Europe, and to the home of good Benedictines, faithful and devoted sons of Saint Benedict.

But what a contrast between the magnificence of the church and the severe grandeur of the monastery! Our first look as we pass in beside the prior, accompanied as he must be by two ecclesiastics of the monastery, is directed to a very ancient crucifix, not carved in wood nor sculptured in marble, but painted and then left on its plain back-ground; yet of such benignity of expression that we can never forget the *willingness* of the sacrifice made by the Divine Victim. Immediately after leaving this chapel, we come to the chapter room, where all the important questions connected with the welfare of the community are discussed; and the grave decorations of this immense hall of consultation are suited to its end. Besides the twelve pictures which adorn its walls, including the pictures of Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica, the ceiling gives three, and the very mention of their subjects, viz., Moses calling around him the old men of Israel to assist him in the government, the Child Jesus disputing with the doctors in the temple, and Saint Benedict giving his rule to his disciples, show

that these pictures had a purpose beyond that of mere decoration. Side by side with this venerable room, we have the library, so justly celebrated, of Monte Cassino. This room, however, contains printed works only, which form a total of twenty thousand volumes, all arranged according to their subject-matter, and carefully catalogued. Above the compartments are busts of the fourteen great doctors of their Order, beginning with Saint Gregory the Great. The chief curiosities of this library are exposed under glass, protected from the rays of the sun by curtains of green silk. The *Rationalis divinorum codex officiorum*, by William Durand, in Gothic characters, a folio on parchment, was printed by John Faust, of Mayence, one of the three inventors of printing, and by the clerk, Peter Hernsscheym. It bears the date, October 6th, 1459. Another, the works of Lactance, printed at Subiaco, in the monastery of the Benedictines, by Conrad Shweynhem and Arnold Pannarzs, German printers, who first introduced their art into Italy. This is the second work printed in Italy, by which we see the zeal of our silent Benedictines to take advantage of modern science. This work was printed between the years 1463 and the 29th of October, 1465. The third in value, Expositions on the Books of the New Testament, by Niccola de Lyra, was printed at Rome, in 1472. In several of these printed books, the initial letters and other illustrations are by the hand, spaces having been left on the parchment by the printers for these decorations. We also see copies of the first wood-cuts, and a copy of the rule of Saint Benedict, very beautifully illustrated. These wood-cuts are still regarded as models.

Opposite the library, we enter the refectory of the monastery. The religious, the seminarians, and collegians meet here twice in the day, at noon and evening, to take their repast in silence with a reader, as the rule of Saint Benedict prescribes.

This refectory is splendid in everything which raises mind above matter, in everything which carries the thought of man beyond the present. The vestibule is adorned with paintings, below which are fountains with basins of travertine, of truly artistic proportions and design. The lofty hall bears on its side walls the original frescoes from which were copied, in mosaic, the twelve apostles in the Vatican. On the wall opposite the entrance, is a magnificent work of the Venetian school, one of those pictures which, under a double representation, put such great truths before the eyes of men. It represents the multiplication of bread by our Lord, and below it the mystical propagation of the rule of Saint Benedict under the symbol of bread. At the top of the picture, on one side, we see Monte Cassino as it was in the sixteenth century; on the other side, Saint Benedict, receiving, in the grotto at Subiaco, his loaf of bread let down by the hands of Saint Romanus in a basket. The figure of our Lord is one of great majesty; that of Saint Benedict of a beauty most persuasive and commanding. Among the multitude of persons represented is Saint Ignatius Loyola, who once spent forty days at the Mount. Near the front is the kneeling figure of a Benedictine nun, of extraordinary loveliness, receiving bread from the hand of Saint Benedict; while the Venetian charm, of perfection in color, is given to this picture of heroic proportions, by a curtain of rich crimson at the top.

And now we seem to be leaving behind us everything but the severe grandeur of lives given wholly to God, entering upon corridors prolonged one after another with their vaulted ceilings. There is something inexpressibly solemn in these corridors, on which open the cells of the religious. We can almost see the silent Benedictines of ages ago flitting through their dim length, to stand for a moment in the light of the window at the end or the one exactly in the centre, from

which we have such views of the mountains around us and of the Liris winding through the plains at our feet; or, still more impressively, we can see them after the compline song, with its *Nunc dimittis*, each passing silently and meditatively into his own sacred and beloved cell.

Returning somewhat on our steps, we are shown through what was the Novitiate of Monte Cassino, until this feature of the venerable home of the Benedictines was suppressed by the Italian government in 1866. From the end of this corridor we have a view, not hitherto accessible to us, of Monte Cairo, with its summit often wreathed in clouds, and serving as a barometer to the experienced eyes of the old monks. From these grand off-looks we descend to the printing and lithographing rooms, where Monte Cassino does her great work of to-day by reproducing, for those who can never visit her, the treasures of her scrolls, manuscripts, and illuminations, as well as original works based upon them. It is not alone in the past, that the Benedictine Order is great; she has her own scholars, whom the world is ready to quote, and she has them at Monte Cassino, breathing in with the atmosphere of that sublime mountain-summit, those meditative corridors and rooms stored with the learning of the best centuries of Christendom, the very spirit of monastic erudition and of dispassionate investigation. She needs no one to preside over her treasures. They were either produced by her, or purchased by her at a price which showed that she knew their value. And now that the means and appliances of modern times allow her to do so, she gives to the world, in the midst of her temporal poverty, fac-similes of works too precious for kingdoms to buy. It is thus that Monte Cassino rewards the oppressions of the day and of the generation. Let us hope that she may, indeed, "overcome evil with good."

But we are at the door, of all her doors, the most renowned;

for we are awaiting the turning of the key which admits us to the *Archives of Monte Cassino!* What a profound order reigns through these august apartments, in whose noiselessly sliding retreats, rest *forty thousand scrolls of parchment* and *four thousand manuscripts!* Remember, we have left all our printed books behind us. Here there has been no mechanical aid, but all has been written out, painted, adorned, by the hand of man.

Let us dwell a moment upon the antiquity of these treasures, for these archives, of which not only Monte Cassino but the whole world of letters is proud, had for a founder Saint Benedict himself, and have, therefore, existed more than thirteen hundred years. Every day these archives are open to the visitor or the scholar, although never to be entered with a lamp or at night. The care of them is confided to a first and second *Archivist*, and to these are given two assistants. Three vast rooms are devoted to these treasures, and the closets and drawers are lined with cypress wood to insure the safety of the parchments.

The commentary of Origen on the Epistles of Saint Paul, translated by Rufin, is upon parchment of almost transparent thinness, and of exceeding whiteness, presenting a specimen of the "*fair writing*" of a time anterior even to Saint Benedict. The Four Gospels of the time of Pope Zachery (741-52), is a small quarto, but remarkable for the beauty of the Latin *script*, the initial letters, and, above all, the miniatures which adorn the two first pages of each Gospel. Besides this, we see the beautiful missal of the Abbot Didier, in Lombard characters, very carefully formed, and with numerous initial letters colored and gilded with great taste. The Divine Comedy of Dante is also to be found here, a manuscript with marginal notes and interlined, written very soon after the death of the great poet, whose fame has not been uncared for by

Monte Cassino. It is on the margin of a precious commentary on the Scriptures, that we see the closely written notes of Saint Thomas Aquinas, the angelical doctor, whose early years were spent in the Scholastic of Monte Cassino, and who even began his religious novitiate among its cloisters. But see! here is the signature of Pope Alexander II., of his cardinal-deacon, Hildebrand, and of the Benedictine monk Peter Damian (the two last destined to shine as saints of the order), on the documents, declaring the solemn consecration of the church, as commemorated by the painting over its entrance; and here, too, are the twelve seals of the twelve bishops present on that occasion; each seal wrapped, as it hangs from the parchment, in its silk cover, faded with the air, but not the sun, of centuries. There, too, is the signature of the Countess Matilda, who stood nobly forth as the defender of the rights of the Holy See in the person of Hildebrand as Pope Gregory VII., and oh! how many others who were worthy to be numbered among the friends of God, and of his servant Saint Benedict, and of his order, are represented among these carefully preserved records! The world has thrown its shaft of calumny at those who have preserved for us all these perishable records; have preserved them in spite of Lombards, of Saracens, of earthquakes, and last, and cruelest of all, because France had such a debt of gratitude to Monte Cassino, even in spite of the French.

The sun will not stand still, however, even at Monte Cassino, and we must leave treasures still unexplored, unguessed at, and follow our guides, who know how to divide our limited time wisely. While passing from corridor to corridor, from one storey to another, by solemn flights of stone steps, we catch glimpses, more than once or twice, too, of fragments and bits of exquisite architecture belonging to the "old monastery," as it was before the earthquake of 1349. Some of

these pillars are of the same style and proportions as those so much admired in the cloisters of Saint Paul outside the wall, and of Saint John Lateran, only enjoying a priority of date; showing that Monte Cassino took its steps in advance. None of these delightful surprises are we permitted to lose; and when we come down the stairway to the lower court, our steps are arrested before one of those large oval windows, so picturesque from the outside, and through which we now see the monastery gardens and arcades, with the ever beautiful well, all framed in like a picture by the deep embrasure. But our stairway leads, must we say it—? to the threshold of the cloistral inclosure of Monte Cassino!

Playfully as we might take it, it was a serious thing; and a real pain shot through our hearts at leaving, as we knew we were leaving forever, these truly "sacred precincts." We even sat down on the stone steps for an instant, as "Father Prior" laughingly assured us that we could not be forced from the inclosure until a certain time before sunset. We did not cross that threshold without giving a bead on our rosaries for each of our Reverend guides, nor are we ashamed to own that we knelt and reverently kissed that holy threshold of the dear old monastery of Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica on the summit of Monte Cassino.

There was still time before sunset to visit the Tower of Saint Benedict, the veritable foundations of which, more than twenty feet thick, still exist as they were in his time. This room once occupied by Saint Benedict, has long been used for a chapel, and has been kept outside the cloister for the consolation of the traveller and the pilgrim. Its floor, of *opus Alexandrinum*, is worn with the feet which have trodden it for centuries. Over the altar is a most touching picture of Saint Benedict kneeling before the Blessed Virgin and her Divine Son, and pointing to Monte

Cassino, as if imploring their protection upon it. Many a time must the religious of Monte Cassino have looked upon this picture, to feel their hopes revive under dire calamities and threatening destruction, but never, more than at present, could they have needed such inspiration to sustain their courage. It was standing on this spot, where Saint Benedict had so often stood, where, indeed, he is said to have died, with arms outspread and standing on his feet, and with the summer sun streaming in through the small opening in that impregnable wall which served as a window for the chapel, that we were allowed to gather as a little party of listeners, around the prior, and sympathize with him and his community in their hopes and fears for Monte Cassino. The history of that tower was full of consolation: it seemed like a corner-stone for our hopes.

Above this genuine relic of the first age of the Benedictine sanctuary is the picture gallery. We had just begun to measure the excellence of its treasures, when a cloud, a storm-cloud, suddenly threw its deep shadow over everything, and we realized that we could not find shelter too soon in our own apartments. We sped through the cavernous arch, through the avenue of acacias, and were only within our own gate, when a veritable thunder-storm was ready for us on Monte Cassino; what we could not have dared to *ask* for certainly, but which came to round out the realization of all our dreams. In a moment we were shut out from the sight of all those mountain ranges as completely as if they had never existed, so dense were the mists; which broke to give us a view of the rain descending on the plains like long thin veils of spray, waving to and fro with the wind, while the sharp lightning and the reverberating thunder, prolonging, then repeating itself, gave us assurance that this was the very thunder-storm we had half wished to see and hear. We remembered, how-

ever, that the little sister of Saint Thomas had been struck by lightning in that castle of Aquino, which we could not see on the other side of the mountain, struck and killed by the flash while Saint Thomas was close beside her; therefore we asked for nothing grander or more appalling than the storm we had.

On our last morning at Monte Cassino we received Holy Communion from the high altar over the tomb of Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica, and during the mass of Father Boniface himself. This seemed to fill up the measure of graces which we had asked for on going to Monte Cassino; and it left all the deeper mark of gratiude on our hearts, for remembering what Father Boniface had told us as we stood on the *Loggia del Paradiso* and looking at the convent of Saint Scholastica below, which was this. When, several years ago, after the troubles began throughout Italy and at Monte Cassino, Father Bonifaee made a voyage to America as to his home, to ask aid in preserving Monte Cassino to the Benedictine Order and the world, he promised to all who became benefactors to Monte Cassino—first to any sum however small, then to the amount of one dollar—that they should share in the benefits of the daily mass to be offered, through all time, over the tomb of Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica, for the *American benefactors of Monte Cassino!* This promise was made with the full consent of the Right Reverend Abbot, and has been faithfully kept. "Ah," we could not help saying to ourselves, "Ah! how few perhaps of those who drew forth that single dollar, even less, can measure the returns which are every day being made to them from that sanctuary, so beautiful to the eyes of men, and certainly to the eyes of God and of his saints and angels!" And we resolved not to pen our humble tribute of admiration and devout respect for Monte Cassino, without making known this fact.

"But the choir-books;" some one exclaims; is it possible you left Monte Cassino without seeing the choir-books?"

And we may exclaim, in reply, "Is it possible that you do not know Father Boniface well enough to be certain he would not allow us to do this thing?"

In fact, the choir-books, or as many of the *fifty-seven* as we could look over in three hours, were brought to us from the choir on our last morning; ponderous folios, each of which was as heavy as one pair of stout arms cared to lift, bound in strong hides, and nailed with nails whose heads were marvels of exquisite workmanship. There was no shirking of goldsmith's craft in that brass and bronze; and the clasps and corners and bands all the same. But the interior, that 'beauty of the king's daughter which is within!' Missals, antiphonals, with the square notes of the Gregorian music page, filled in with magnificent print from the point of a monk's quill; initial letters which make one sigh with delight; designs of such beauty that we can see where a Correggio could have found a model for the Madonna of his *Notte*, so young, so fair, so exquisitely tender, is this Virgin Mary on the page of the old missal. Then, too, the borders on these wide margins—so wide that even Boccaccio's wonderful eyes could not have seen where an inch had been stolen from them; what shall we say of these borders, where blue relieves blue, green relieves green, and yet these arabesques, so graceful, so multifarious in their designs, stand forth as if in bas-relief rather than painting! Borders, too, in which heads, with all the sharpness of cameos in stone, are set as medallions; borders on which you see saints, saints of royal and of peasant birth, and dropping among them strings of pearls which you can take up, or gems which give forth a flash in the morning sun! Yet these are only borders, mind you; and here are initial letters in which the scales of the

Christian fish and the palm of the martyr and his crown, and the very flowers which grow on the mountain side, are given with so firm and delicate a touch that the colors seem to have flowed out at one stroke of the brush. Page after page of the fairest vellum, bearing these precious proofs of the Church's love for her matin and vesper song, and for the grand phrases of the Canon of the Mass! But among these, we see what simply steps outside the ordinary laws of illumination, with a boldness which devotion alone could inspire. It is the Midnight Mass of Christmas, and we open two pages which might have come down from heaven when the angels sang, *Gloria in excelsis Deo.* The letters and the musical notes are all in gold, but gold upon a solid crimson ground; a rose-crimson in which yellow shines like gold through red, and yet as velvety as the petal of a rose in June. But the letters and the notes are not all; for here are initial letters and delicious pictures for Christmas night, which are in no way thrown into shade by this gorgeous crimson ground. And why, you do not know; for the artist seems to have gone on with perfect simplicity as if working on his crimson page under the most ordinary of all conditions. When these grand pages are opened under the strong light which the monks at Monte Cassino know how to pour upon an illuminated book at midnight, every monk knows them, as well as every ecclesiastic; and the celebrant knows he is singing the song of angels from a celestial page.

And yet these books have been in daily use, according to their season, for more than three hundred years; for more than three hundred years have inspired the choristers at Monte Cassino to sing, in all their solemn sweetness, the canticles of the Spouse of Christ. Who else could thus have used, and at the same time have thus preserved such marvels of art and such proofs of devotion? Shame on those who, too indolent

for research, repeat and re-echo the reckless calumnies of a novelist like Boccaccio, or the petty spitefulness of writers who, because forty thousand scrolls have been preserved for us, declare we should have fifty thousand; shame on those writers, whether Italian, or French, or English, or American, who thus return with ingratitude the patient custody of ages which the monks of Monte Cassino have given to their treasures; treasures which are really their own, not ours; treasures which are really their own, not any king's or emperor's; for are they not the work of their own hands, or have they not purchased them, as true patrons of true art are sure to purchase, most generously? Let us, then, forever turn a deaf ear to the miserable carpings of those who never hear the name of Monte Cassino but to stab even while they are forced to honor her. Let us dare to frown down the sneer of the bigot, and let us prize as it deserves to be prized, the unrivalled sanctuary of Monte Cassino.

The hard-working monks at Monte Cassino are not to be envied by their brothers across the Atlantic for the leisure they enjoy. The care of one hundred and forty students, many of them young boys, leaves but a short leisure in the hands of the few who can now remain there. In addition to this, the many literary labors going on require consummate skill on the part of the artisans, as well as learning on the part of their composers, while the fame of Monte Cassino, even among those who seem unconscious that such a fame neither comes nor is preserved without labor, brings a great number of visitors to the monastery, who expect, and certainly receive, extraordinary attentions. We found, in fact, that we should be fully occupied if we followed the lead of the unsleeping prior. As soon as our dinner was over on the last day of our visit, Father Boniface was already waiting to accomplish two visits which had not been made; one to the organ,

the other to the lower church. We had stipulated expressly, before coming to Monte Cassino, not only to see, but to hear the organ which has hardly a rival in the world for the suavity and variety of its tones. Begun in 1656, it was finished only in 1696. Since then, many parts have been renewed, and it is still one of the many attractions of the mountain. Seating ourselves very near the entrance of the church, the sounds floated towards us and over us with a serenity only to be felt in that religious solitude above the very clouds. We did not ask what we should hear, but when it was over we said we had heard the story of Monte Cassino from its organ. Those wonderful stops, and reeds, and keys, gave all the elevation of the spiritual life at Monte Cassino; all the grandeur of soul in its founder; all the brave tenderness of a Saint Scholastica; all the storms of the elements, even the trembling of the earthquakes by which it is yet visited, and still more the storms from without of discordant human interests and the oppressions of the powerful. Yet, through all the pathos of that story, ran the sweetness of one flute-like stop, and *this* told how celestial was the hope which still cheers on the hardy religious of Saint Benedict.

With this musical history in our ears, we descended to the lower church, literally hewn out of the solid rock. In this we find, perhaps, the most severely beautiful decorations of the entire basilica. Even the designs in the wood-carving of the choir, dating back to 1558, are equally perfect with those in the choir above, while following a more simple style of design; the cornice, in particular, having an almost Greek simplicity and perfection of forms. The picture of Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica over the altar, is the one preferred by the religious at Monte Cassino above all others. The other paintings, which are frescoes, are greatly damaged, as are also the stalls of the choir. The dampness of a subterranean chapel accounts for

the first, the irreverent liberties taken by too many visitors for the second. The community had already in hand the complete restoration of this sanctuary, enriched by so many indulgences, where Tasso came to pray before going to Rome for the crown he received only in death, where so many weary souls have sought peace and found it, when the suppression of 1866 put an end, apparently, to all restorations. There is now, however, a hope that before the recurrence of the fourteenth centennial of the birth of Saint Benedict, something may be accomplished towards its restoration. This centennial occurs in the year of our Lord 1880.*

When standing before the high altar of the upper church, we were struck by the beauty and significance of the bronze railing. On each of the slender pillars was a symbol of the order. One bore the dove of Saint Scholastica, another the raven of Saint Benedict, so associated with the miracle of the poisoned loaf; for the Saint said to the raven which had come to take food from his hand: "In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, take this loaf and hide it where no man can find it." The raven opened his mouth, stretched his wings and croaked, as if he wished to obey but could not, which Benedict understood and said: "Do not fear; lift it up, lift it up, and lay it as I said." Which the raven did, and after three hours returned. This raven followed Saint Benedict to Monte Cassino, and to this day a raven is one of the inmates of the court.†

And now, what did we take from Monte Cassino? A few flowerets that had bloomed on the tomb of Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica, a few harebells and sprigs of virgin's bower from the side of the mountain, a bit of African marble which held open a window on one of those long corridors, for one who, if not a twin sister to the

*Restorations were made before the centennial anniversary, which have been copied into all the art journals of the day. †See page 137.

prior of Monte Cassino, is a sister not only by birth, but in the order of Saint Benedict, who is leading her troop of virgins in a convent of Saint Scholastica in the New World, according to the spirit of her holy rule; a few sketches, too, of those mountain outlines, of that angel guarding the relics of Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica, and of the well in its perpetual youthfulness. We took these, which could be seen and touched; but how much more we took with us in the graces promised to devout pilgrims, eternity only can make known. With the blessing of the Abbot and Prior, and the promise of a remembrance at the altar over the shrine we had come to visit, we turned away from the fair court with its stately arcades and gardens, passed again through the cavernous arch, mounted our donkeys on the very spot where Saint Benedict had greeted prince and peasant who climbed those steeps, and began our descent. The last words we heard from Father Boniface were: "Do not forget *Rocca Janula;* stop under the cypress tree and sketch it from there." We did not forget, but stopped long enough to get an outline of its citadel and straggling towers, and when we reached the station of San Germano we had time to sketch Monte Cassino itself, perched like an eagle's nest, as we have said, on the very pinnacle of the mountain. With untiring eyes, we watched the last gleam of those walls as we sped on our way to Rome; and we still recall, with a joy not to be told, the grand outlines of those mountain summits, with their purple mists and the amber of the floating plains below; while, in all its severe and isolated beauty, rises before our mind's eye Monte Cassino and the shrine of Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica.

The Traveller's Book at Monte Cassino has a singular interest, giving, as it does, the autographs of so many whose names are like household words to us. Many of these autographs are appended to some impromptu expression of ad-

miration. We could not write our own names without giving some vent to the great thoughts stirred in our souls, by this mountain sanctuary.

Monte Cassino, round whose rugged peak
The very cloisters in their beauty climb;
Souls on this summit still perfection seek;
Beholding at their feet the things of time,
As forests, from this mountain top, are seen
Dwarfed into littleness. The grave, calm rule
Of holy Benedict is here their school,
To win each thought, each wish from scenes terrene;
While I, a pilgrim from a land afar,
Have claimed the gracious privilege as mine
To visit, and to honor at their shrine,
Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica.

July 9th, 1876.

RAPHAEL'S BIBLE.

CRAWLING up the steep, narrow stairway leading from the Sistine chapel to the *Loggie* of Raphael, with the ceiling so low that we fancy we can touch it with the hand, we suddenly come out under a low wagon roof, which connects the stairway with the Loggia proper. The eyes of the weary tourist rise, involuntarily, to what seems to be a creation of that very instant. That sentence on the first page of the Bible flashes across the mind: "God said: Let there be light, and there was light;" for we are face to face with one of Raphael's most wonderful illustrations of the Genesis, the creation of light.

Yet the wonderfulness of this picture is not its originality. Again and again this subject, like all which succeed it, had been treated by those artists who preceded Raphael, and their pictures had been familiar to him from his earliest recollection. We need not suppose that the gentle Umbrian painter, called to Rome, had the least idea of eclipsing his numerous and venerated predecessors. One of the most charming characteristics of this man of genius was a certain urbanity, which sprang from reverence. He did not strike out into new paths, so much as he followed on in the paths already marked out, into more beautiful regions, stood on serener heights, caught, from these heights, glimpses of higher per-

fection as to beauty of form or of sentiment. According to this peculiarity of his genius, the presence which we meet face to face on the ceiling of the Loggia, is not so much an original conception, as a re-casting of all the best conceptions of this sentence in the opening chapter of Genesis, vivified by an inspiration which is like a living soul breathed into clay. A fore-shortened figure—resplendent with color; not full of motion, but motion itself; swifter than wind and the swiftness to be compared only with light; the out-spread hands scattering the last lingering shadows of twilight as well as rending the dense blackness of midnight, while flames shoot up behind him fanned into life by the passing of the mantle blown back like a sail before an ocean breeze—starts out from the ceiling with a sublime exultation which can never be put into words. A gladness born only of eternity, radiates from this Being of omnipotent goodness; and creation, for the first time, perhaps, in this valley of tears, seems to us a blessing worthy of a perpetual *Te Deum!*

It would be hard to explain, according to modern ideas, the charm which the Genesis and the other historical books of the Bible, had for the imaginations of those artists who were the exponents of the mind of those ages; for artists do not create the sentiments of their generation, of which they are "part and parcel;" they only embody those which exist, make them visible to the eye. But when we think of exalted imaginations fed upon these sublime narratives, and then upon the imaginations of our own day, nourished by such trivialities, we no longer wonder at the littleness of art, at present, we only say of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, "there were giants in those days."

But how was it that the people demanded, and that the artists who painted for them delighted in giving, delineations of certain Old Testament subjects, to the exclusion of so many

others which seem to us equally effective as to sentiment and equally adapted to the brush? What may seem a mystery all the rest of the year, is fully and luminously explained by the offices of Holy Week. Raphael's Bible, as it is called, or the frescoes on the ceilings of his *Loggie* in the Vatican, is, really, an illustration on a magnificant scale of the "Twelve Prophecies of Holy Saturday," just as the Jeremiah of the Sistine Chapel is the Tenebræ Lamentations of Holy Week put before the eyes instead of being addressed to the ear.

We often hear people speak of the "magnificent Liturgy of the Church," the "dramatic grandeur of her ceremonies," with a vague, general sort of praise; while they take no pains to follow this Liturgy on the great solemnities, and no trouble to understand the manifold and most delicate symbolism of the ceremonies they profess to admire. The sublime intention of the Liturgy, its claim upon our love and our veneration, can never be understoood unless it is studied; at least studied somewhat. The Liturgy and its symbolism in all its delicate gradations, even as to color, is not to be understood by instinct. But this Liturgy, whose every day *Dominus vobiscum*, dates back to Saint Clement, pope and martyr, his martyrdom closing the year one hundred of the Christian era; whose *Reproaches* on Good Friday in their original Greek, were chanted at Constantinople in the fifth century; whose office for Corpus Christi, with its sequences so familiar and so dear to every pious heart, was given as an inspiration to a Thomas Aquinas; embodies in the lessons and homilies of its offices, the choicest poetry and the ripest learning of eighteen hundred years. While artists have been stirred, by the recitation of these offices, to delineate the whole story of creation and redemption on the walls of the greatest basilicas in Europe and on the walls of such chambers as those of the Vatican, this Liturgy, certainly, is not to be overlooked in the civilization of any age,

however enlightened. The neglect of the Liturgy among the educated classes, can alone account for the, at present, singular barrenness of poetic and artistic inspirations, while the stress laid upon the recitation of the Liturgy whenever it is possible, and upon the attendance of the laity at these recitations, in such books as the "Liturgical Year" by Dom Guerranger, would seem to indicate a return to these "fountains of living water," from which the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, may draw, "without money and without price." And also promises to re-link that mystical chain of living tradition, without which the most admired works of art lose their life; lose their meaning to the heart, almost their loveliness to the eye. For, what are the world-renowned frescoes in the church of Saint Francis of Assisi, above or below, without the story of Saint Francis himself? Or, what can those ceilings of the Vatican Loggie be to one who does not condescend to read the Pentateuch, the chanting of which came like an annual inspiration to the soul of a Raphael d'Urbino?

SAN PAOLO.

A WALK of five minutes from the American College on the Via dell' Umiltà, brings us to the corner of the Corso and the Via Lata, and to the church called, Santa Maria in Via Lata; which, with its dome and portico, seems to form a veritable part of that beautiful façade of the Palazzo Doria along the Corso, designed by Valvasori. One might imagine a perpetual *festa* to be kept in this church, so frequently does the strip of crimson velvet with its fringe of gold, which proclaims a festival, hang above the iron gate of its portico. A visit within, however short, rewards one for interrupting a hurried walk along the Corso. Day after day we have found a singular delight in pausing a few moments before its tabernacle, lingering among the richly tinted columns of Sicilian jasper which adorn its nave, and listening, sometimes, to the choir of canons in their stalls before the high altar. The whole church is rich in color. Its marbles, pictures, gilding, its chapels, ceiling and even its floor, fill the desire of the eye for harmonious tints. To this charm is added another, which must have influenced us without our realizing it; for only a few days after we came to Rome, this church was pointed out to us as the one built on the spot where Saint Paul was a prisoner, for two years, in the house of a Roman soldier, and as actually marking the

principal street of ancient Rome. But we heard this in the same dreamy way in which we heard so much during our first weeks in Rome. There is something overpowering in the magnitude, as well as multitude, of the associations pressing upon the mind on arriving in the Eternal City. These colossal ruins on every hand; these basilicas in which are garnered the history of Christianity during its first centuries; these palaces and towers, on each of which the genius, the sufferings, the heroism of men have placed some indelible mark; all these crowd at once upon the eyes and the brain, and we walk among them as if in a trance. We may deny nothing, yet we cannot be said to realize anything; and, which is strange, an incredulity, of which we are more or less conscious, inclines us to postpone any enthusiastic acceptance of statements not glaringly evident.

We had spent many an hour in Santa Maria in Via Lata with only a dim, though pleasing, recollection of its traditional claim on our veneration, when we found ourselves pausing, day by day, before certain fragments let into the wall along the stairway leading to the Museum of the Capitol. Among these fragments, which we had examined with no idle curiosity, were ancient plans of the city of Rome; plans committed not to parchment, even, but to stone, and by these plans, chiselled in marble, their lines "vermeil dyed," we could still make our way, easily, from one point of interest to another; theatre, bath, circus or palace. A singular confidence in the traditions as well as in the archives of Rome, sprang up in our minds, as we lingered on the marble stairway of the Capitol. 'This people,' we said, 'cannot forget itself. Buried, its history still lives; and the pick-axe of the excavator is the guarantee of its faithful historians.' This germ of confidence, once quickened, grew at every turn, and asserted itself in a way to invest with new interest every place we re-visited.

Precisely at this point of our mental experience, the *Diario Romano* named our Santa Maria in Via Lata as the station of the day. How we blushed as we recalled our hitherto dreamy indifference to its extraordinary claims upon our regard! for we had not forgotten what had been told us concerning it before we had been a week in Rome. We determined to atone for this, by carefully preparing ourselves to make it an intelligent, as well as a devout visit. And how soon did these claims assume reality, life! and as we diligently read the testimony of Protestant as well as Catholic writers, how did the pathos as well as the grandeur of the associations connected with this church, close by the Doria palace, and on the most worldly street of the great city, take a life-long hold on our hearts!

The upper church with all its beauty of color, no longer attracted us. Entering the portico, we turned to the left, and, obeying a gesture made by the custodian, descended a short flight of steps, into a set of apartments whose walls still kept the roughly hewn surface of the travertine rock found in all the underground apartments of Rome. It was, by no means, a dungeon; and before the rising of the soil, which has been going on for centuries, must have had a cheerful aspect; a prison, in fact, where the jailer might often spend a pleasant hour with his prisoner. Nor were there wanting signs of the use to which this prison had been put by succeeding generations. The seat of one of the most ancient deaconries in Rome, it was still farther ensured to the possession of the faithful during the pontificate of Saint Sylvester I., which dated from the year 314, as the church and monastery known under the title of Saint Cyriac. Successively rebuilt, or beautified, by Sergius I., at the end of the seventh century, by Innocent VIII., in the fifteenth, and by Alexander VII., in the seventeenth, it has been preserved from everything which could

throw the shadow of a doubt upon its identity. Over one altar is a beautiful relief in marble, representing Saint Peter, Saint Paul, and Saint Luke, and also Saint Marshal, the soldier to whose care Saint Paul was committed by Nero's own centurion. For not in vain did the soldier Marshal spend the long hours of the day and night with his prisoner. A day came when the jailer had a favor to ask of the one whom he guarded; and this was Christian baptism. As if to show that the travertine rock around them was less hard than the unwilling hearts of men, this wish was no sooner expressed, than a fountain sprang up, at the bidding of Saint Paul, through the rocky floor; and from these waters the apostle not only baptized his jailer, but all who asked for the same sacrament. And here, still keeping humid the rocky floor, gushes the same fountain, ready to have its clear waters tasted and drunk by all who visit it. Here, too, one sees on the wall the very spot where hung, for centuries, one of the venerated pictures of the Madonna from the hand of Saint Luke; for not only did this beloved physician use his pen for Saint Paul and for the Church, but his brush. How carefully do we see the past preserved here, not as a dead letter, but linked anew, in every generation, to the affections of the people! To this living fountain of faith, as well as of sweet waters, the Roman mothers continue to bring their children, first drinking themselves and then putting the cup to the lips of their tender offspring; as if they could never learn too early the story of the Church and of the great Doctor of the Gentiles, as still verified by the fountain of Santa Maria in Via Lata. Even the care bestowed upon every spot in these underground apartments, has been a judicious care; so beautifying as to express veneration, without concealing objects from the eye or invalidating their identity. The mind of the pilgrim easily retraces the lapse of centuries; from the present to

Alexander; from Alexander to Innocent; from Innocent to Sergius; from Sergius to Sylvester; from Sylvester, through those generations so alive to the value of every link in the traditions of the Church, of her saints and martyrs, and, especially, of her apostles, to the very years when Saint Paul drew around him, in his Roman prison, not only humble Christians, but such senators as Pudens, and such imperial favorites as Flavius Clemens and Domitilla, of the very household of Nero. Here also, to this house on the Corso, came Hermes, Aristarchus, Mark and Demas, and others, named with such affection, or with such merited reproof, by Saint Paul in his epistles written on this spot. Here, too, came the slave Onesimus, the spiritual son of Saint Paul, who is not ashamed to acknowledge him who fled from his master to escape the punishment due to his theft; and from this same prison Saint Paul writes the most touching of all his epistles, his letter to Philemon, in which, calling himself "Paul, the aged, and now a prisoner of Jesus Christ," he entreats Philemon to receive Onesimus, "no longer as a servant but as a most dear brother in Christ." From this spot he indited his epistle to the Ephesians, sent by the hand of Tychicus; that to the Philippians, sent by the same Epaphroditus, who had brought an offering from them to Saint Paul in his great necessities; also the epistle to the Colossians, closing with this touching reminder of his claim on their feality: "The salutation of Paul with mine own hand; Be mindful of my chains; Grace be with you." This epistle was sent, also, by the hand of Tychicus, who was accompanied by Onesimus; and Saint Paul takes this public opportunity to commend this poor slave of Philemon, the noble citizen of Colosse, to the Church in that city; while Epaphras of Colosse, sends greetings to Philemon from the same spot, as the fellow-prisoner of Saint Paul; and here, too, Saint Timothy "served" Saint Paul "in the gospel, as a son

to a father," and whom he declares to have been above all his friends "of one mind with him."

In all history, perhaps, there is not a more sublime picture than this one, which rises before the mind as it dwells upon the sojourn of Saint Paul in his own hired house on the principal street of ancient Rome; drawing to his side the Jew and the Gentile, the bond and the free; not only holding, hour after hour, by his divinely inspired eloquence, the fastidious members of Cæsar's household amid all the allurements of Rome, but converting them to a faith which exacted the most rigid self-denial in the midst of surrounding luxury; at the same time that he converts a poor slave cowering before the justice of his master, hiding among the highways and by-ways of the swarming city; and all this as he stands chained to the side of a Roman soldier. How those chains preached to them of the power of faith, and the beauty of the cross!

This visit to Saint Paul's first prison in Rome, made us only more urgently bent on a visit to the second and last, the famous Mamertine Prison, where, with Saint Peter, the Apostle to the Gentiles spent the last eight months of his life. Leaving the Corso, with its tides of life ebbing and flowing under every impulse of human society, where the prince and the beggar, the stranger from Asia and America, meet on a ground common to all mankind, we will cross the Piazza di Venezia, on which stands that front of the Palazzo Doria designed by Amati, and directly opposite, the ancient castellated palace of the Republic of Venice, built in 1468 by Giuliano da Majano, for Paui II., who was of Venetian birth, until a narrow street, leading under an arch, brings us into the beautiful Piazza on which stands the church of San Marco. Crossing this, we can take the Capitol on our way, winding around the base of the hill, until we come to the Roman Forum and to the Arch of Septimus Severus. Close to this opens the Via di Marforio,

and to the left as we enter it, is a chapel which seems to have been blasted out of the rocky hill on which the Capitol stands; a low cavern, in which is an altar all ablaze with lights. It is the chapel of *S. Pietro in Carcere*, and leads directly to the Mamertine Prison below. Around this ever lighted altar are hung votive offerings for deliverance from a violent death, while special prayers and votive masses are offered in behalf of those who have died by violence, or have suffered capital punishment. The devotion thus encouraged cannot be said to have a parallel outside the Church; it is placed under the special protection of the Prince of the Apostles. The effect of this cavernous chapel, separated from the street only by an iron grating, with its rusty daggers, knives, pistols, clubs, as votive offerings and the blaze of the votive lamps, is one never to be forgotten. The entrance to the prisons below was formerly made through this chapel, but the crowds of pilgrims on the feast of the twenty-ninth of June, made it necessary to open an entrance from the side. We now enter through the Church of Saint Joseph the Carpenter, which stands over that of *S. Pietro in Carcere*, or of "Saint Peter in Prison."

As soon as we intimated our wish to visit the lower prison, three small lamps in lanterns were lighted for us, and we began the dreary descent into what one might suppose would prove to be a catacomb rather than a prison; the awfulness of the gloom increasing at every step, until we stood within the walls which had closed, so inexorably, around and over the victims of pagan tyranny. Nothing more horrible as a dungeon could be conceived, if we imagine the stairway by which we had entered suddenly removed. The slightly arched rock-ceiling is pierced by a hole barely large enough to allow a man to be dropped from the cave above into a chamber in the solid mountain side; and this chamber, sixteen feet in height, thirty in length and twenty in breadth, having no means of commu-

nication with the outer world except this same narrow aperture, through which must come air, light, and even the executioner, it might be, to the prisoners. It was by the light of torches that the criminals against the majesty of Rome were formerly executed in this den of horrors, and their bodies were thence dragged by the *Scalæ Gemoniæ* to be exposed to the insults of the populace, then thrown into the Tiber. It was in this dungeon that Jugurtha, king of Numidia, was starved to death by Marius. There were strangled the accomplices of Catiline and it was by the *Scalæ Gemoniæ* that Cicero came forth to announce their punishment to the people in the Forum by the single word *Vixerunt* "they have lived." There Julius Cæsar caused his heroic adversary, Vercingetorix, to be put to death. There Aristobulus II., king of Judea, and Tigranes, king of Armenia, were executed, after having graced the triumph of Pompey, for it was with such scenes that these triumphs of Roman conquerors ended. We may follow their "Way of Triumph" past the Coliseum and the Palaces of the Cæsars, beneath the present Arches of Titus and Septimus Severus, until we come to the foot of the Capitoline Hill, when the prisoner, most richly dressed and of most royal bearing, is detached from the brilliant *cortége* in attendance upon the victorious chief; and while the conqueror mounts the *Clivus Capitolinus*, this unhappy one is dragged toward the *Scalæ Gemoniæ*,* is made to cross a small suspension bridge which communicates with the upper prison, there to be precipitated into the dark abyss below. When the conqueror issues from the temple of Jupiter Capitoline, two steps from its threshold the fatal word is whispered in his ear: *Actum est*, "It is done." For ten centuries these horrors were enacted, and not only captive aliens, but Roman Senators and Roman matrons were added to the list of victims; when in the year of

* NOTE.—*Clivus Capitolinus*, or Capitoline Hill: *Scalæ Gemoniæ*, or the Stair of Groans.

our Lord 65, two august prisoners, who were to be more renowned than any king or prince or senator entering before them, were thrust through the narrow aperture into the lowest of the Mamertine Prisons, the famous *Tullianum;* and it is the glory of these two names, Saint Peter and Saint Paul, which lights up to-day this dreary abode and makes it a shrine towards which the soul of every Christian turns with veneration. Those who have heard until they are weary, of the Catiline conspirators, for whose imaginations the gorgeous processions of conquering generals have no charms, turn from the Capitoline Hill to enter the awful gloom of the Mamertine Prison, there to offer the holy sacrifice of the mass within the shadow of the very walls in which the holy apostles spent the last eight months of their seemingly disgraced but really glorious lives. There, too, we find traces not only of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, but of their two jailers, Processus and Martinianus. While many of the Christians who had gathered around Saint Paul during his first imprisonment on the Via Lata, now shrank from him amid the glooms of the Tullianum, there was no veiling of his glory or that of the aged Peter, Prince of the Apostles, to their keepers or to the forty-seven who are said to have shared their prison. The light of the material heaven was indeed shut out, nor did one breath from the Roman spring-time visit their dungeon. But a light brighter than the sun, a breath more vivifying than the breezes of the Roman May, had already taken possession of this subterranean prison-house. Under sentence of death, they became ministers of life to those around them. The word of God could not be stifled in the breasts of these men whose souls "burned within them" at the very thought of "Jesus and him crucified." The hearts of the stolid jailers melted, day by day, like wax before these two flames of apostolic truth and apostolic love, and a day came, like that in the prison of

Santa Maria in Via Lata, when the jailers asked of their prisoners the gift of spiritual freedom from the bonds of original sin; and not only the jailers, Processus and Martinianus, but the forty-seven who shared their imprisonment, asked for Christian baptism. At such a call, we may well believe that the hand of Saint Peter did not hesitate to strike the solid rock of his prison floor, and command it to send up the waters of regeneration, and at this miraculous fountain were baptized the jailers and their forty-seven prisoners. Tradition has always maintained that Saint Processus and Saint Martinianus were baptized by Saint Peter in the Mamertine Prison; and to this day, the fountain flows which supplied the waters and provided a font at the same time. The traveller still sees the fountain exuding from the humid floor, and the pilgrim never fails to drink of its waters. No wonder that we see everywhere in the catacombs the figure of Saint Peter striking the rock like another Moses! The tradition of the Mamertine Prison is embodied in everyone of these representations, and each serves to verify the other.

It is believed that Saint Peter and Saint Paul wrote their last epistles from the Mamertine Prison. The apparent impossibility of writing amid this subterranean gloom is removed, when we consider how easily their jailers could dispense to them the necessary conveniences, and remember, also, with what zeal they must have served their fathers in Christ. Saint Peter writes thus in his second epistle: "Knowing that the laying aside of my tabernacle is speedy, as our Lord Jesus Christ also hath shown me. But I will that ye may have frequently after my departure, whereby ye may keep these things in remembrance;" and he also alludes to "our beloved brother Paul," as he would do, so naturally, if Saint Paul were with him. Saint Paul speaks still more plainly, however, in his second epistle to Timothy: "For I am now ready

to be sacrificed, and the time of my dissolution is at hand." In the closing sentences he alludes to circumstances which are known to have marked his second imprisonment, such as the falling away of some who had been his friends; adding, concerning the time when he was called to appear before Nero: "No one stood by me, but all forsook me; may it not be laid to their charge." The salutations sent in this epistle have given a charm to many a spot in Rome which personal association alone can give; especially to the church of Santa Pudenziana, which was the house of that Pudens, the senator, who sends his salutations to Saint Timothy by the hand of the apostle.

And Saints Processus and Martinianus? On the 5th of July is celebrated the feast of these two great martyrs, who followed thus closely on the footsteps of their great teachers in the faith. Walking through the Vatican gallery, the eye is drawn, irresistibly, towards two muscular figures extended on a rack. The pallor of death is already settling on the face of one, but the other is still only midway in that hand to hand fight with the powers of darkness, by which the martyr wins his crown and palm. At first this seemingly actual contact with such awful suffering, is as repulsive as the actual sight of such suffering. The second look shows the triumph of the soul over the weakness of the flesh and over the skill of the tormentors; and when we turn to the catalogue, we find these mighty combatants no others than Saint Processus and Saint Martinianus; the neophytes of the Mamertine Prison.

On coming out of this second and last prison of Saint Paul, our resolution was taken to drive immediately over the same road by which the two apostles went forth to martyrdom, and to follow that on which Saint Paul was taken until his body was deposited, as a precious relic, in the tomb offered to it by the pious Lucina, in her own vineyard.

The instructions given to our driver were to follow, as

closely as possible, the road taken by the executioners with the martyrs of June 29th, in the year of our Lord 66. Accustomed as we had been to visit "Saint Paul outside the walls," by the charming road which skirts the Aventine Hill, with the open Tiber on the right, there was something gloomy even to oppressiveness in the one we had pledged ourselves to follow. Emerging from the deep shadow which always lies over the entrance to the Mamertine Prison, we enter on the Roman Forum, only to leave it. Turning to the right, and passing San Teodoro, Sant' Anastasia, Santa Maria in Cosmedin with its Bocca Della Verità,* near to the round temple of Vesta, then through a space inclosed by buildings of picturesque designs which seem to be used as mills or storehouses, we enter the Via Santa Prisca, a monotonous road over the Aventine, apparently shunning every spot of interest. Turning before we reach San Saba, we plunge into a narrow lane between high vineyard walls, which shut us in from the sight of verdure, desolate and so narrow, that only with difficulty can two small carriages meet and pass each other, to come, suddenly, upon the old Gate of Saint Paul. A sense of relief came with the opening of the gate, and we drew a long breath as we rode out from under its grand arches and through its massive portal upon the sunny Campagna. The beauty of this part of the ride is not to be described. Roses overhang the walls of the high monastery gardens, and where nature is left to itself, red poppies, buttercups, wild mustard, ivy, every sort of vine or creeper, wave, and nod, and drape, the purple-red of the Roman walls, beautifying every break in the coarse stucco, while some turn in the road

**The Bocca Della Verità*, or Mouth of Truth. A relic of pagan Rome, preserved in the vestibule of Santa Maria in Cosmedin. It is as large as an ordinary mill-stone, and the eyes, nose and mouth remind one of a "Jack o' Lantern." It was into the mouth of this rude image that any doubtful witness was compelled to place his hand. If the hand came out whole, his verity was established; if crushed, he was punished for perjury. The Roman nurses still threaten little children disposed to tell small lies, with a visit to "Bocca Della Verità," laying a strong Roman accent on the last syllable.

gives a back ground of dark cypresses, with the distant swells of the Campagna against the brilliant foreground. Three-fourths of a mile from the gate on the left, stands the quaint little chapel built on the spot where SS. Peter and Paul parted for their separate martyrdoms. While threading our monotonous way between vineyard walls, it had not been hard to picture to ourselves the central group in which were the two venerable apostles and their guards, followed by the faithful, as we had seen them represented on the sarcophagi of the Lateran Museum; and especially on the wonderful sarcophagus of Junius Bassus, where the types of these two heads are so accurately preserved; the rugged but open countenance of Saint Peter, with its stiff beard and crowned by a circle of crispy curls; the bald head of Saint Paul slightly bowed, with its scholarly features, the aquiline nose, and long, soft beard, both driven forward roughly by executioners. Therefore when we came out on the smiling Campagna, to the spot where these companions in ignominy and in glory were to separate, each for his individual testimony to his Master, it did not seem strange to see a chapel on this spot, and on the quaint façade, under a simple canopy, a bas-relief representing this parting between the two great heroes of Christianity; nor to see under it, the words so noble and so gracious with which they bade each other farewell.

"In this place SS. Peter and Paul separated on their way to martyrdom."

"And Paul said to Peter, 'Peace with thee, Foundation of the Church, Shepherd of the flock of Christ.'"

"And Peter said to Paul, 'Go in peace, preacher of good tidings and guide of the salvation of the just.'"

A distance very nearly the same as that from the Gate of Saint Paul to the wayside chapel, finds us at the Basilica of Saint Paul outside the walls. But with our present intention

in mind, this spot is still the vineyard of the holy woman Lucina, who gave hospitality to the apostle in death. Without a pause, then, we take the road across the Campagna, not a vestige of human habitation meeting our eyes; only the desolate grandeur of the Campagna, with here and there a shepherd in his pointed hat, his sheep-skin overalls, and often his sheep-skin mantle thrown over one shoulder; or a shepherdess, her distaff in hand, in a short blue gown, and the *panno*, or white linen, laid in folds on her head; wandering with their flocks from hillock to valley, sheltered we cannot see where or how, when night or storms may come on. From this waste of pasture-land or prairie, at length appears—slowly, like the masts of a vessel at sea—a group of buildings, which we know to be the three churches and the monastery of Saint Paul of the Three Fountains; the place at the third mile-stone, "where Saint Paul bore his testimony and grasped his palm." A chill of awe ran over us at the sight of these venerable walls rising from a slight hollow on the Campagna. There was nothing to mark the spot save the traditions of the faithful; not one picturesque feature, only wide spread desolation, absolute solitude. We were on the very road trod by Saint Paul; our eyes rested on the same undulations of the Campagna, on the same horizon, the same sky; and on leaving the vettura, our feet actually trod the same pavement on which Saint Paul walked between Roman soldiers to his martyrdom, to that spot where now stands the church in which are the Three Fountains. We had read again and again of these fountains. But as we stood by the low column on which the Apostle to the Gentiles had laid his head, on the 29th of June, of the year 66, we could shut our eyes and see, no longer the marbles of an interior, however beautiful, but the heads-man and the martyr; and as the sword flashed in the sunshine of the Campagna, and was sheathed in that neck which had

never bent either as the pupil of Gamaliel, as the persecutor of Christians, or as the apostle bound and a prisoner, to the power of this world, we could see the venerable head spring exultingly from its trunk, touch the earth, bound again, again touch the earth; then give still another bound of triumph, to touch the earth and leave, at each touch, a spring of water for the refreshment of souls. The three fountains stand on a line, exactly as the head bounded and touched three times; and as we drew up, with our own hands, the water from each, we found, what every traveller or pilgrim has found before us, will find after us—the water of the first fountain from the column warm; the second tepid; the third cold. The miraculous springs still give forth their waters as Saint Paul still gives his testimony. Over each fountain now stands an altar, and on each altar's front is the lifeless head of Saint Paul in relief.

Turning towards Rome over the same waste of verdure, and catching once, from a knoll, a glimpse of the dome of Saint Peter's and the Tiber, we were now a part of that small company of believers who bore the head and the body of the martyr to the vineyard of Lucina; and what a greeting was that given to the apostle from the Roman matron and her household! With an exaltation of mind and heart of which those ages of martyrdom alone can be worthy, their lighted torches led the way to the narrow crypt prepared for him, and at the same time, the body of Saint Peter, taken off its inverted cross on the Janiculan, the Montorio of to-day, was laid in its crypt on the Vatican Hill. There could be no forgetting of these two repositories of the most precious seed of Christendom, and when in the year 78, Anacletus, the second successor of Saint Peter, took the keys, his first care was to build over each of these hidden crypts an unostentatious oratory, where Christians, without attracting attention, could renew their strength,

and prepare themselves for martyrdom at the tombs of their teachers and models in the faith.

But when Constantine, "conquering and to conquer," began his work of reparation to Christianity, like Anacletus, the tombs of the apostles were his first care. The small oratories were removed to make room for the churches, for which, with his own hands, he broke the soil by twelve sods in honor of the apostles, churches too, by their richness, in accordance with the dignity of these sites in the eyes of Christians. In 386, the church reared by Constantine was enlarged into a basilica by the emperors, Valentinian II. and Theodosius. But to Leo I., of the year 440, so worthily called the Great, we owe the arch of triumph, with its mosaic of our Lord in a circle fifteen feet in diameter, in which he was assisted by the empress Galla Placidia; and from his time to that of Leo III., a short time before and after the year 800, no pope failed to enrich this basilica, while its grand lines were left untouched and distinct to the eye. Its nave 306 feet long, and 222 feet wide, was supported by 80 columns of precious marble. On the entablature above were represented in mosaic, scenes from the Gospels and Acts of the apostles, and the visions of Saint John on the Isle of Patmos; the forest of precious columns and the mosaics all leading the eye to the arch of triumph, where were seen on a gold ground SS. Peter and Paul, with the four and twenty elders of the Apocalypse who are casting down their crowns before the sublime head of our Lord, looking forth from its circle, so compassionately, upon men. All this was before the year 500. And after this came, like a frieze above the precious columns, one by one, and age after age, the likenesses of the popes. No sooner did a pope die, and while his countenance was fresh in the memories of men, than a likeness in mosaic was made for the Basilica of Saint Paul. And so it came, that the treasures of ages were quietly gathered within

its walls. The population which had clustered around it during some of these centuries had disappeared, and the great basilica stood solitary, a monument of the apostolic and of all succeeding times, when on the night of the 15th of July, 1823, a livid glare lit up the Campagna, startling the Romans, then filling them with a consternation, a sorrow, not to be told, as they learned that the Basilica of Saint Paul outside the walls, the venerated repository of treasures from the apostolic times, was in flames. Everything in the power of Rome to do was done to save the beloved basilica, to no purpose. But as the walls gave way, in the midst of flames, its gold glittering in the fiery furnace, rose, in all its majesty, the Arch of Triumph with SS. Peter and Paul and the four and twenty elders, and above all the sublime head of Christ, the gifts of the Fifth century to the Nineteenth! As this vision manifested itself to the awe struck multitude, a voice like a clarion rose above the roar and crackle of the flames: "Save the Arch!" It was the voice of Avvocato Fea, the antiquarian, the archæologist, learned in ecclesiastical history, devotedly attached to its monuments, who knew, even as few among the Romans knew, how much would go from the world with the Arch of Triumph of San Paolo. The cry acted like an inspiration upon the crowd. By efforts almost superhuman the great mosaic arch was saved; the mosaics, also, of the tribune, and the magnificent paschal candlestick covered with reliefs and dating from the ninth century.

No sooner was this calamity made known to the world, than it was determined that the world-wide loss should be met by a world-wide restoration. Not only Christian rulers and sovereigns in every civilized country sent magnificent contributions to the building-fund of *San Paolo fuori le mura*, but Mehemet Ali, pasha of Egypt, presented four columns of oriental alabaster for the canopy over the high altar, while not

only the bases of these pillars, but the altars of the transept, were of precious malachite, presented by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia. The rebuilding went on with extraordinary zeal, and to-day *San Paolo fuori le mura*, though still lacking the gigantic pillars, which lie within the stone-cutters' sheds, to complete its mosaic fa ade, is one of the attractions of Rome. And the traveller, still better the pilgrim to the shrine of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, sees before him in all its grandeur, its fine gold scarcely dimmed by 1400 years, the Arch of Triumph, which, as Cardinal Wiseman says in his Last Four Popes, "make the title deed of the new basilica to the love and veneration of Christendom."

On the morning of the 3d of July, 1876, we drove from the Via dell' Umiltà to the Gate of San Paolo, by permission from the prior, to visit the cloister of the old basilica; the cloistral law being suspended during the summer months, when the religious take refuge from the malaria of the Campagna in the convent of San Calisto, close to Santa Maria in Trastevere. Never had the cold grandeur of the nave, with its four ranges of columns of Lago Maggiore granite warmed only by the frieze of popes in splendid array, been more impressive to us than on this summer morning; never had the transept seemed more lovely in its marbles and mosaics, and never had the heroic figures of Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica risen more grandly on their pedestals, than when we passed between them to enter the beautiful cloister of the eighth century; its rose and orange trees in bloom, the elegant spiral columns, two of which are not alike, and above them the frieze of bright mosaics, its walls covered with inscriptions, and fragments set in the stucco. This lovely cloister escaped the fire of 1823, as did the ancient monastery, almost untouched. The superb staircase of marble was necessarily rebuilt and the first time it was publicly used was on the first formal visit of Pius IX.

to the new basilica. We were told of this as we ascended and were then requested to write our names in the same book which bore, on its first page, the autograph of Pio Nono. The dormitories as they are called, stretched before us; vast halls, on each side of which are the spacious cells, where the Benedictine monks, from the last of the eighth century, have kept their sublime rule. At the right, as we stood before one of these vast dormitories, was the elegant gate of open iron work, with the Benedictine *Pax* between two crosses, and when it opened, we stood within the chapter room of the grandest historic order of the world. The frescoes on the walls, gave, between garlands of flowers and fruit, the choicest traditions of the Order of Saint Benedict; while on the ceiling is told the story of the great Hildebrand, Gregory VII. The centre piece is in high color, but at the corners, the subjects are treated in sepia-tints.

Domus Oratiosi, "House of Prayer," is cut in marble on the gate which opens on the monastic chapel. The altar is small but exquisite in its decorations, surmounted only by a small, square tabernacle, literally incrusted with the choicest mosaic work and enamel. At the left hand, as we face the altar, is an arched window, unglazed. On the wide, inner edge of this arch, we found representations of the English, French and German Benedictine saints, giving us a sort of joyful surprise as the familiar names of Bede, Ethelred, Kunegunda, Clotilde and others met our eyes. But the great charm of the unglazed opening of this chapel, is to find one's self high up among the mosaics of San Paolo, in their very midst as it were, where we could see, as from a mountain summit, the glory of the transept. In the vast nave with its granite columns and colorless windows, there is the solemnity of the first pale dawn of day. In the transept, there is the flush of a New England sunset in October when the maple

leaves rival the very clouds in their brilliancy, pervaded also by that same golden atmosphere which gives such a dreaminess to October in the midst of its splendors. It was seeing San Paolo as a vision—in a trance.

Descending the marble stairway to the floor of the basilica, we crossed the transept to the treasury of San Paolo. There one heavy door after another was unlocked only to lock them after our party, until we came to the inner room where the chains of Saint Paul, worn in the Mamertine Prison and laid off only with life, have been preserved. Here, too, is the Bible of *San Paolo fuori le mura*, begun a little before the year 800, when the basilica was given in charge to the Benedictines. It is written on a vellum of the creamy whiteness and thinness of texture of the finest white silk. Two hundred years ago it was bound as we now see it. The whole Bible is written in the most delicate text, and the initial letters, like every "P" in the name of Saint Paul, are richly illuminated.

We knew this must be our last visit to Saint Paul's. We had sketched the Paschal candlestick, months before. At a still later visit, our amiable Benedictine friend, Dom Gregorio, had stood beside it, with the little English boy, John Pius—on whose head the venerable pontiff often laid his hand, saying: "You are my little staff"—in order to give an idea of its wonderful height. Our privileges at Saint Paul's had been so many, and now we gave a last look down the cool dawn of the nave, on the sunset glory of the transept with the head of our Lord looking down upon us so compassionately from its place on the Arch of Triumph, and passed out of the basilica to see the Campagna stretching out all around us; even between us and Rome itself.

SANTI PIETRO E PAOLO.

TO know what Saint Peter is to Christendom, one must come to Rome. We may talk about the feast of Saint Philip Neri, or of Saint Aloysius, in Rome. They are very wonderful, certainly; but the feast of SS. Peter and Paul as kept in the basilica of Saint Peter, completely absorbs that of all other saints; stands above them in the very same way in which Saint Peter stands above them as the Prince of the Apostles. One comprehends on the 29th of June in Rome, how Saint Paul could say: "I condescended not to flesh and blood. Neither went I to Jerusalem to the apostles who were before me; but I went to Arabia, and again I returned to Damascus. Then after three years, I went to Jerusalem to see Peter." To see Peter, as the head of that visible Church against which the "gates of hell should not prevail!" All these things had a new reality about them as we drove towards Saint Peter's, a little after five o'clock on the afternoon of the 28th of June, to attend the first vespers of the feast of the morrow. There was something contagious, too, in the enthusiasm of this crowd setting steadily towards Ponto Sant' Angelo, then growing denser and denser as it surged through the two narrow streets

leading to San Pietro, until the crowd emerged on the great piazza. Once there, how full the air was of light and of sound! The sky was almost cloudless, and the sunshine, always so powerful in Italy, lighted the fountains sending up their white spray till it seemed to touch the sky. Then the splash and play of these powerful fountains, the chimes of the bells in the tower, the roll of carriages over the pavement, filled the ear with sounds harmonious and so continual that they reminded one of eternity. Amid all this light and sound moved the multitudes, the thousands on thousands of the children of Saint Peter, permitted to keep his festival in his own basilica. Nowhere in the world can such a crowd be gathered as in this piazza and in this basilica. We stood to watch them. Crowds on foot, crowds in carriages, crowds in omnibuses; old and young, even infants in arms; rich and poor, literally from the prince to the beggar. Priests in Roman hat and soutane; Benedictine monks; every shade and variety of sandalled, bare-headed Franciscans, in their brown or black habits, bearded as Capuchins, or closely shaven; Dominicans, in the white habit and black cloak of the preaching friars; Carmelites in white cloaks; Passionists, Redemptorists; Sisters of Charity, and Sisters in all sorts of white bonnets and black bonnets, quilled-frills and veils; long lines of seminarians in red, purple, black, and all these divisions divided and subdivided by sashes and stripes of red or blue braid, to distinguish their several colleges; while here and there the tall, pillar-shaped *berretta* of an Armenian, and the Albanese costume and peaked hat of a son of the Campagna, would be seen. Nowhere but in Rome, and nowhere in Rome but at Saint Peter's, could such a various multitude pass before the eye. The wonder of it all increased the longer we watched these shifting thousands, moving towards the door of the portico to

pass so quietly under the garlands of box and then disappear within the largest basilica in the world.

As we lifted the heavy curtains at the door, we heard the pulsations of the organs in the prelude for vespers, and were in time to catch—not the first crash of a chorus of a hundred voices, but the clear sweetness of one voice in the first antiphon. To this antiphon succeeded the psalm, its verses sung by alternate choirs, in the high, wonderful harmony of voices giving forth celestial canticles; voices which seem to have been fed on an "ampler ether, a diviner air," than those of other mortals. No matter how high those voices might soar, they were sure to float in those upper regions, nor did they ever lose the sweetness of their natural warble.

But where were the thousands on thousands who had entered Saint Peter's while we stood to watch them? They were all within, and so were the thousands they found there before them; but there was no jostling, no crowding, no hurry. There were no seats within; and just as great a variety as we had seen enter, might be seen perched on the bases of the great columns, or on the steps of altars and confessionals, or, in numbers not to be counted, standing, patiently, for hours, between the two choirs and before the sanctuary in front of Saint Peter's Chair, where were the Cardinal, with his readers and cantors, and all the canons of the Basilica. Hundreds, too, were kneeling around the confession of SS. Peter and Paul, adorned, as it was, with immense bouquets and garlands of natural flowers and tall wax candles towering above the lamps. On the floor of the confession, too, was laid one of those tapestry carpets, on which the arms of Pope Sixtus V. are to be seen. Then another multitude gathered around Saint Peter as he sat in his chair, dressed in his mitre and cope, in all the glory of the chief Bishop; while on the hand raised in blessing was the ring of his high office. Another

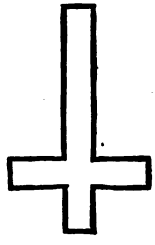
multitude could be seen before the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, where the music of the choirs was to be heard, perhaps finer than anywhere else; softened, as it was, by distance, and changed from a mortal song into one which angels might have sung. But it was not for this reason that this multitude lingered where they were. Absorbed in adoration, the music was only a part of the inspiration which urged them to send up their whole souls in prayer to God; while something akin to this was to be seen all along down the grand nave and in the side-chapels, until we came to the chapel of the Mother of Dolors, to see before that most sorrowful image a few heads bent to the ground in supplication.

And yet, to all came the music of the first vespers. Walking, sitting, kneeling; groups talking here and there; but above all, and over all, floated the calm music of the cantors. No one disturbed, no one interrupted; no one was capable of drowning the least of those clear tones. People came and went, and other thousands were coming up the steps as we went slowly down, but the vespers went on. Never had we seen Saint Peter's so grand as on that evening. Never had we seen the gold ceiling above Saint Peter's Chair come out in the full beauty of its reliefs as in the level rays of that afternoon sun; and there we read the story of the two martyrdoms, one by crucifixion, the other by the sword, as the music rose up into the great dome and floated down the nave and the aisles. Never had we seen the façade with all its statues, nor the dome in all its perfection of form and proportion, so beautiful as on that evening. Never had we seen the sun linger so long on the obelisk in the square, and never had we seen the spray catch so long the beams of the sun. And yet this was only the prelude to the feast of to-morrow—only the opening act of the drama in which the Church celebrates

the victory of her two great champions, SS. Peter and Paul, in the basilica of him who had kept his place as Prince of the Apostles and Vicar of Jesus Christ upon earth.

It is impossible, on a great festival like that of SS. Peter and Paul, to forgive the Romans for having opened their gates to another king than the Sovereign Pontiff. On that day, Rome uncrowned herself. Since that day, all which made her distinctive glory has been shorn of its splendors. No procession gives beauty to her streets; for to the eyes of the Roman people, accustomed to the dignity of religious processions in which the Vicar of Christ bore a part, none of the secular pageants on the streets of Rome can be looked upon as processions. And so it was, that from the first vespers on the evening of the 28th of June to the second vespers of the evening of the 29th, everyone felt how incomplete was the day. There is no Cardinal who must not be eclipsed, dwarfed utterly, when he is compelled to take the part of celebrant where the Holy Father of right belongs. No matter how many kings or leaders may plant themselves in Rome, the Pope alone can give back to Rome her beautiful days and her festivals. It was with this thought working in our minds, that we saw the sun go down in Rome on the 29th of June, 1876. The long twilight prolonged the day, just as it did eighteen hundred and thirty-four years ago, when it set over the Janiculan, whose golden sands had been wet by the blood of Saint Peter crucified with his head downwards, and over the green dell of the Campagna, from which had gushed three fountains, as the head of "Saint Paul, Apostle and Doctor of the Gentiles," touched the thick June sward. The stars, too, came out and lighted the lonely Vatican Hill where Saint Peter had been laid so reverently, and where the pious Lucina had given the precious relics of Saint Paul burial and where his basilica stands. The eye of God, as well as the

stars, looked down that night, eighteen hundred and thirty-four years ago, on the city which he had chosen for himself. There was comfort in this thought; for just as he then put his everlasting arm under the Infant Church, in the hour of her greatest bereavement, so may we hope he has done now, when the infidelity of her children has wounded her heart more than it could ever be wounded by the malice of her enemies.



ORVIETO.

THAT last glimpse of Saint Peter's on the way to Orvieto! How like a vision that dome lingered in the blue of the Italian distance, a thing of heaven rather than of earth! And when the near hills, with their olive groves and vineyards, came between it and us, we realized how much grandeur had passed into our lives, not only from the sight of it, but from our fealty to its traditions.

We were still under the exaltation of this sublime moment in the life of a pilgrim to the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles, when the old fortified Etruscan town of Orvieto came in sight. As we step from the car, what views open before us, through arches which seem to have no other use than to frame in those pictures of magnificent mountain ranges and valleys slumbering in the noonday sun of July; while on the other hand rise the heights of Orvieto, empurpled in its own delicious atmosphere, terraced with verdure and crowned by its Duomo!

Nor is this enchantment of distance broken, as we ascend the heights by a road which has not one steep angle, so carefully has it been graded. The eye is drawn, first by the distance below us, then by the heights above us, without knowing which to lose for the other. Here is a tower we must remember to sketch; and before this is fairly passed another

object has charmed the eye. All at once we have entered the gate, and our wheels are rumbling over narrow, paved streets, between tumbling-down old houses and crumbling palace fronts. The world of beauty all around Orvieto seems to be suddenly shut out from us. Our spirits fall. Is this the Orvieto we have heard of, read of, dreamed of? The swift turns of the heavy vehicle around the corners make us dizzy, a little sick, in truth; and we begin to think how tired we are, when another turn of the street brings us, face to face, with what! our dream? Yes, and still more; with the reality of our dream; and with a reality so far surpassing it, that all we have heard or read shows dull before it. For, here, as fresh as the New Jerusalem sent down from heaven to her Bridegroom, stands the façade of the Cathedral of Orvieto, in all the beauty of its unfading mosaics, its untarnished gold and venerable sculptures. No need of guide-books to tell us that, at last, we are before the Duomo of Orvieto.

We have time to exclaim joyfully not more than once, when we find the sunny square has been crossed. Again we plunge into the gloom of narrow streets and tall towers with sculptured armorial bearings, into the medley of shops, and artisans and cooks, of peasants in costumes and donkeys with panniers. Every street seems to have been built on a curve, and it is with a sense of relief roughly earned, that we find ourselves driving into the courtyard of the Albergo delle Belle Arti. But what a profound quiet reigns through these wide halls, and up and down these solemn flights of stone stairs! "Is every one enjoying a siesta?" we ask ourselves. Meanwhile, one flight of stairs and a hall overlooking the courtyard, bring us to apartments, spacious, scrupulously clean, with open fireplaces and high ceilings. What could we ask more? But when we step to the windows, we find ourselves so near the neighboring house across the street that we can almost shake hands

with the inmates. It is a pleasant-looking house, and a pot of carnations, in full bloom, stands in the open lattice. But for all that, we seem to be in a prison. "We must go up higher where we can have some off-look," we say impatiently.

"Signora will find none," remarks the civil attendant. But we are not convinced; and the light feet of our companion willingly climb storey after storey only to find the same neighbors, the same pot of blossoming carnations; and we are forced to believe we shall never see the sky, so long as we remain in our Orvieto apartments. In half an hour dinner is served, and served for us two with as much care as if for a full *table d' hôte*. This over, we make no delay in threading the narrow, shaded streets back to the cathedral, to find its beauties breaking upon the eye with the same startling radiance as at first.

"Like nothing in the world but the festal page of an illuminated missal!" we say, again and again, as we stand opposite this façade, which embodies the faith and piety, as well as the imagination and skill of an efflorescent period of art. How like spikes of flowering plants are those Gothic pinnacles with their leafy finials, springing up into the air! But see! on those topmost ones are angels; or, are they saints? saints, no longer bending under the crosses of mortality, but buoyant with the joys of a celestial state, and pausing on these airy pinnacles like birds in a flight between heaven and earth. What a weaving in and out of black basalt and of creamy-white marble, which, by dwelling together for centuries, have lost both blackness and whiteness, and blend to the eye only as light and shadow! while niche and column, mosaic and sculpture, rose-window and relief, form a unit of inconceivable beauty against this tender, blue sky, and the mountains lying off in a dreamy haze.

It was long before we could make up our minds to leave this façade, which seemed born of sunshine as much as any

flower of the field. But the doors standing open, so invitingly, prevailed, and with the feelings of those who sang the fifteen gradual psalms, as they mounted the fifteen steps of the temple, we passed up these steps of alternate white and purple Apennine marble. We had resolved not to linger on the threshold, but who can pass these reliefs on either hand without pausing? For here is represented, in spaces divided by branches of the vine, symbol of the mystical vine of the Church, the history of man from the creation to the last judgment; not that exterior history of man which regards his civilization, but a history of the interior, universal man, in his relations to God and to eternity. We have seen the Loggie of Raphael, the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, where these same subjects are treated in fresco with a sublimity we can never forget. But, wonderful as they are, we turn now to the predecessors, and in a certain sense the teachers, of Michael Angelo and of Raphael, and realize that we have come nearer to the traditions of the Pentateuch, Gospels, and Apocalypse by more than even the two hundred years intervening between John of Pisa, Lorenzo di Maitani, the scenic artists who worked in Rome and Albano under his inspirations, and the masters of the Loggie, Stanze, and Capella, of the Vatican. If on the ceiling by Michael Angelo, the Creator, by a touch of his own omnipotent finger, is seen to give life to the inanimate form of the first man, with what a paternal tenderness is he seen, in this sculptured pilaster at Orvieto, to lay his hand on the head of the newly created man, as if giving him the paternal benediction! These angels, too, are no strange beings in a world foreign to their own. With their feet just lifted from the earth, they come, a single pair, to our first parent, talking together of his happy destiny. This sculptured Eden is full of the most delicate sympathy, of the most exalted love. In the creation of Eve and even in the expulsion from Eden, it is the

Father rather than the Creator, whom we see, while the vines are in the full exuberance of summer. We pass from one pilaster to another, to wonder at the fertility of imagination which marks each group, until we come to the Last Judgment, where the vines are found to be weighed down with fruit, and only here and there a shrivelled leaf. In these planes, one above another, are given the mystery of the resurrection from the dead, the awful depths of hell, the condemned passing, with lamentations and gestures of despair, to their place of punishment; and, in contrast to all this, the joy of the newly awakened just, and their gratitude for their happy sentence. There is a wonderful solitariness expressed by the condemned. Huddled together in their misery, there is still no companionship, no sympathy for each other's distress. Each one is occupied with his own. The wicked spirits who receive and welcome them to this dreary abode, are their tormentors, not their companions. But how charming are the relations between the redeemed and their angel guardians! With what gratitude do those who have received a happy judgment kneel at the feet of their guides through all the perils of mortality; and then, in what a delighted intercourse do they pass onward together to heaven! Here, indeed, is that companionship which the Church calls "the communion of saints." They are dear members of one household, that of the Heavenly Father!

Days would not suffice to study all these groups; but, happily, their story is told with such simplicity that "he who runs may read;" and even on a first visit we can enter into the spirit of the designs. How admirable, too, the framing in of these sculptures, the weaving of these themes into the gorgeous web of colors above! The columns which adorn the three portals are carried, like coils of the most delicate marble, over the entire arch of each door, taking along in

their grooves a mere thread of mosaic, caught in with them like a string of brilliant gems, which now flashes into light, now falls into shadow; the columns themselves are divided from each other by flat spaces, filled alternately with mosaics and knobs of acanthus leaves, giving an elaborate beauty to this story of the façade altogether unique, and allowing the eye to pass with delight from the colorless sculptures of the pilasters to the glowing resplendence of the upper storeys.

How easily do we credit, in the actual presence of these wonders of skill, the touching narrative of that devoted Christian architect, Lorenzo di Maitani, who, during forty consecutive years, according to M. Rio, labored to beautify this reliquary of the Corporal of Bolsena, which was to him instead of a country; and who, when compelled to make short absences to Siena or Perugia, whose cathedrals were constructed under his care, still returned to his dear summit at Orvieto with renewed ardor. It is from M. Rio, too, that we have learned the names of the several artists to whom we are indebted for the sculptured pilasters. All the bronzes must be given to Lorenzo himself. The Last Judgment he gives to John of Pisa; but the Creation, so redolent with the joys of a new-born paradise and the innocent happiness of our first parents, he gives to those Sienese artists, who modelled in Rome and its neighborhood, under the influence of the grandest works of sculpture in the world; to whom Lorenzo was a master, and also, as we have said, an inspiration.

But what of the interior of this temple to which such varied beauties are merely the exterior?

On a summer afternoon, the sun not only pours its light through the three front portals, but through the western window, set with alabaster instead of glass, thus sending a mellow radiance through the upper arches of the grand nave. And how grand and how serene that nave is! At first, it seems

cold and almost bare, compared with the gorgeous exterior; but in a few moments the eye measures both length and height;* takes in the majesty of the vast arches, and their columns of black basalt and white marble, with gigantic statues of the apostles at their base. A repose, such as only grand spaces, comparatively bare, can inspire, takes possession of the soul. The mind, undistracted by multiplicity, dwells calmly on everything before it. The floor, so often elaborately set with colored marbles, is here of an even tint, and the eye is free to explore the very depths of this sanctuary, all aglow with its stained glass, and its frescoes, from the very stalls in the choir to the height of the lofty arch. On the right is that wonderful chapel, to which Fra Angelico and Luca Signorelli draw so many feet; but to the left is the one which has been drawing our own, steadily but surely, from the time we set foot on Italian soil. It is, in truth, the very soul of the cathedral itself, for this wonder of art was designed as a receptacle for the relic which gives its name to the chapel, Cappella del Santissimo Corporale.

The Bleeding Host of Bolsena is a name familiar to every Roman sight-seer, as it makes one of the subjects treated by Raphael on the walls of the Stanza d'Eliodoro. Its story, which has passed into theological works on the Holy Eucharist, and even into the treatise on the Mass, by our own Father Müller, C. SS. R., reads thus:

In the year 1263 a Bohemian priest was celebrating mass in a church at Bolsena. This priest had a serious doubt concerning the doctrine of transubstantiation. Perhaps this doubt had come over him more actively than usual, and in a way to make consecration a sacrilege, a grievous wound to the most tender heart of our Lord; for, straightway, as he holds the newly consecrated host in his hands, drops of blood start from

*97 yards long, 35 yards wide, and 111 feet high.

its sacred pores; and when, in his fright, he lays down the host, it leaves a perfect impression of itself, in blood, on the snow-white corporal; while the acolytes and the kneeling faithful are witnesses, not only to the agitation of the celebrant, but to its cause.

As to the celebrant himself, with the pious horror of that moment faith had entered his heart. Without consuming the consecrated elements he hastened to Orvieto; threw himself at the feet of the Pope Urban IV., who was there in exile; confessed his doubts, and narrated the miracle. The pope lost no time in sending the Bishop of Orvieto to Bolsena, to bring thence the host and the corporal; and then, with all the clergy of Orvieto, met the prelate on his return at a bridge some miles distant from the city, and received the sacred deposit from his hands.

Faithful to the inspirations promised to his office, Pope Urban recognized in this occurrence a strictly supernatural fact, demanding a special act of thanksgiving from the Christian world. Without delay he instituted the feast of Corpus Christi, to honor our Lord in the adorable Sacrament of the Altar, and also called upon Thomas Aquinas, the angel of the schools, at this time professor of philosophy at Orvieto, to compose an office for this feast. The response made by Saint Thomas to this call, was one of the most sublime offices of the Church liturgy, to which we owe those hymns so dear to every Catholic heart, so familiar to every Catholic ear: "Pange Lingua," "Sacris Solemniis," "Verbum Supernum," and "Lauda Sion."

But this was not all. The pontiff, exiled from Rome, like many another exiled pontiff, showed to the world how superior are the prerogatives of a successor to Saint Peter and the Vicegerent of Christ himself, to all and every circumstance of time and of place. Not only should another feast grace the

ecclesiastical year, and that a feast of such beauty and majesty of ceremonial as to resemble a triumph; not only should another office be a well-spring of devotion to the faithful, but he would crown this fair summit of Orvieto with a temple as unique in its beauty, as inspiring in its decorations, as the feast could suggest.

The solemnity of Corpus Christi was celebrated by Pope Urban IV., in person, with great pomp at Orvieto, on the first Thursday after the Octave of Pentecost, in the year of our Lord 1264. This great pope, however, having died at Perugia the following year, the celebration of the new festival was interrupted, until Pope Clement V., nearly forty years after, enforced the bull of Urban IV., which is pronounced a masterpiece of learning and piety, enforced it not only in Italy, but throughout the world. In establishing this feast, neither Urban IV. nor Clement V. can be supposed to have forgotten the revelations on this subject made to a holy religious (of the order of Citeaux, named Julienne), and to another holy person called Eve, who lived as a recluse near the church of Saint Martin in Liége, by reason of which a festival in honor of the Blessed Sacrament had been appointed for that diocese. No event stands alone; but we must still date the solemnity of Corpus Christi to Urban VI. and to Orvieto.

In 1344, Pope Clement VI. granted an indulgence to those who should visit Orvieto with the intention of venerating the Holy Corporal; and we see Pope Gregory XI., forty years later, granting still further indulgences to those who should assist at the works on this cathedral. "There," we are told, "were to be seen citizens of all classes co-operating, besides multitudes of pilgrims, who, after attending religious services would spend the rest of the day in doing what they could to help the masons, stone-cutters, or other artisans at the sacred building. Persons of good condition carried burdens on their

shoulders, and those who could not do rough work, brought drink or food to the laborers, enabling them thus to refresh themselves without leaving the spot. Companies of artists were sent to seek and to work the most suitable marbles at Rome, Siena and Corneto."* Thus embellished with all which art and piety could devise, the cathedral was consecrated by the cardinal bishop of the See, November 13th, 1677. Are we surprised, after recalling these supernatural motives, at the perfection of their result? Or, are we surprised to find the signs of the Eucharistic presence unmistakably brilliant in the chapel devoted to the relic which furnished the motive for the entire cathedral? The wrought-iron screen, which divides this chapel from the transept, is closed; but we kneel outside, conscious that we are before one of those shrines towards which all hearts and all steps should turn from a motive higher even than veneration—with supreme adoration! If there is one spot in the world which, more than all others, can confirm a wavering faith in the dogma of transubstantiation, or glorify an humble faith in it to a seraphic joy, it is this chapel of the Holy Corporal. "Happy fingers," we say to ourselves, "happy fingers which deserved to weave the linen of this holy corporal! Happy fingers which deserved to set the stitches in its narrow edge!" And yet, just as happy are the fingers which have woven and stitched the plainest corporal used at the humblest altar in Christendom!

Six o'clock finds us again on our way to the cathedral for mass. But the narrow streets no longer oppress us by their gloom. There is a coolness in these morning shadows, a cheerfulness unlike any other in the day, and the people we meet on the street do not seem to look upon us as mere travellers. We wonder at first, and then remember that yesterday we had our red guide-book in our hands; this morning our

*Heman's History of Mediæval Christianity.

morocco-covered missal. Yes, this is the secret of the half nod and smile we meet from one and another, as we hasten to the cathedral. "Signora," they seem to say, "is not going to the Duomo just to admire it; she goes there out of love to the Santissimo Corporale."

How joyously we mount the steps of purple and white marble! We enter the side-door this morning just as we see others doing, and we follow those who enter before us. We are right; we knew they would take us to the Cappella del Santissimo Corporale. The gate in the wrought-iron screen is wide open, and we can hardly pause to throw even a glance into the solemn choir lighted up by the morning sun. Early as it is, one mass is nearly over. It has been one of our cherished wishes to receive holy communion in this chapel; so we wait for the next mass, and have time to study the frescoes which literally cover the walls. As in so many other chapels we have seen, these pictures seem to have been put on the wall without any regard to effect or even to symmetry. They have not been painted as decorations, but to tell a story. Raphael's picture in the Stanza d'Eliodoro, gives the one scene of the miracle at the altar. These pictures in the chapel at Orvieto, dwell upon every circumstance of this great event, bring out the secrets of all hearts concerning the dogma of transubstantiation, disclose the occasion of the miracle as well as the miracle itself, and, finally, its effect, not only upon the people, but upon the head of the Church, Pope Urban, and the means taken by him to perpetuate the remembrance of the miracle to the glory of God in the Sacrament of the Altar. What a preparation is thus given by the pencil of Ugolino di Prete for our own devout attendance at the next mass and for holy communion, and who can doubt that he told the story for this very end? In the midst of these pictorial records of the cathedral history, stands the altar of choice marbles; but

in place of the usual altarpiece is a tabernacle, to be reached only by a flight of steps at each end of a platform. This remarkable tabernacle contains the massive silver shrine in which the Holy Corporal is preserved. The shrine is four hundred pounds in weight, and was adorned, not by Ugolino di Prete, but Ugolino di Vieri, with twelve paintings in enamel, representing the Passion of our Lord, and the miracle of Bolsena. Thus, everything in this chapel bears upon the mystery of transubstantiation, and the very faces of the people around us are characterized by a serenity which comes only with exalted faith.

When we left the cathedral again and by its side door, we found numbers of strangers enjoying their morning walk to and fro in the shadow of the Duomo. The view from the steps on this north side of the cathedral is simply delicious, with the light of early morning on the dark mountains clothed with forests, on the roofs of the picturesque town below, and kindling into beauty the old bell tower of San Domenico. A row of cottages facing this side of the cathedral, their tiled roofs stained with every tint of lichen, and their quaint doorways rich in shadows, makes the foreground of this picture, which we could not leave behind us without having sketched, and sketched, too, in water-colors; for what is anything in Orvieto without the glorious color which belongs to it as by a right of inheritance?

We took the advice of the custodian to devote to the cathedral all the mornings we had to spend. It is the only time that the paintings in the choir can be seen to advantage. They are by the same artist, Ugolino di Prete Ilario, to whom we owe the story pictured on the walls of the Cappella del Corporale, and are characterized by the same spirit of piety, and the same desire to tell his story so as to be understood. The life of the Blessed Virgin is in twenty-eight compart-

ments. Twenty-two of these are in two rows, extending from one side of the choir to the other, and take up the history from the expulsion of Saint Joachim from the temple to the finding of our Lord in dispute with the doctors. These subjects are treated with charming vivacity. The series is carried forward in the space above the eastern window, representing her dying interview with the apostles, her death, burial, resurrection, and assumption, her coronation occupying a large lunette on the rounded ceiling of the choir. Three spaces, corresponding to this one, are filled by representations of the three persons of the Holy Trinity, each attended by angels. On the north and south walls the twelve prophets are represented at full length, and below them the twelve apostles, each holding in his hand a scroll containing the article which he contributed to the Apostles' Creed. Below all these, and immediately above the stalls of the choir, are represented in a line of forty half-length figures, those fathers and doctors of the Church who have honored the Blessed Virgin by titles or epithets of great beauty and excellence. It would be impossible to understand all these without the aid of something more than mere guide-books, so much have they suffered from time. But once understood, they give one an exalted idea of the strictly theological spirit in which art was practiced in those ages. Again and again we were made to realize, that these pictures were not painted merely to adorn the walls, but, rather, to adorn the souls of those who worshipped before these altars with the cardinal virtues of faith, hope, charity, and to furnish their imaginations with the lovely imagery which the Church, through her gospels, epistles, and traditions, has preserved for the faithful, and which she is ever mindful to put before their eyes in ways which will attract their attention, fix them in their memory, and produce fruit in their lives. It was when animated by such motives, that art was the beautiful handmaid

of religion, the illuminated book of the ignorant, and the inspiration of whole communities of holy religious in their quiet cells and shaded cloisters.

It is, indeed, in the midst of such vivid representations of supernatural events, that the canons of the cathedral of Orvieto have sung matins, lauds, prime, tierce, sext, none, vespers, and compline, for five hundred years. The stalls of these monastic canons are, in themselves, marvels of skillful *tarsia* or woodwork. It would be impossible to give an idea in words of the delicacy and intricacy, the absolute minuteness, of these decorations; light woods inlaid on dark, and dark woods inlaid on light; while the back of each stall bears a picture in different woods, which is no stiff caricature of its subject, but, in several instances, as nobly conceived and executed as if in marble. It would seem, indeed, as if the material signified nothing to the mind of these enthusiastic artists, their enthusiasm rendering all materials subservient to their ideas.

If we have lingered long before describing the chapel which is supposed to be the principal attraction within the cathedral, it is not because we were slow to enter it. One returns again and again to this chapel, on the right of the choir, this Cappella di San Brizio, to which Michael Angelo came to study, long before he was called upon to lay his brush to the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. Like the Cappella del Corporale, and the choir, the best time to see its walls is the early morning. We no sooner enter this chapel, than we know that art has overcome many difficulties, has learned much concerning its own capacities for expressing sublime ideas, since Ugolino di Prete painted in the choir and in the opposite chapel; for these pictures date nearly a century later.

Instinctively, our eyes turn to the vaulted ceiling, arch melting into arch to rise into a perfect whole; and there, confronting every soul which enters that gate, is Christ, in his

awful beauty as the Judge of men. Seated on the clouds of heaven, with the clouds for his footstool, with rays of glory forming a circle of light around his entire person, he bears the round world on his knee, while his right hand is raised to summon before him the souls of "the quick and the dead." The space between this circle of light and the sides of the arch is filled with adoring angels. Ruskin says, these Etruscan painters treated Gothic arches like the inside of an inverted vase, suiting the subject to the space before them, and turning every accident of form to advantage. This was never more true than in the ceiling before us. The figure of Christ with adoring angels filling this long compartment, is seen again in the high pointed arches around it, set close with pyramidal groups of saints—the prophets, doctors, confessors, virgins and martyrs—each group filling its own arch; noble, and at the same time pathetic figures, for they carry to heaven the glorious marks of their conflicts on earth. The whole ceiling is given to this celestial part of the last judgment; but only a small part of it was actually painted by Fra Angelico, which happened in this way:

The rulers of Orvieto agreed with Fra Angelico, on the 14th of June, 1447, to occupy his summer vacation, year by year, in painting this chapel of San Brizio, in fresco. He was to bring with him his pupil, Benozzo, and two assistants. He began immediately, and by the 28th of September, the three most southerly compartments in the groined ceiling of the chapel were completed, two by himself—the figure of our Lord and the group of prophets—the other by Benozzo. But just as the season's work had thus happily ended, one of his assistants, Antonio Giovanelli, fell from the scaffold and was killed. The gentle nature of the angelical friar never recovered from this shock, and he could not be induced to return to Orvieto. This disappointment was all the greater, as at this time Fra Angelico

was at the height of his fame, having been invited to Rome by Nicholas V., to paint that chapel in the Vatican which still bears the name of this great pontiff; or, sometimes, that of the "golden chapel," on account of its splendor.

During fifty years the chapel of San Brizio remained unfinished, when it was decided that Luca Signorelli should complete the work. Taking up the solemn theme as it was left by the angelical friar, using his designs, even, for the continuation of the ceiling, the calm grandeur of the celestial vision is unbroken. But it is on the wall, that Signorelli expresses that idea of the judgment of the wicked and their torments, which the *Inferno* of Dante had made familiar to all Italy, and which was in unison with the spirit of his own genius. Here we no longer see the poetic, meditative imagery of the cloister, but the awfully real impersonations of sin, which a mind as active as Signorelli's would find suggested by the nature of his subject. And first we see Antichrist preaching his falsehoods, and deluding the souls of men. Nor is this smooth-tongued Antichrist a monster to be dreaded. The figure, the countenance in its outline, the gracious fall of hair parted on the forehead and the flowing draperies, are all easily mistaken, at first sight, as belonging to our Lord; and it is only upon a second look that we perceive the hypocritical semblance. Following this preaching of Antichrist, is the death of the wicked previous to the judgment, represented by a horrified group called the "Fulminati." Huge angels, with enormous wings, breathe columns of fire on these wretched beings; men and women, and women with babes in their arms! In vain do they try to evade the descending flames with which the very heavens are lurid. Each one is pursued, overtaken, struck with death, whether boldly defying, or cursing it in despair, or deprecatingly pleading for mercy; for the day of vengeance is come, the day of pitiless judgment. To this

scene succeeds the resurrection. Two angels, giants in size and strength, appear on the clouds, blowing the trumpets of doom. And to this call what a response is made! Instantaneously, simultaneously, the newly awakened bodies and fleshless skeletons struggle again to birth from the solid clay. How they wrestle with the grassy turf which has covered them for centuries; all rising in expectation of a judgment from which they cannot flee, and which even the just have reason to dread, yet arising with the eager alacrity of beings new-born!

For the heaven in this chapel we cast our eyes on the celestial groups of the ceiling; but here, on the walls, Signorelli compels the most unwilling to see what hell may be, and its tormenting demons. Horrified,we see human shapes assumed by superhuman intelligences, wholly and entirely bent on evil, with a superhuman power to inflict it. To these wicked intelligences, which sinned not through ignorance but knowledge, are given up the souls and bodies of the condemned. Nor are these condemned ones merely rough types of humanity; but delicate women, high born as it would seem from the very nobleness of their aspects; with noble intellects, too, and of gentle culture; how one shudders to see such shapes carried to a doom, compared with which to the mind of the Christian the most awful death is but a trivial accident! Many, who came only to wonder at the marvellous skill of Signorelli, for they have been told he was a master from whom Michael Angelo did not disdain to learn; who came merely to wonder, supposing they should smile over these mediæval fancies; have groaned audibly before the frescoes on the walls of San Brizio, and have cried out in the anguish of a contrite mind: "Save us, oh Lord, in the terrible day of judgment!"

The awful fascination of these pictures makes one for a time oblivious to anything else, at least to anything below them.

Only the majestic calm of the groups above them can distract the mind. But after awhile we find a link between these scenes of terrible agony and the regions of absolute bliss. Angels, tall, and clothed like deacons, only without dalmatics, and with faces of grave happiness, play on lutes, and thus charm the senses of those who have passed the dread ordeal of judgment, and are on their way to heaven. We follow them, and almost see them finding places among the groups on the ceiling. But fatigue, at length, compels the eye and the mind to turn earthward, to meet with a consolation wholly unlooked for. Again we seem to tread the accustomed ways of men, and feel the breezes of this world on our cheeks, and are charmed with glimpses of a paradise of color, of song, of poesy! All the iridescence of birds of fair plumage, all the delights of tropical blossoms, trailing vines, and summer life are hinted at in the arabesques which cover the lower half of the wall. These arabesques are divided into square compartments, and in the centre of each is a portrait of one of the great writers of Italy; Cicero, Ovid, Horace, Seneca, Dante, and Virgil. Of all these, the picture of Dante is the best preserved and has a peculiar charm. The great poet is represented in the flower of his age, turning over his books with the air of a happy student; in truth, the most pleasing picture of Dante we have ever seen. Besides the portrait, each compartment contains four small medallion pictures of scenes taken from the works of the author they surround.

As if nothing should be lacking to the grandeur of this chapel, we find on the right hand a Pietà, in marble, by the same Ippolito Scalza to whom we owe the Saint John, Saint Thomas, and Saint Roch, near the entrance. In this group are given not only the Madonna with the dead Christ on her lap, but Saint Mary Magdalene pressing one wounded hand to her cheek, and holding one foot in the excess of her grief;

while Saint Joseph of Arimathea stands, looking down upon the dead face of Israel's Redeemer, with a sorrow as profound as it is tender, one hand holding the pincers, the other the ladder. It is the nearest approach we have seen to the Pietà by Michael Angelo in Saint Peter's.

Over the altar of the chapel of San Brizio hangs the miraculous Madonna di San Brizio, still an object of veneration. Unlike other Madonnas of that period, the Blessed Virgin is standing, with the Infant in her arms. The artist evidently intended to represent a raised dais, with a throne in the background. Four angels are seen in the air, one on each side with folded palms, and above these are two angels bringing crowns. In spite of the modern look of those which have been placed later on the heads of the figures, quite contrary to the idea of the artist, there is a singular sweetness and majesty in this crowned Virgin Mother and her crowned Child, under whose feet she has placed her open palm in sign of fealty, which might well win the heart, even if no traditions hallowed the picture to the pilgrim; and it never fails of some tribute of praise from the most rigorous critic.

If the morning light is favorable for the cathedral, the late afternoon is equally so for exploring the small town crowded upon this mountain summit. The whole city can be traversed in a day, and yet one can linger many days in Orvieto, and only begin an acquaintance with its beauties. The strongest attraction next to the cathedral, was the old church of San Domenico, where we had expected to find such treasures of ancient art. But in vain did we look on the white-washed walls for that Madonna, painted by Simone di Martino for the Dominicans of Orvieto, so renowned for the charm of its color and for the elegance of its forms. Every trace of the grand old Dominicans, who nourished sacred sciences and sacred art in this so favored retreat, had disappeared. Not the fading

vestige even of Saint Thomas, the angelical doctor, who composed within its walls the office of the Blessed Sacrament, and taught philosophy to students, that well might believe they were listening to the voice of an angel, was to be found; nor of that other angelical, the Fra Angelico of the chapel of San Brizio, who, while painting that celestial ceiling, must have lived with his brothers, the monks of San Domenico. The only relic of the noble period to which all these memories belong, is the Gothic monument by Arnolfo, in honor of Cardinal di Braye, who died in 1282. The whole monument is conceived according to the spirit of the thirteenth century, and the old cardinal lies in a sublime sleep worthy of a Christian sculptor like Arnolfo, who gives an equal proof of his merit as an architect and as a mosaic worker in the accessories of the monument. With a sad heart we roamed through the desolate cloister, after visiting the secular school established here by the Princess Marguerite. The glory of San Domenico had fled, with the expulsion of the noble order which had thrown such a halo of sacred tradition around its walls. There were no rose-bushes even, from which to take a bud; and we were obliged to content ourselves with a sprig of the low purple mallows in the grass-plot. We had passed a crumbling palace, which must have been one of rare beauty in its day; and a bell-tower, square, with little turrets on each corner, and the cross rising from the midst of them, too picturesque to be ever forgotten. But leaving San Domenico by another way, we strolled to the farther end of the town, overlooking the old walls of the city; the newly opened Etruscan tombs, and the glories of mountain and valley which surround Orvieto. We clambered down the steep path inside the walls, looked through the ancient port-holes, and thus framed in many a bit of distant mountain and vale, with castles and villas crowning their summits or hidden among the olive groves. Suddenly the square tower of

San Juvenalis rose before us on the very point of a triangle overlooking this panorama, to all appearances as solid as if hewn out of granite. The side-door was open, and we entered, not to be awed by the Eucharistic presence, for no lamp burned before the altar; but awed still, for on every wall and on every column were the crumbling remains of saints and angels, depicted according to the types of those Umbrian artists which take such a hold upon the imagination and the heart. A few more years, and even these remains will have disappeared, notwithstanding the care taken of every scrap of color clinging to the surface of wall or column; and the traveller, still more the pilgrim, to San Juvenalis, will leave it with the same disappointment with which we had already left San Domenico. Behind the altar, however, was still to be seen a mosaic on a gold ground; and if lacking the religious grace so peculiar to Umbrian art, it was still devout in its motive, and consoling by its durability.

In this same part of the town we came, just at sunset, upon another charming spot, like a perfect surprise; for San Bernardino gets only a passing notice from the guide-books. The side-door was open; but so, too, was the grand portal, the beauty of which had struck us at first glance. There was a light before the altar, and the cheerfulness of the nave contrasted with the solemn gloom of San Juvenalis. As we made our genuflexion and walked up the nave, what a distance of range upon range of blue mountains suddenly opened upon us from the side-door on the left! Both side-doors were open to let the cool airs of the coming evening breathe through. On the right hand, lay the paved piazza and the old stone houses of the street; but on the left hand, lay that same world of marvellous beauty, which every now and then is seen from these heights of Orvieto. Transported by the contrast of distant mountains with the subdued tints of this interior of an

ancient church, we stepped to the open door and into the green court, to pause before one of the most touching pictures of what was once a cloister. An aged priest was drawing up a bucket of water from a well in the corner near us, to water a bed of pinks, asters, and lilies, close by the old convent wall. He did not see us at first, and we had time to note the grave placidity of the aged face, the refinement of every gesture. When he did see us, however, it was to give us a smile of welcome. He invited us to look at his bed of flowers, and then led us to the walled rampart, on the very edge of the height, to see the wonderful view spreading out before us under the lingering twilight. Against the blue of the sky, and the hardly deeper blue of the far-away mountains, rose the crumbling cells of this monastic home of other centuries; and as the silent, desolated cloister stood there before us, the aged priest seemed the only living link between us and the ages when these walls echoed the sweet matin and vesper songs of men who lived only for God. There was a pensive beauty, a melancholy charm, about the spot, which we shall recall with delight to our dying hour; and when, with a smile as pensive as the hour and the spot, the aged priest picked a few of his pale purple asters for us, we took them as precious mementos of San Bernardino, its aged pastor, and the charm of its ruined cloisters overlooking a mortal paradise.

The next morning was our last in Orvieto, and we must take one more look at that façade. The *Duomo* stands in the midst of a piazza which allows all its beauties to be seen. No one has ever dreamed of intruding upon its spacious surroundings. On one side is the long row of picturesque cottages. On another are solemn-looking houses, with seats in front of them of black and white marble, on which the merest passer-by can sit and rest himself, and look all the while at the most glorious façade in the world. On the third is the long palace,

with square windows in Gothic arches, in which, at different times and by reason of divers necessities, thirty-four popes have had their residence, and built by the same Urban IV. who projected the cathedral. Between the palace and the solemn old houses there is a square tower, on which stands a gigantic warrior, who strikes the hours on the great bell with the stroke of his sword. We did not content ourselves with sitting on the marble seats, however. In the storeys above are the museums, in which are to be seen hundreds of vessels taken from the Etruscan tombs below the town; designs on parchment for the façade of the cathedral, and for a pulpit which was never completed; a beautifully carved reading-desk, a precious reliquary, by Ugolino of Siena, the same artist who wrought the silver shrine with his paintings in enamel for the Cappella del Corporale; a Magdalen, by Signorelli; a Madonna, by John of Pisa, and, more beautiful than all, the original painting, by Ansano of Siena, for the mosaic in the very apex of the façade. From the windows of these museums we had sat for hours looking at the façade, before the afternoon sun threw over its golden surface a radiance too dazzling for the eye. Here we would take our last look, and gather all its precious forms and colors and designs into our memories.

Again the eye followed the sculptures of the lower storey; the twisted columns holding their brilliant thread of mosaic, with alternating sculptured acanthus knobs, and broad bands of the costliest *pietre dure*; the enthroned Madonna, by Maitano, with its canopy sustained by angels, all in bronze, over the middle portal; in the Gothic arch over the southern door, the Birth of the Blessed Virgin; in the spaces between this foliated pointed arch and the perpendicular towers, the vision granted to Saint Joachim and Saint Anne; above these, under another pointed arch with its foliations and aërial angel, the

Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple; corresponding to this, on the northern side of the great rose-window, the Marriage of the Blessed Virgin; below this, over the northern door, the Baptism of Our Lord, and between the arch and the towers, the Annunciation; above the round arch of twisted columns and *pietre dure* of the middle door, under a pointed foliated Gothic arch, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin; while above all these; above the rose-window, and above the open arcade running along the front, above the great rose-window of alabaster, set in mosaics and *rilievi* and jasper-work, above the noble statues in their fretted niches which frame it in, above all these, under another pointed and foliated arch, with *pietre dure* running up to its very point, is the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin, by that Ansano of Siena, who is said to have "lived wholly in God;" and all these in mosaic with a ground of gold, and the mosaics themselves edged and set in choicest sculptures; the whole like an opal in the dark setting of the streets below, lighted from the dome of heaven above, with a background of loveliest mountains melting into the sky itself. Or, let us say rather, remembering the miracle in which the Cathedral had its beginning, like a most precious *ostensorium*, which, from age to age, presents Jesus in the consecrated Host to the adoration of the faithful.

SIENA.

SENA Julia, of the Senonian Gauls, converted into a Roman colony by Augustus Cæsar, thus sharing with Rome herself the glory of claiming for its arms the she-wolf and the twins! Siena, the city of San Bernardino, of Santa Catarina; but above all these titles to distinction, by reason of her fealty to the highest ideals of a Christian Republic, Siena, the city of the Virgin! From first to last, also, her School of Art has been a Christian school. So early as 1099, her Piero di Lino obeyed the call of Pascal II., to adorn the chapel of San Silvestro in the Quattro Incoronati, Rome. From that time, her great sculptors, her painters, have been not only Christian painters, but mystical painters, so exacting on the score of religious sentiment have been the people of Siena; and not only have her painters been Christians, but her sculptors, even to this present time.* To say that a school of art has never declined from its mystical ideal, is to say that a whole people has been wondrously lifted above the common level of cities and communities.

It was a profound veneration for the traditions of Siena as a city, which caused us to turn from the beaten road of tourists

*One of the most wonderful pieces of sculpture of modern times is "Tobias burying the Dead" in the Campo Santo of Siena. It is by Sarocchi, a living artist and a Sienese. The group is technically wonderful; but what is nobler merit, is a grand reproduction of that Tobias who takes so high a place in Christian art, as a foreshadowing of the fidelity of Christians to their dead.

from Orvieto to Florence. One of the serious intentions we had cherished in regard to our European and Italian pilgrimages, had been a visit to Siena, and we had resolved to give to Professor George Allen, LL. D., the learned friend and kinsman who had put M. Rio into our hands, with the charge to read and ponder the works of the great Christian critic of our times, the pleasure of a personal description of the treasures of this old Tuscan town. But before we left Rome the tidings came of Professor Allen's sudden death! An inexpressible sadness came over us as, the intention fulfilled, we found ourselves in Siena. The flush of exultation which we had anticipated could not be ours; but, instead, there was a sacred satisfaction in carrying out the wishes of this friend, so honored for his virtues, for the profundity of his learning, and the elegance of his taste.*

Crowning an abrupt summit in the midst of monotonous plains and low hills, Siena seems to sit as a ruler among nations, dominating all her surroundings; while she is, herself, crowned by her Duomo or Cathedral, which, on the highest point of this abrupt summit, relieved on every side by the expanse of sky, stands sharply out with its campanile, its dome and façade; each one of such perfection in itself, and all so harmonious in their combination. As at Orvieto, the effect of this crowning of a city, itself set on a mountain, is one never to be forgotten. It is as if the whole population had offered to God the highest place in their midst, the very site implying an act of supreme worship.

The approach, or rather the actual entrance to this enthroned city, at the present day, is by a piece of skillful engineering which requires no hideous bridging or tresseling; the engines forcing the heavy railway trains to a station surrounded by charming gardens, so as to give, at the first glance,

*Greek Professor in the University of Pennsylvania from September, 1845, to the day of his death, May 28th, 1876.

a festive idea of the town. But ancient as it is, there is no sign of decay. The solid pavements, we are sure, will wear until doom's-day; and the steep streets are so wholesomely clean, the venerable houses look so well kept, that Siena wins us at once. As in all the Italian cities, the trades are fully represented on the sidewalks. But still these sidewalks are never crowded, and the artisan's bench has its flowers, set in a rude vase it may be, but fresh and fragrant. Nor were we disappointed in our *Pension*, with its rooms overlooking—how could we have asked for such a favor?—the old church of San Domenico! The church of all others in Siena embodying the most precious traditions of devotion and art! What Saint Francis was to Assisi as an inspiration to piety, Saint Dominic seems to have been to Siena; and the irregular pile of chapels attached to a vast nave, without any apparent architectural design, which is called San Domenico, is redolent with all that makes Siena a place of pilgrimage.

With the fresh air of a mountain region always around us, there is an exhilaration in walking over these steep streets which puts out of one's mind all thought of the ever present vettura of Rome. Indeed, carriages of any sort are seldom seen in Siena, and unless for a drive outside the Gates, not to be desired. We shall never forget the winding way from our Pension, overlooking the *Lizza*, or great public pleasure ground, as well as San Domenico, to the Duomo; passing through cheerful although narrow streets, the loggia of nearly every house shaded by trees; then passing under an arched way to come out on a height overlooking the Piazza del Campo, with the high machicolated tower, *del Mangia*, of the Palazzo Pubblico; then turning to the right through narrow streets, impressive by reason of the picturesque stability of their dwellings, and coming, quite suddenly, upon the Baptistry of the Cathedral, always in shadow, but always attract-

ive, rich in the choicest of choice art in its sculptures; to climb by the steep, but short way of perfection to the high table-land on which the Duomo stands; stands alone; the rocky ground sloping from it in every direction. After several visits to the Cathedral, we regarded this as the most desirable approach. For, although we do not come at once before the façade, we do come almost immediately upon the magnificent steps of inlaid marbles, which surround the cathedral on three sides, and upon which we walk as over a path to Paradise to the façade; thus securing a view of the beautiful campanile with its bells. We thus, also, realize the length of the grand church itself, by traversing the exterior wall unbroken by the details of an interior. The black and white marbles have become harmonious with age, and the whole stands forth as an embodiment of a civilization in which poetry and art, the love of beauty and the power to produce it, were exalted by the grandest motives of which the human soul is capable. For this Duomo of Siena was a national as well as a religious song of praise and thanksgiving.

It was in 1260, when the Sienese won the battle of Monte Aperto over the Florentines and when they may be said to have entered on their grandest era of prosperity, that the cathedral was begun, as an act of thanksgiving to God through whom they believed themselves to have received these favors. At this period, also, the architects and artists of Siena were in advance of all others. A Sienese architect, Lorenzo de Maitano, was called to Orvieto for its marvellous cathedral; and took with him a whole train of assistants from Siena. The sanctuaries at Assisi and Perugia were adorned by Sienese artists, and even Florence did not carry her antagonism so far as not to allow her most popular Madonnas to be painted by them; while to the list of painters we can add the name of the sculptor, Nicolo Pisano, who, although born in Pisa, and pass-

ing there his early years, was the son of Peter of Siena, and worked under the same inspirations as the great Sienese artists. It was under such auspices that the cathedral was begun, and under a Sienese architect, Lando di Pietro, the already beautiful dome was enlarged, to carry out the idea of grandeur in the edifice. The black and white marbles and even red, are used with wonderful taste and skill; not in a zebra-like monotony, except in the campanile where it is effective by way of contrast, but with as careful a discrimination as to lights and shadows, as a painting. Still it was in the façade that the ideas of architects and sculptors fairly blossomed forth, nor can one or two or even three claim its entire merit; although we must distinctly add the names of Giovanni Pisano, son of Nicolo, and Jacopo della Quercia, of Siena, to those of Maitano and Lando di Pietro. Under such a combination, what wonder that the façade is one of the world's marvels; or that the age in which it was produced must be called one of the most highly favored! Yet, at this time, Catholic ideas, Catholic education, Catholic culture, Catholic progress were the only ones known in Europe, and Catholic inspirations, alone, moved the people to co-operate in such grand movements.

The decorations on this façade are not in mosaic as at Orvieto, but in the purest sculpture. The three round arches over the three portals have Gothic roofs, and Gothic terminals carry the towers into the air, to vanish, as it were, in airy figures of angels and archangels. It was on the round window over the middle door, that Jacopo della Quercia lavished his skill for his native city, framing it in squarely with heads and whole length figures of angels and prophets; setting the symbols of the evangelists on the points of the arches below; while in the round arches of the three doors, are set the three great patrons of Siena; San Ansano, San Bernardino and Santa Catarina. The round window, so richly adorned by Pierino del

Vaga, whose borders frame in Raphael's frescoes on the walls of the Vatican *Loggie*, was executed by Pastorini of Siena, and above, in the triangle of the apex of the façade, in an oval glory, is the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin; that mystery so dear to the people of Siena.

But to enter these portals, is to pass into a splendor so dazzling that we are fain to close our eyes for a moment. The marbles of the exterior have been introduced into the interior, and the clustered columns with their beautiful capitals, over which extend, on a line, the heads of the popes down to Alexander III., in terra cotta, only lead the eye forward, with an ever increasing wonder. On the left hand, is the pulpit of Nicolo Pisano, unrivalled even by any other works of this great master. Attached to one of the massive pillars of white and black marble, it gives, as well as accepts, support. What must not have been the veneration for the Holy Scriptures, when it was from such a pulpit that it was to be read and explained, while its own sculptured panels are lessons on the Sacred Writ!

On the 29th of September, 1266, a contract was signed, which decided that Nicolo, with his colleagues, Arnolfo di Cambio and Lapo, and if he desired it, his son Giovanni, should come to Siena the following March, to prepare a pulpit for the Cathedral, and in November, 1268, the whole work was completed. The pulpit is an octagon, with seven panels on the breast-work, on which are seven designs by Nicolo; the whole resting on nine columns, and four of these columns resting on lions and lionesses advancing, full of force and of life-size. Four other columns rest on their bases upon the raised dais of variegated marbles, while the central column is surrounded at its base by eight female figures, personifying the arts and sciences. If we pause a moment, we shall perceive the grandeur of soul in this design, and also the breadth

of Nicolo's philosophy. This pulpit, which was to be the impersonation of the mind of the Church in regard to the spoken Word, the divine revelation of God's will to man, of the plan of Redemption, and the practices obligatory upon Christians, is supported by all those natural virtues, those natural arts and sciences, which belong to man in his present condition. The teaching of the Word does not imply a rejection of science, nor of the arts, nor does the practice of the Christian code involve any disrespect or rejection of those natural virtues, into which the Church so carefully ingrafts the supernatural virtues born of faith. It is well for us to take note of this, in our consideration of the pulpit designed by this great Christian master of the thirteenth century, accepted, as it was by the learned ecclesiastics of his age; because it shows us how wide is the range of ideas, how grand and all-embracing is the philosophy, of that Church which is called Roman and Catholic; and it is well for us to remember the design of Nicolo, when we hear the Church derided as narrow, illiberal and even opposed to learning, philosophy and science.

These nine columns are crowned by capitals worthy of Athens, and from them spring round arches, tre-foiled, and of a beauty never to be surpassed. Between these arches, supporting, like the Caryatidæ of the Greek art, the breast-work of the pulpit, are figures representing the virtues, some sitting, some standing, and all the spaces filled with figures exemplifying the practice of these virtues. On the seven panels, are represented seven of those events, which, from the earliest age, have stamped themselves on the Christian imagination in connection with the great dogmas of faith; the Nativity of our Lord, the Adoration of the Three Kings, the Murder of the Innocents, the Flight into Egypt, the Crucifixion; while two panels are devoted to that theme which had so

profound an interest for the Christians of those times, the Last Judgment. These panels are divided by figures of saints, among them the Evangelists, and the Blessed Virgin with her Son in her arms. To this leads a winding stair-way of superb workmanship, said to have been designed and executed by Riccio; beauteous with inlaid marbles, and sculptured arabesques, and from its top stair, a vestibule, as it were, of the same exquisite workmanship, bridges over the space between the one raised step of the sanctuary and the columns of the pulpit. We are thus allowed a free walk around it, and the enjoyment of every decoration on this unrivalled pulpit; the embodiment of the ages of faith in regard to the excellence of the spoken Word.

But what is this pavement beneath our feet, as we advance towards this pulpit, towards this sanctuary itself? Upon what are we treading? It may be, that the visitor to the Cathedral of Siena finds himself walking, not upon a floor of opus Alexandrinum, as in so many churches in Rome, nor upon a pavement of reddish Apennine marble as at Orvieto, but upon what seems to him a wooden flooring, or a covering to some floor too precious for the shuffling steps of the crowd. And this last is really true; only, in some part of the church, a few feet of the real floor is left bare, in order to give the visitor some idea of its marvellous beauty; marvellous to the fullest meaning and understanding of the word. But, our own visit to the Cathedral of Siena was unusually favored in this respect. Preparations for the Month's Mind of the Archbishop of Siena, involved the uncovering of the whole floor, and this during our visit. So great and special a privilege is never to be looked for, is rarely possible; but we hope it was not lost upon us. To give any detailed description of this floor or pavement, would fill a volume. We can, therefore, only glance at details, and content ourselves with giving a general

idea of its unique wonders. The whole floor is made up of slabs of light and dark grey marble; in some instances, as in the borders, very dark grey; but in nearly all the groups no violent contrast is desired, and the shading is given by lines as in an engraving. Duccio was the first to begin this great work, and succeeding artists were as ambitious to furnish a design for this floor, as in other instances, for a wall or a ceiling; and so perfect is the execution of these designs, that Cicognara declares them equal to the most precious mosaics of Greece and Rome. Duccio himself contributed those grand characters from the Old Testament, Moses, Joshua, Sampson, Judas Maccabæus, Solomon; Beccafumi gave Adam and Eve, the Sacrifice of Isaac, Moses on Mount Sinai. Then came almost every poetical event recorded in the Old Testament; so given, that a child would recognize them, yet so graciously treated as to content the most exacting lover of the beautiful. There, too, are Sibyls, those links between the revelations of God through inspired prophets and those individual revelations made by him for his own eternal purposes, as in the case of the Sibyl of the Capitol, declaring that a Virgin should bring forth a son, and on the very spot where Augustus raised an altar to commemorate this prophecy, now stands the Christian altar of *Ara Cœli*. These Sibyls are very different from those by Michael Angelo on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, but they are creations none the less, and mark the grand avenue, as it were, of the nave. This introduction of the Sibyls was followed, not only by Michael Angelo, but by the Dominican monk, Fra Angelico, as well as by almost every great artist, more or less, during those ages of theological piety; or when the devotions of the people were guided by the dogmas of the Church; by the theology of the Church rather than by individual or national sentiment. It was because theology was regarded, not only as a sacred science, but

as a most celestial science, contributing to the grandeur of the imagination and the uplifting of every power of the human soul, that Raphael set his Theologia crowned, and of a most benignly majestic aspect, on the ceiling of that room in the Vatican, which may be said to have forever established his claim to veneration as a painter. Beside his Theologia, is the charming representation of Poesie; but how put into words the difference between the two? One plumes her flight for the loftiest scenes of the created world, the other plumes her flight for heaven and the Beatific Vision!

Among the most wonderful of the New Testament scenes, is the Murder of the Innocents. The dramatic action in this design on the floor of Siena has never been excelled in the most careful painting; while it is free from the blemishes which many painters have conceived necessary to convey an idea of the wickedness and cruelty involved in it. The expressive composition of the groups is never such as to destroy the sense of beauty in the artist or to shock the sense of beauty in the spectator; and yet the heart breaks over this story of Herod and the Innocents of Bethlehem. Even the anguish of the mothers is supernaturalised, as if, while weeping for their children, their eyes had been enlightened to behold for whom these tender lambs had been sacrificed and how unspeakably exalted would be their places in heaven.

Then, as if the love of country and the love of God were one to the mind of a Sienese, we see the emblems of Siena and of all those great cities in alliance with it. Still again, the philosophers of ancient times, above all Socrates. And all around these wondrous designs, inclosing them like a garden of delights, come the arabesques of the border, the corners, securing harmony without monotony; while to the end is preserved the same wonderful perfection of execution.

But if the pulpit and even the floor of this cathedral, are so

extraordinary, what are we to expect for the high altar, where the dramatic interest of a religious solemnity is sure to centre? The Sienese are not a people to forbear crowning their own work, and this altar is absolutely unique. To our knowledge, no other in any way resembles it. We have seen the so-called ciborium of San Clemente with others so nearly resembling it in the ancient churches of Rome. But here in Siena the tabernacle is a literal ciborium; a colossal vase, with its stem formed from a group of angels attuning praises to the adorable Presence on the altar; and these no lightly balanced angels, but celestial in their gravity, their vested figures standing reverently as in the presence of the King of kings, their faces turned heavenward as they touch their stringed instruments. The capital of a Corinthian column is seen above them, and —balanced on this capital—cherubs support the vase. In the sides of the cup or vase are niches with symbolical figures, the one in front representing Religion with a chalice in her hand; while tilting as lightly as vines on the very edge of the cover to this veritable ciborium, are still other cherubs, and still higher are two exquisite angels, tall, vested like deacons without dalmatics, bearing a chalice in their hands, the whole crowned by an angel in full armor. The entire surface of this ciborium is wrought in diverse patterns; the upper surface in shell work; the sides divided by pilasters, and the niches covering the figures roof them like shells. Not one line or one decoration which cannot be studied, imitated. The whole so lofty as to rise into the very apse, yet with the lightness of an angel's impassable nature. On the bed of the altar stand two angels, one at each end; life size, yet in no way approaching to the height from which the ciborium springs from the stem. These mighty ones in their strength, bear in one hand a cornucopia, from which springs an immense waxen taper; the other hand, in each, raised with a deprecating ges-

ture which is still dissimilar; reminding us of those "valiant ones of the most valiant of Israel, who stood around the bed of King Solomon, all holding swords, and every man's sword upon his thigh, because of fears in the night;" the guards of that invisible Presence, as beautiful as they are majestic. The grand composition full of an ecstatic movement in which there is all the rythm of a hymn of praise by Saint Thomas of Aquin. On the front of the altar, cut deep in its richly tinted marble is this inscription:

HIC EST PANIS VIVUS

"This is the Living Bread;" from that announcement of our Lord recorded in the Gospel of Saint John (VI. 41.). "I am the living bread which came down from heaven." It is thus that the people of Siena, and the great artists chosen by them, honored the Mystery of the Altar. It was in 1472, after nine years of labor, that Lorenzo di Pietro saw this magnificent work of religious art in its place. The cherubs of the consoles were by Beccafumi; but all those grand angels draped and vested as superhuman intelligences, with the ciborium itself, were the results of the genius and piety of Lorenzo di Pietro, who knew how to express the solemn gladness of a genuine belief in the dogma of the Eucharist.

To the left as we approach the altar, we see the door opening on the Library of the Duomo, where its precious choir-books are kept under glass, but always ready to be opened for the pleasure of those who wish to see them. Indeed, nothing could exceed the courtesy of the librarian in this respect. Not only are the cases opened and the books opened, but the visitor is allowed to turn the pages; to dwell upon the wonderful beauty of these vellum tomes adorned with miniatures beyond price. Twenty-nine volumes make the chief treasure of this room, and in these twenty-nine volumes are the works

of such artists as Ansano of Pietro, or as the Sienese love to call him, Ansano of Siena, that painter who gave Madonnas not only to their choir books but to their city gates; later, Liberale di Verona, Girolamo de Cremona, and others little known out of Siena but worthy of a world wide fame; while, in 1213, in the lifetime of Saint Dominic and Saint Francis, Oderico, of Siena, left precious miniatures to these choir books.

This Library was erected in 1495, only three years after the discovery of America by Columbus, by Cardinal Francesco Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius III.; the second pope from the ancient house of the Piccolomini. The walls were decorated by the same Pinturicchio who left such pleasing works at Sant' Onofrio and Montorio in Rome, and give us in the frescoes the story of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini of Siena, afterwards Pius II.; and the coronation of Pius III., who sat on the chair of Peter only twenty-seven days. In these graceful compositions, we see not a grave history so much as a charming story, beginning with the setting forth of the young, graceful Æneas, as beautiful and winning in his aspect as a Raphael, starting on his travels with Cardinal Caprara; the party mounted on spirited horses and ready to embark in the ship at anchor in the harbor. Then we see him as an embassador to the court of Scotland, where the king is raised on a very high throne, and one of the rock-bound inlets of the northern shore for a back-ground. He is next seen at the court of Frederic III., who crowns him with laurel; the figure of Æneas still graceful and the face that of a true poet. The next picture introduces us to the court of Pope Eugenius IV., with its Roman accessories; then the brow of the Piccolomini wears a mitre and he is blessing the imperial marriage of Eleanor of Portugal. The next represents him receiving the cardinal's hat from Callistus III., with an altar-piece for a back-ground which reminds one of Perugino. The

next represents him as Pope Pius II., blessing the crowds from his chair as he is borne through the church. Then in the assembly at Mantua, where this poet-pontiff is seen demonstrating on his fingers propositions which send all the wise men to their parchment records. The ninth gives us the great Piccolomini pope on the happiest day of his life, we believe; for on this day he declared Catherine of Siena one of the canonized saints of God; thereby crowning his native city with a crown of everlasting joy and honor. This picture is divided into two parts. In the upper half we see the pope and his council. Before him, extended as she still lay in the sleep of death in the convent of the Poor Clares in Rome, lay the incorrupt body of Catarina Benincasa, her lily in her hand. In the lower half, are those who are waiting to light their tapers in honor of her precious relics. The tenth, represents Pius II. preaching the Crusade at Ancona; and here, for the first time, we see that age has set its seal on the face of Æneas, but only to give a benign gravity. Through all these compositions runs a ready invention and the charm of a narrative. And if we remember that this Pius II., was the greater part of his life an exile from Siena, we shall appreciate the motive of the second pontiff of his name, in securing this beautiful tribute to his exalted virtues as a scholar, and a Pontiff. It was at Pienza that the young Æneas passed his childhood in poverty and exile, and even when he became pope, could obtain from his countrymen only the re-instatement of his family as citizens of Siena without any aristocratic titles. The reply to the propositions on this head by Pope Pius II., was this defiant message: "We will eat our own children, rather than restore these titles." But Pius II. sent no bull of excommunication against his countrymen, nor did he ever lay a feather's weight upon them as a punishment. He avenged the wrongs of his family by giving a saint to Siena!

Yet while he loved his countrymen, he did not force his benefits upon them. It was at Pienza, where he had spent his youth in exile and hardship, that he left precious marks of his favor from the hands of artists inspired by his fervor and his taste.

Beside the columns of the dome, stand the flag-staffs of the victorious *Carroccio*, or standard-chariot, of the Sienese in the great battle of Monte Aperto; and upon an altar near these, is the crucifix which the Sienese carried with them into that battle; thus showing how the love of God and the love of country were united in the minds of the people of Siena.

If we had found the steep way to the Duomo the most impressive, it was not its least merit that we, thereby, had opportunity to pause in the ancient Baptistry enriched by associations and by works of art. The three portals open upon no small appendage to the cathedral, but upon a church corresponding in magnificence, according to its purpose, with the cathedral church above. Its façade is of great beauty and the pilasters between the doors enriched with inlaid panels and sculpture. The interior gives us the same marbles and we are reminded, somewhat, of the ciborium above, by the grand font of precious bronze enriched by statues and reliefs. The marble steps, like those in the Baptistry at Pisa, are beautified by borders of bright mosaic like the old Cosmati. The five panels of the font itself are among the world's treasures. On two sides, we have reliefs from Jacopo della Quercia, whose angels and prophets adorn the façade. This name, "della Quercia" was given him for his birthplace, a small market town in the neighborhood of Siena. His father was a goldsmith and Jacopo was educated in the same art; which, at this period, near the year fourteen hundred, was the training-school of so many artists. It was in 1409, that he was called to Siena to adorn the fountain in the Piazza del Campo with sculp-

tures. This fountain was so admired by the Sienese that they also named him "Jacopo della Fonte," or James of the fountain. In the centre he placed Our Lady surrounded by eight virtues. Then on the different sides, gave the creation of the First Man; the Expulsion from Paradise; and emblems belonging to the city. The fountain itself was called Fonte Gaja, the "Fountain of Joy." In the midst of this work, he was called upon to contribute two panels to the font in San Giovanni or the Baptistry. These were the Birth and Preaching of Saint John the Baptist; and then he was obliged by the citizens to return to his work on the fountain. So great a favorite was he, that the font would not have been satisfactory had he not set his hand to it; but this done, he must leave the other panels for other artists. Of these, Lorenzo Ghiberti, then at the height of his fame, executed two, representing the Baptism of Christ, and Saint John Baptist before Herod. Of these, the figure of Saint John baptizing our Lord is seen from the back, and is exceedingly beautiful; while the Precursor of our Lord, in the scene before Herod, is full of dramatic power. The fifth, or, as it really is, the first panel, was by Donatello, and represents the Annunciation of the coming of Saint John Baptist to Zacharias. These five panels may be considered a veritable school of art. From this curb of the font, rises what resembles, somewhat, the ciborium as we have said, on the cathedral altar, but is square, with a niche on each side in which stands a figure; and two of these we recognize as Saint Zacharias and Saint Elizabeth. A square pillar carries the font to a majestic height to be crowned by Saint John Baptist himself, in his hand a slender cross, from which floats a pennon with the *Ecce Agnus Dei* of Saint John; "Behold the Lamb of God, behold him who taketh away the sin of the world;" as he exclaimed to his disciples on seeing our Lord. The grandeur of this baptistry, always

in deep shadow, with its choice sculptures and frescoes, may well draw the steps of the traveller or the pilgrim up this steep path to the Duomo.

But leaving this, we soon stand again on the high plain from which we look down upon the Piazza del Campo, and see directly before us the stately tower of the Palazzo Pubblico, or Communal Palace; corresponding to a city hall with us. Its famous *del Mangia* is a machicolated tower like that of Saint Francis of Paula in Rome, crowned by its bells. The façade of the Communal Palace is adorned by its Gothic windows, a porch, and a little balcony; and above the little balcony, one sees what tells of what mind the people of Siena, are and have been for centuries. The cross makes the centre of the armorial bearings of the city; but still above this, cut in a circular slab of white marble, is the IHS, surrounded by flames, as used by San Bernardino of Siena, in his card for the people.*

But when we enter this Palazzo Pubblico, we shall come still closer to the mind of this people. There are pictures of her heroes, of her battles. Pictures of her Saints, and statues everywhere. But there is one picture which is the glory of the citizens, called the Madonna of the Baldacchino, by Simone Memmi, or as he is sometimes called, Simone Martino, and painted about the year 1320. The Virgin Mother is seated under a rich canopy, supporting with one hand her Divine Son, while the other is placed under his infant foot in token of sweetest fealty. Nothing more charming, and, at the same time majestic, can be seen than this Virgin Mother and Child; and thirty-one saints fill the spaces on either side. On one hand Saint Peter with the keys, on the other Saint Paul with his sword. Saint John Baptist is there and so are Saint Jerome and the virgin martyrs, Saint Cecilia

*Note.—See the Life of Saint Bernardine in Patron Saints, Vol. II.

and Saint Agnes, and there are bishops in their copes, and deacons in their dalmatics, and close on either side of the enthroned Mother and Child, are two beautiful kneeling angels, holding towards them, with eager hands, offerings of flowers; and such a tender gladness pervading their figures that we can almost hear them warbling their hymn of praise. The centuries have dimmed the bright colors, and many a scale has peeled from the wall; but the picture still entrances the eye, wins the heart, excites devotion; as it did, we believe, the eyes and hearts of those old councillors of Siena, who asked to have their souls lifted from earth even while in the midst of its cares. But we will go still farther, and we shall find the long, narrow chapel, in which these worthy councillors were accustomed to assist at mass on important occasions; when they entreated, of the source of all wisdom, the spirit of counsel, in their deliberations. And here again we shall be surprised, perhaps, to see how devotional these Sienese nobles were. For on the wall is the death of the Blessed Virgin by Taddeo Bartoli, the son of that Bartoli di Fredi, who painted, in another part of the same Communal Palace, the Annunciation to Saint Joachim and Saint Anne, of the Birth of the Blessed Virgin; the Presentation of our Lord in the temple, and the death of this same Virgin. And just as we saw in the great mosaic of the Franciscan monk of Siena, Jacopo da Turrita, in Santa Maria Maggiore, our Lord is beside her and receives her into his arms as a little child, exactly as she received and embraced him as a babe. But the picture by Taddeo, the son of Bartoli, which we most love, is the Assumption of this Virgin Mother. Before us lies the Valley of Jehosaphat, even the sharp summits of its mountains in shadow, and our Lord is coming swiftly with his angels towards a tomb in which lies his mother. He stretches out his hands to her,

saying: "Mother, it is time to rise!" and she immediately stretches forth her arms to him, and says with the gladness of sweetest acquiescence: "Yes, my Son!" and the seraphs press close around her, put their rosy wings under her arms, under her venerable body, and thus she rises from the couch of death, to be everlastingly with the Lord! And the disciples, all this time, are groping for her lifeless body in the tomb! The stalls of this old chapel—not stalls for monks, but for the city fathers! For men who mix in all the turmoil of the day and the hour; who decide peace or war; what are they? On the back of each stall is one of the scenes in the childhood and life of our Lord; and these not painted, but in wood; wood inlaid like Florentine mosaic, and with the same beauty of effect. We remember one, the finding of our Lord in the temple; and never have we seen the majesty of the child Jesus given more wonderfully than in this inlaid figure, of precious wood on the back of a stall in the chapel of the Palazzo Pubblico of Siena. Have we not indeed come close to the inner mind of these old councillors of Siena, and of her republic?

We cannot leave the Piazza del Campo to a mere passing mention. It was the old historic ground of Siena, and here Dante draws the picture of Provenzan Salvani.

"When he was living still
In the full glory of his most high state,
All shame subduing, of his own free will
Amid Sienna's public square he sate,
And there his friend to ransom from the pain,
Which Charles had doomed him, of his dungeon's grate,
Did that which made him tremble in each vein.*
* * * * * * *
Him from those confines did this act set free."

It was with the expectation of seeing old friends and very dear ones, that we visited the Belle Arti; the renowned gal-

*NOTE.—"That is to say he begged."
Purgatorio, Canto XI., Thomas William Parson's translation.

lery of Siena. We found, comparatively, modern pictures there; but most of them belong to the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and as we came to these, especially to the oldest of them, the vivacious companion of our Siena days would say: "Here is another of your friends," and she was nearly always right. That Ansano of Siena who is said to have lived wholly in God, who painted such miniatures for the choir books of Siena and yet painted over her great Roman Gate, of heroic size, the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin, is represented in this Belle Arti in all his wonderful gifts. How tender is this Madonna to whose cheek the Divine Child presses his own; his arms around her, as if he were saying: "Do not be sorrowful my mother; am I not with you?" On each side stands an angel, one playing on a viola, the other on a tambourine; and the arch above them filled with angels, their heads crowned with olive and their hands folded in adoration as they look down on the Word made man in his mother's arms. And here is another of these tender Madonnas comforted by the babe in her arms. But instead of the adoring angels, we have, above, the crucifixion, in which we see the mother fainting in the excess of anguish, Magdalene clasping the pierced feet of her dead Redeemer; Saint John still standing, and near him is a monk, contemplating this scene as if it were real, and by his very sympathy, a partaker in its grief. In the curve of the framed picture, we see the Annunciation, on one side the Virgin, seated, with a book on her knee, her eyes raised to the speaking archangel; on the other the kneeling Gabriel with his lily, and altogether exquisite. Below all this on the same plane with the Madonna and the Infant whispering sweet words in her ear, are the great saints so beloved in Siena. Standing on the right hand, Saint Peter with the keys; back of Saint Peter, Saint Paul, and with them the virgin martyr, Agnes, with her lamb and

her palm. Kneeling in front of them, Saint Jerome in his cardinal's hat, with his book and pen, but looking to the Mother and Child as his instructors; while between Saint Jerome and Saint Peter kneels Saint John Baptist, pointing to the Child, and we see two words of his legend—as the scroll and inscription are called in the hands of the saints—*Ecce Agnus*. On the other side, Saint Catherine of Alexandria with her palm, two venerable bishops in cope and mitre, the head of a monk, and dear San Bernardino with the book of the Gospels held to his breast. There is another picture of San Bernardino in the Belle Arti, by the same Ansano, holding his IHS card in both hands and looking out from the picture with the meekness of a true saint. But here is a picture by Ansano, truly one of the friends we expected to see; not a sorrowful Madonna, but full of joy, the Infant's hand just resting on her own, while he seems to be conversing with his dear friends, the saints and the martyrs. There is a bishop in his mitre; then, two venerable heads of orders; we dare not name them, but they look like Saint Benedict in his black habit, and Saint Romauld in his white habit as a Camaldoli. And then, one above another, they fill in the space at the sides of the picture; Saint Elizabeth of Hungary bringing her roses to our Lord, Saint Lucia her eyes, Saint Barbara her tower, Saint Agatha her breasts torn so ruthlessly from her body, Saint Ursula the arrows of her martyrdom, and above all these, two adoring angels. How happy are these martyrs who endured such torments, and these confessors who bore such hardships for so gentle a Lord and Master! All sorrow, all privation forgotten, in sight of Him to whose sufferings, passion and death they united their own. Yet this is not all. Like a narrow border to the lower line of the picture, we see nine figures in miniature; as delicately painted as the miniatures in the choir books of the

Piccolomini library in the Duomo. In the midst of these stands our Lord in his tomb, crowned with thorns, his hands bound and holding the reed-sceptre, as the subject of contemplation for his followers. On one side is Saint Francis with his book of rules and pointing to the wound in his side, so like his Divine Master's. On the other side stands Saint Dominic with his book of rules and the Dominican lily. Next to Saint Francis stands his meek disciple, Saint Bernardine; next to Saint Dominic, Saint Mary Magdalene, with her vase of precious spikenard and her flowing hair. Then we see our Lord in a rich robe, young, beardless, almost joyful, a book in the hand at his side, while giving the keys to Saint Peter. While at the opposite side, we see this same Lord opening his rich robe to show his wounded side, to which Saint Catherine of Siena, embracing him while kneeling, applies her lips, as if to draw from his wound the sustenance of life. Of the beauty of this head and figure of Saint Catherine no words can give an idea. No longer the worn recluse, the mortified child of penance, her face is radiant with joy, her cheeks are like roses, her eyes sparkle with a supernatural delight. It is the transfiguration of the saint in some moment of ecstacy.

We may be thought to have forgotten Saint Catherine. But even if we could have been so ungrateful, the very beggars on the streets of Siena would have reminded us of her. Never did we leave the cathedral from the façade, but we saw some would-be-guide stationed at the head of the steep street, Via Benincasa, leading down to the Fonte Branda, and asking to show us to the house of Santa Catarina. But our friend of Santa Prisca is a better guide, so we follow her to the house where lived James Benincasa and his wife Lapa and their twenty-five children and where the little Catharine was born in 1347. We come to the Fonte Branda where her

father rinsed his wools when dyed and then we come to the house which she so ennobled by her sanctity. How often, in visiting the birth-place of some renowned scholar, artist, statesman, have we been pained to see the house in the hands of strangers, or appropriated to the most common purposes so that it is difficult to believe any veneration attached to the spot in the eyes of the citizens. But here, at the humble home of James Benincasa, what a joyful surprise meets us! We had heard of the way in which the Sienese appropriated money, ages ago, to have a chapel in this house. But we were not prepared to see all the rooms in the house appropriated by the people of Siena either as chapels or rooms for associations, and to pass up the steps as if to some shrine continually and enthusiastically honored. And first we will look into the room which is now called the Hall of Banners, because, here we see the little banners of all the districts of Siena left—would any one in America ever imagine for what reason? For three days during the octave of the Assumption, the races are held on the Piazza del Campo; each of the different districts of the city sending a champion. The district which wins, sends its banner to the Hall of Banners in the house of Santa Catarina, there to do homage to the saint, while securing their own honors. It was in one of the rooms turned into a chapel, that we saw the small lantern which the saint used when she visited her poor and sick before dawn; nor were there wanting many personal souvenirs of this dear saint of Siena, showing how persistent, even from her death, had been their veneration. The chapels were veritable picture galleries, in which every incident of her life had found a brush devoted to its perpetuation. The principal altar-piece was one of great beauty; but we recall, more vividly, another picture, in which is preserved the story of the visit of Saint Catherine to the

NOTE—See Life of Saint Catharine. Patron Saints Second Series.

convent of Monte Pulciano, where the body, still incorrupt, of Saint Agnes of Monte Pulciano, was venerated by her sisters in religion. For, when Catharine approached the relics, the lifeless right foot, fifty-two years after death, rose gently from its couch as if to welcome this visitor, even then in "the odor of sanctity."

Nothing could be more consoling than this visit to the house of Saint Catherine; for it showed us that her canonization was not merely an expression of the will of Rome in her regard, but that where she was known familiarly, and where every defect could be noted, she was still, by acclamation, a saint.

From the house of James Benincasa to the old church of San Domenico was but a short walk; and at every step, we seemed to follow the child Catherine. "Here," we said, as we found ourselves in a hollow with San Domenico in sight, must be the spot where she stopped, while walking with her little brother Stephen, absorbed in the vision which appeared to her, on the very highest point of San Domenico, of our Lord, vested as a pope, resplendent in glory, attended by Saint Peter, Saint Paul and Saint John; the vision vouchsafed to a little girl of six years! As we stood on the gentle acclivity which is crowned by San Domenico, one of the first churches to bear the saint's name, for it was built immediately after his death, we could figure to ourselves the slender child with her handsome mother, Lapa, coming to church, with a mind always in heaven, and San Domenico, we knew, had precious recollections of Santa Catarina. Here, too, are the renowned pictures of those ancient glories of the Siena School, and we enter San Domenico with a veneration which is three-fold. On the left of the high altar, is the Madonna and Child painted by Guido, of Siena, in 1221. The Virgin Mother is enthroned, and above the throne are angels adoring the Word made flesh, with an arrangement which is still beautiful and reminds

one of Ansano's adoring angels. The veil lies over the head and forehead as we see her represented to this day, and as she was represented by Saint Luke. The mantle is as rich as the hand of the pious Guido could make it, and while encircling her child with one hand she points to him with the other, as if to tell us all the wonders of his conception, birth, childhood; while the graceful head of the Divine Child seems to be attracted to his Mother, even while the tiny fingers of his hand are raised to bless the world. The picture by Matteo da Siena, of 1478, the artist who knew how to paint such lovely children, is in the second chapel on the right hand; and well has San Domenico guarded her treasures, and well may she boast that she owes to no Florentine the charms of her early school; earlier by fifty years than the birth, even, of Giotto.

Still, it is not upon her early school alone that she bases her renown. With the gifts of heroic sanctity to her San Bernardino and Santa Catarina, came such inspirations to her artists that it was like a new efflorescence. It was Andrea Vanni, who, with a pious foresight, lost no opportunity of securing sketches of the wonderful Catherine of Benincasa, whether as she walked the streets of Siena, or was in an ecstacy before some of the altars of San Domenico, thus making the whole world his debtors. Catherine died in 1380, and more than a century after, Siena called to the beautifying of the chapel of Saint Catherine in San Domenico, Antonio Razzi, called more generally *il Sodoma*, and to him confided the work of bringing before the eyes of the world the most interesting events of her life. To Sodoma, it was like an inspiration. For the beautiful altar of marble, with its repository of marble and silver for her relics, Sodoma gave a background which would have made his renown had he painted nothing else, and in which he has wonderfully aided a true conception of Saint Catherine. On the left side of the altar he has depicted her

in one of those swoons which were really ecstacies, and we see her fainting under the supernatural favors accorded to her. High above Saint Catherine thus sinking to the ground supported by two Dominican nuns, we see our Lord, floating in the air with his cherubs, regarding Catherine with the most benign approbation and holding his hand over her in benediction. On the right hand is another vision, when the Blessed Virgin appears to her, bringing her Divine Infant in her arms. Several subjects are painted on the sides of the little chapel —too small to allow anyone to assist at mass except outside the railing. One of these shows the miraculous grace which was conferred upon Catherine for the conversion of sinners, even in extremity. The beauty of this little chapel is past description, and it stands in the midst of the grand old church like a jewel, while the little lamp is never allowed to go out on the altar of Saint Catherine. We could not help thinking how the soul of the little girl walking hand in hand to church with her mother, must have been fed and most sweetly nourished by the two great pictures of Guido and Matteo; how, unconsciously, the mind and heart of the little maiden had become, through them, familiar with divine things and celestial forms.

There is a large, bare looking chapel on one side of the nave, where those who really love Saint Catherine will be sure to go. For here we see the true likeness of Saint Catherine by Andrea Vanni, as she gives her hand to her enemy. In this chapel, also, she was favored by many visions, and the exact spots on which she thus knelt are shown. It was here, in fact, that we seemed to touch close on the supernatural life of Catherine. One day, on leaving the church, a woman held up to us some medals of Saint Catherine. They were cheap medals, but still sharp in outline and of real beauty. Taking them, not for ourselves only but for those who, we knew,

really loved Saint Catherine, we carried them back to the church and laid them on the spots hallowed by her visions. Then turning, we saw two priests, visitors like ourselves, and asked them to bless our medals of Saint Catherine; which they did in this very chapel.

When we left Siena, left behind us her treasures of art, her churches, her palaces, her museums, all which show to what grandeur her civilization has been carried, we still said: It is not her art or science which has really crowned Siena, but the faith of her people, their piety; and from this faith and piety came those two flowers of sanctity, San Bernardino and Santa Catarina, who will crown her on the very Day of Judgment.

PISA.

PISA! Pisa! look, quick!" cried out the youngest passenger in our railway coach; and in an instant every head was at the left side window as we sped from Florence to Pisa.

"How do you know it is Pisa?" said his older brother.

"By the Leaning Tower; of course. Do you not see it is exactly like the pictures we have had in our geographies ever since we can remember?"

The older and slower brother did get a glimpse of the leaning tower before we had left it quite behind us, was as certain as any of us that we had reached Pisa, and great was the excitement among all the young people of the party. They declared it was one of their reasons for wishing to come to Europe, and could hardly be persuaded to stop at the nearest hotel before making it a visit. Seldom, indeed, is it possible to have from a railroad coach so fair a view of so interesting a group of buildings. Lying off from the city as if seeking solitude, that one look impressed them on the mind with the swiftness of a sun picture, and the enthusiasm of our young friends had a genuine freshness about it which we were glad to see had not been spoiled by a winter of sight seeing. It was also pleasant to hear them assured that they could spend as

many days as they had intended to spend hours, if they found this necessary for gratifying their curiosity.

For ourselves, we made no delay, and started not only for the Leaning Tower, but for that beautiful Cathedral, Baptistry and Campo Santo, of which it is, really, the smallest part. We found them, as they seemed to be from the railway carriage, on the boundary of the city, on a green plot of level ground quite removed from the noise and bustle of everyday life, with a back-ground of violet tinted mountains in the distance. The warm lights of a summer afternoon at five o'clock gave long shadows on the green-sward, and gave a shadow, also, to every little ornament on the richly sculptured marbles of one of the most remarkable groups of buildings in the world. A few priests were coming from their stalls in the cathedral choir after chanting the office of the day. A few strangers, too, like ourselves, were to be seen; also one cripple, two blind men and a few children; and these were all the figures which moved along the quiet walks or on the broad steps. The composure of all this was wonderful after Siena and Florence; both, cities in which there is a stimulus for every moment of the day. Of course we looked at the Leaning Tower first. Although, unlike the children, we had declared it was the one thing we cared least about, we were surprised to find it so dwarfed by the Cathedral and Baptistry. But this disappointment, in its turn yielded to admiration, as we walked round and round the beautifully proportioned, wonderfully balanced tower, with bells so heavy and so skilfully poised as to favor its equilibrium. With the careful examination of the lower storey, we found one pilaster with a capital unlike all the others, being ornamented with grotesque figures instead of acanthus leaves or fruits or flowers. Above this lower storey with its blind arches set with *pietre dure*, rose storey after storey with slender columns supporting round

arches of the most elegant proportions. But when the eye has followed these steadily for a few moments, we exclaim: "How can anyone suppose, for a moment, that the architect who designed this lovely tower ever intended to make it lean? There is the very first crook; made, no doubt, when it was discovered that the foundation had settled to one side." Only that so many wise people have differed upon this question, we should never have thought of any other possibility. From this first crook in the spinal column of the tower, to the seven bells that give forth such melodies from its summit, everything shows, that so far from being intentional, the skill lay in the wisdom which met the fact of the evident settling of the ground under its weight, and, while preserving its equilibrium, made it beautiful and attractive. We passed the Cathedral on our way to the Baptistry in order to have our first view of it thoroughly satisfactory, and how this Baptistry rose before us as beautiful as a richly tinted lily, with its petals and anthers, making a unit to the eye with all its diversities; or like some lovely island, so detached does it seem in its self-contained perfection! Circular, with a diameter of thirty-three and one-half yards, its lower storey is made up of blind round arches with columns attached to the wall, each round arch pierced by a narrow window, with four entrances under the same round arches. The second storey is adorned with smaller round arches and detached pillars, every two arches surmounted by one Gothic foliated point. Above these, are windows at wide distances, with Gothic gables which break, very elegantly, the monotony of the line above, and from this height springs the arched roof, on which is mounted a conical dome crowned by Saint John Baptist; yet not one of these decorations breaks the grand simplicity of the outline. The first impression on entering is one of the deepest solemnity. The vast height seems to take the place of breadth of space, and the light, coming

from all these windows, leaves the lower storey in twilight. But how is this twilight enriched, made even resplendent by a light in its shadows! The font with the beautiful little altar behind it, is like a many petaled rose, or like many roses of one tint laid together. The steps leading to this font are faced with the same brilliant border in mosaic as at Siena, as if those who approached the font were to tread the pavement of a New Jerusalem; and the seven closed sides of the font are adorned with panels of sculpture so delicate, that they remind one of the choicest lace over velvet; the translucent white marble, incisively sculptured in open work, being laid over porphyry, with a still darker line of marble as a border. Yet each of these roses of panels is different from the others. On the face of the altar this same exquisite carving is seen, but bordered with the brilliant Cosmati mosaics. It is from the font and the altar, that the stairs lead to the beautiful pulpit by Nicolo Pisano, who gave to his native city the first of the pulpits executed by him. It was this one of the Baptistry, which so excited the emulation of the Sienese. They must have such a pulpit; but it must be larger and if possible more beautiful. This one stands on seven fluted columns. The central column is supported at the base by three figures, two in the Roman toga, and by three animals, the lion, the griffin, and the dog, each a symbol. While a lion holds guard at the entrance of the steps, three other lions, with small animals in their claws, bear up three of the six columns; all the seven have the same beautiful Corinthian capitals as at Siena, and support the same round arches with the trefoil divisions. At the corners are statues of the virtues bearing on their heads, like the caryatidæ of the Greeks, the breastwork or curb of the pulpit, with figures filling in all the spaces. On the five panels of the curb are represented the Annunciation and the Nativity, the Adoration of the Kings, the Presentation in the

Temple, the Crucifixion and the Last Judgment. The corner overlooking the font, has a tablet for the book of the Gospels supported by the eagle of Saint John, Evangelist. All the windows are above the pulpit. The interior wall of the edifice is of gray marble, with lines of black at wide intervals. By this monotony, the altar, font and pulpit are relieved in a way to bring out all their beauties. To this Baptistry, the poorest child in all Pisa, the most wretchedly born, is brought to be made a child of God; and a child of God he becomes, just as surely as the most highly born, most delicately nurtured. The nobles of Pisa do not ask, as a matter of distinction, to have their children baptized in their own palaces. It is an honor to bring them to this beautiful baptistry, to this loveliest of fonts, and it is the pride of every child in Pisa, here to have received baptism.

From the Baptistry, we pass on a straight walk to the front portal of the Cathedral and stand face to face with its wonderful façade which was built to suit the soil of Pisa as much as the Campanile or Leaning Tower. The third step from the green sward all around these buildings, brings us upon a broad flooring of marble which follows the whole outline of the cathedral. The central door was open, with its two pillars, declared by Ruskin, to be among the loveliest pillars in the world, adorned with arabesque foliage in relief which narrows, at the top, like leaves on a living branch. The whole lower storey is made up of blind, round arches and pilasters, with the exception of those occupied by the doors. Each of these doors has a mosaic on a gold ground in its arched top; and all the rounded spaces are filled in with mosaics of which our tiles are a feeble imitation. But above this storey we have a façade formed of eighty-eight small pillars supporting exquisite round arches, all these quite detached from the wall of the façade, and all of

them placed according to what Ruskin calls, *living* architecture; i. e. where the immediate necessity for use or safety or beauty has been met, so that our façade is as perfect as a flower, the petals of which have slight inequalities as to measurement but have been balanced by the hand of the Creator according to a symmetry which can never be imitated. All such work is original work, and remains forever unique, because it cannot be copied. The cathedral is a perfect basilica in form, with its high nave, its lower side aisles like wings, and its cruciform transepts. As we enter, we find these side aisles are four instead of two, and supported by sixty-five Greek and Roman columns, taken by the warlike Pisans as trophies. The nave is forty-one feet wide, with twenty-four Corinthian columns of red granite and various marbles, beautifully foliated. Above these lower arches spring others, the windows in the flat wall of the high basilica nave alone giving light. The arch of the sanctuary, however, rises to the full height of the nave from the floor —with a grandeur of space which reminded us of an opening in some vast forest—to give us a full view of the beautiful sanctuary, the vaulting of its apse lighted up by a mosaic from the hand of the same Franciscan monk, Jacopo da Turrita, who left such monuments of piety in Saint John Lateran and Saint Mary Major in Rome. It is a colossal figure of our Lord, with the cruciform nimbus, seated and holding on his knee the book of the Gospels, himself the teacher of his people; on one side stands the Blessed Virgin pondering all his words in her heart, and on the other, Saint John, who is to give the world the innermost word of the Most High. Below the mosaic are paintings by Beccafumi, the same one who designed the magnificent figure of Moses breaking the tables of stone, on the floor of Siena. The *tarsia*, or inlaid wood work, of the stalls in the sanctuary are

among the best of their period; and on each side of the choir are small pulpits for the readers of the epistle and gospel. One of the attractions of this sanctuary, to most travellers, is the lamp. Before this sanctuary, day by day and year by year, knelt Galileo, and as the lamp swung unceasingly on its long chain, there came to the mind of the philosopher a clue to the law which rules the pendulum. There is a double charm in thus connecting the great astronomer with the sanctuary; for it proves his habitual piety, and helps us to understand, after centuries of distorted history, the truth concerning him and the Church to which he was faithful. Years ago, the story of the persecuted Galileo was in every school-book. Now, the pages of a Protestant western magazine, takes pride in proving its erudition and its superiority to vulgar prejudice, by declaring that Galileo, so far from having suffered anything, even when summoned to explain his theory, was allowed to go at his leisure and was treated, in every way, with marked distinction as a great scholar. It may soon be necessary to give, even in school-books, another version of this affair. Meantime, we can feel quite sure that the cause of learning, whether in the person of Galileo or any other scholar, is safe in the hands of the Church. The protector of God's everlasting truth, is not likely to throttle, with a tyrant's hand, the emanations of human investigation, and her "dark ages" were luminous with learning as well as piety. It is, in truth, to her Dark Ages, that we are indebted for the founding of this wonderful group of buildings. The cathedral was erected, under the architects Busketus and Rainaldus, after a great naval victory won by the Pisans near Palermo, in 1063. The Baptistry was begun in 1153, and the Campanile in 1174. None of these dates have enjoyed the smile of popular favor as to their enlightenment; and yet we stand in ever increasing

wonder before the work of these ages, and even make them the exponents of a civilization never to return.

Walking slowly towards the sanctuary, we saw, at about half its distance from the door, the pulpit by Giovanni Pisano, the son of Nicolo, which can be admired, even if not rivalling the beauty of his father's in the Baptistry. As we passed into the right transept, a group in marble, high up among arches, came upon us like a revelation of some thought which had hung dimly in our minds. It was a Coronation of the Blessed Virgin, and how young she looked! There had been the sixty-three years on earth; and into these sixty-three years had been compressed such anguish as no mortal had ever before experienced. Yet here she comes before us in the beauty of eternal years, without a trace of sorrow on her face, her figure, her bearing Not only this —on one side of the slender, kneeling figure, is the eternal Son in his perfection of youthful beauty, holding a crown over the head of his mother, while on the other side is the eternal Father, as youthful as his co-eternal Son! As if there were no age in heaven; no age to him who is without beginning and without end; whose angels never grow old and whose saints share in the celestial charms of an eternal youth. It was a group to remember in heaven. "And why," we said to ourselves, "cannot casts be taken from such groups, as well as from a hundred others of most inferior merit? When will our Americans ask from Italy her greatest treasures?"

We pity those who follow the guide-book so literally as to imagine that three hours will allow one to see Pisa! We may glance at the cathedral and baptistry in three hours, but to one who understands the meaning of that low wall running beside these two edifices, three days seems a short time. All that we see of this inclosure from the steps of the

cathedral is a wall of masonry in which are two doors, and over one is a little belfry. But as soon as this door opens, what a solemn yet beautiful picture meets the eye! for we have entered that Campo Santo, or Holy Field, to which, in 1188, the saintly Archbishop Ubaldo caused to be brought fifty-three ship-loads of earth from Mount Cavalry, in order that the dead of Pisa might lie in holy ground. In 1278, the senators of Pisa, decreed that a structure should be raised to carry out the intentions of the Archbishop one hundred years before, and the work was confided to Giovanni Pisano. The design partook somewhat of the Gothic style, without forgetting the Tuscan, and the result is one of the most striking of compositions, and one of the most impressive of burial places. One hundred and thirty-eight yards in length, fifty-seven yards in width and forty-eight feet in height, it is, in itself, a simple parallelogram enclosed in brick walls! The exterior wall has forty-three flat arches resting on forty-four pilasters, with figures on the capitals, one side of a tiled roof slanting towards the wall. On the interior, we find on two sides a long arcade stretching the full length of the inclosure until it touches the chapels at each end, from which rise the two cupolas that mark the limits of this mysterious inclosure. These arcades, running along the exterior wall, look on the interior through sixty-two round arched, tracery windows, unglazed and of exceeding beauty, upon the green quadrangle inclosed, where bloom a few rose-bushes, as if to supply the visitor with some memorial of this holy spot. Of the chapels, the one on the right as we enter is the oldest and most interesting, and even when not open, can be seen through a large grated window. The pavement in these "long drawn" galleries or arcades, is made up of monumental slabs. Along the brick wall, also, are placed stately monuments, and still others stand before them on the plane raised

one step above the pavement; while still other monuments like sarcophagi, so low as not to break a certain line necessary to the beauty of the tracery windows, fill the length of the arcades on the other side. The sunshine falls most peacefully into these galleries, lights up the precious monuments on which the skill of so many generations has been lavished, to which belong the names of so many great sculptors. And yet, it was not upon family tombs that the greatest artists spent their genius, but upon those which belong to the history of Christianity or of their nation. The sunshine, too, lights up the old frescoes on the walls, and we see the creations of past ages with admiration as well as awe. Here we meet again our friend of Siena, Simone Memmi, who was called to Pisa, and over the principal door painted his favorite subject; our Lady borne to heaven by a choir of angels. The angels are playing on their instruments and singing in the fullness of their delight; some bending their ears affectionately to their instruments, while others puff their cheeks as they blow and the throats of the singers swell with their melody. Below this, Simone painted scenes from the life of Saint Ranieri of Pisa; who, in the year 1100, was a gay youth, playing his lute for the dance of his friends. All at once this love of pleasure is changed to a spirit of penance, when a vision comes to him, in which the Heavenly Father appears surrounded by celestial light. In the second picture he is seen embarking for the Holy Land, and instead of gay companions, we see him surrounded by the poor and wretched, by women with their children thanking him for all his charities. In the same picture, we see him receiving the garb of a pilgrim in Jerusalem, where he stands before an image of the Virgin who promises him repose in Pisa. We then see him returned from the Holy Land surrounded by choirs of singing boys. It was a pencil thus graceful, which gave that

picture of Laura which won from Petrarch two sonnets for his friend, Simone. Two other scenes in this picture give the temptations overcome by Ranieri and the scene on Mount Thabor, where he is favored by a vision of Christ between Moses and Elias.

Here, too, we see the brothers Pietro and Ambrogio Lorenzetti. It is Pietro who gives us the charming picture of the Fathers of the Desert. Beginning with the visit of Saint Anthony to Saint Paul, the hermit;* the death of Saint Paul and the lion digging his grave; the temptations of Saint Anthony and the beating off the enemy of souls with his crutch, and, finally, the consolation given to him by our Lord in a vision—all resplendent, of a majestic mien, and Anthony kneeling at his feet; and again the saint is peacefully carving his wooden spoons. Then the story of Saint Hilarian as he is riding his ass vanquishing, by the sign of the cross, the fierce dragon that ravaged Dalmatia. On the left of the great fresco is seen Saint Mary of Egypt, receiving Holy Communion from Saint Zosimus. Then follows the story of the temptations of these good hermits; then of Saint Onofrio and Saint Paphnutius, of the overthrow of the date tree and the cell in which he had taken refuge, when Paphnutius, forgetting the last command of Saint Onofrio, delayed his return to the monastery; of the way in which Paphnutius overcame a temptation, by putting his hands into the fire; and how his tempter fell dead but, at the prayer of Paphnutius, was restored to life and to repentance. A hermit who had been the tutor of two emperors, Arcadius and Honorius, is weaving baskets of palm leaves; another is fishing; while Saint Macarius wandering among the Egyptian tombs, where he had his dwelling place, turns over a human skull with his staff, saying: "To whom do you belong?" and the skull answers: "To a pagan." Then looking into

*See life of Saint Paul. Patron Saints, second series.

the empty sockets the saint asks: "Where art thou?" and the skull replies: "In hell." And Macarius asks: "How deep?" "A distance," replies the skull, "greater than from heaven to earth." Then asks the saint: "Are there any deeper than thou?" "Yes, the Jews are deeper still." And again asks Macarius: "Are there any deeper than the Jews?" to which answers the skull: "Yes, verily! for Christians whom Christ has redeemed and who show by their actions that they despise his doctrine, are deeper still." And then comes the story of Saint Marina, accused of great sins and justified only in death.

In another compartment is the story of Job by Francesca da Volterra, in which we see our Lord in an oval glory surrounded by his angels, and Satan, coming from walking to and fro on the earth, is permitted to afflict the faithful servant of God, with all the story of his miseries and the final consolation. In still another department is the story of Noah and his family by Benozzo Gozzoli, with the charming vintage scenes; and the great temperance lesson which is never omitted by the old painters, is taught by Noah's drunken sleep. This series is followed by the story of Abraham and the angels; angels of such beauty that a Raphael might study them with delight; the meeting of Abraham and Melchizidec; the story of Hagar and Ishmael; the Destruction of Sodom; the Sacrifice of Isaac; the marriage of Isaac and Rebecca; and the whole story of Esau and Jacob; of Jacob and his sons; the infancy and the first miracle of Moses; the Passage of the Red Sea; the Brazen Serpent; the fall of Jerico; in all, a veritable illustration of the Old Testament; and this was according to the mind of those old Pisans, who believed in pictures as much as we do to-day; only, instead of illustrated newspapers, they gave the grand story of man and his relations to God and to eternity. We could go on for many

pages without exhausting the subjects depicted on the walls of this Campo Santo. But there are two pictures which must not be forgotten or overlooked. One, is the Triumph of Death by Orcagna, and while we look at this great picture by the light falling on it so tranquilly from those unglazed arcades, the last words of the Introit in the Mass for the Dead comes to mind: "All flesh shall come to thee." And we feel sure that it was upon this, as his text, that Orcagna painted. On the right hand of the picture is a festive scene; all is gayety, the joy and the pride of life; and above this scene flutter the *genii* of mirth. But over this picture of delights rushes Death with the scythe of destruction. The disembodied souls of all this gay company are seen, as new born infants, in the air; some, in their innocence, carried to heaven by angels, others seized upon by demons, and thrust into the open caverns of hell. In the middle of the picture are seen the poor, the wretched, praying for Death who delays to approach them. At the left hand a cavalcade of ladies and knights are riding gayly onward, only to approach three graves, in which lie the bodies of three princes, in different stages of decay. As the company see these disfigured corpses, some turn in disgust, others contemplate this picture of lifeless humanity with a tender melancholy; while a monk, the same Saint Macarius who interrogated the skull, is seen meeting the cavalcade and pointing out to them this stern lesson upon death. Above all this, is the peaceful picture of hermits in their solitude; one is milking a goat, the others are in pious conversation; showing how peacefully death comes to the good, to whom, as we saw on the monument of San Pietro in Montorio, "both life and death are sweet."

The other picture which we must secure, is by the same Orcagna, the Last Judgment; which, preceded that by Signorelli on the walls of San Brizio, by more than a century. In

two oval glories, we see our Lord sitting in Judgment and his Mother pleading for men. On either hand sit the apostles on twelve thrones. Above all these, in the air, hover angels bearing the symbols of the Passion. Between the two oval glories stands an archangel, crying with a loud voice: "Arise, ye dead, and come to Judgment!" On either side of this archangel, are the angels who blow the trumpets of doom, while at the feet of the Archangel, as if, secure as he is of heaven himself, the horrors of this day were too great to be borne, is another angel, cowering with dread. Perhaps nothing in the whole range of art has given so vivid an idea of the Day of Judgment. Below, on each side, are the multitudes of all nations, of all states of life, gathered for their sentence; the young, the old, princes, emperors, nuns, monks, priests, bishops, popes—all awaiting their sentence; and the angels separate the wicked from the just, the just from the wicked; leading some to doom who expect heaven, leading some encouragingly to bliss who are in fear of doom. In the very foreground of the picture, is an open tomb, in which stands a personage claimed for neither side. The venerable figure, with its head denoting age, leans on the edge of the grave almost as if in meditation. We are told that Orcagna intended this figure for King Solomon; that wise man, who wrote one thousand and five canticles and who knew all herbs, from the cedars of Lebanon to the hyssop which springs from the wall; that young prince, who came to the throne of David his father under such a special benediction, who was privileged to build the temple, for which David had made the preparations; to whom came the Queen of Sheba as to the wisest and most glorious of rulers; and yet, in his venerable age, he allowed idolatrous wives to bring back the groves to the high places of Judah! For this reason, Orcagna, following the theological views of his time, could not place

King Solomon among the just, neither could he place him with those, who, under every garb and under every character which would seem to ensure salvation, are hurried to that pit of horrors which Orcagna depicted at the left hand of Him who is the Judge as well as the Redeemer of his creatures.

Of the riches of the Campo Santo, not even our long list of pictures can give an idea. There is still one work in marble, which we must mention: the City of Pisa, by Giovanni Pisano, the artist who planned the Campo Santo. The city is represented under the form of a princess of severe aspect, wearing her diadem and looking fearlessly around her as if defiant towards her foes, while she holds two infants to her breasts, as a symbol of her prosperity. The pedestal is formed by a group of the four Cardinal Virtues: Justice, Prudence, Fortitude, Temperance, with an eagle at the feet of Pisa. These were the majestic guards of the prosperity of Pisa, as they must be of all cities and of all nations.

On our way from the Duomo, with its Leaning Tower, its Baptistry, its Campo Santo, we pass the beautiful church of Santa Maria della Spina, or Saint Mary of the Thorn; for here is honored one of the thorns from the crown of our Redeemer. And here are other works by our Giovanni Pisano, one, a charming Madonna suckling her Divine child; Saint Peter, Saint John Baptist, and the Madonna of the high altar, so gracious, so persuasive, the very embodiment of dignity and of sweetness in the Mother and Child.

There is a tradition at Pisa, that when Saint Peter went first to Rome, he stopped at the sea-port nearest to Pisa, then sailed onward and entered Rome by the northern gate of the present Piazza del Popolo. It was in this square that Sixtus V., in 1589, set up the Egyptian obelisk, which, with the one now on the Piazza San Giovanni in Laterano, stood so long before the Circus Maximus. It is of the one in the Piazza del

Popolo, that the American poet, Thomas William Parsons, wrote "The Shadow of the Obelisk." And as we stand for a moment before taking our last look at Pisa, we are carried back, by this delicate chain of circumstances and associations, to Rome and to the city of Saint Peter.

APPENDIX.

WHEN preparing the description of Saint Paul outside the walls, my notes concerning the chapter-room proving less complete than I had supposed, I wrote immediately to my learned and obliging friend Dom Gregorio Palmieri, a canon of San Paolo, asking him to procure for me the desired information. In less time than seemed possible, I received a reply far richer in details than I could have expected; so rich, that instead of weaving it into my narrative I have decided to give his letter a separate place in Pilgrims and Shrines; especially as no guide book gives these particulars. This arrangement, I believe, will give satisfaction to my readers, who are indebted already, in so many ways, to this learned Benedictine:

ROME, S. CALISTO, Oct. 28, 1883.

When, on the first days of July, 1876, you asked me to obtain full notes concerning S. Paul's, I did so, but now add to those in answer to yours of the 7th instant.

1st. The iron gate leads to the chapter-room and has the *Pax* on each side; another door leads to the chapel, and the

Pax is in the iron-work gate; the words, *Domus Orationis* are sculptured in marble on the above gate, fronting the corridor.

2d. From the chapter-room you enter the chapel which looks out on the Basilica according to the canons.

3d. In the middle of the ceiling of the chapter-room, is represented Saint Benedict surrounded by four Benedictine doctors, viz: Gregory the Great, Venerable Bede, Saint Anselm, and Saint Leander, then by four queens, Benedictines also, viz: Cunegunde, empress, Ethelreda, queen of England, Clotilde, queen of France, and Beatrix of Este, daughter of the Duke of Ferrara. These are four princely women, and of four different nations, to show the nobility of the Benedictine Order, and how widely it has spread itself. This painting was the work of Vincenzo Morani of Calabria (now dead) in the year 1865; as well as that over the abbot's chair, representing the Saviour with Saint Maurus on his right hand with a basket full of flowers, the effect of penance; and on the other hand Saint Placidas, kissing the border of the Saviour's mantle, to thank him for the pardon he gives the truly penitent.

The walls of the chapter-room are painted very skillfully in a way to represent drapery, on which are expressed the coat of arms of Pius VII., and of Pius IX., and of the congregation of Monte Cassino, and under the drapery thus painted is the following inscription:

"*Ecce Confessor magnus qui quasi stella matutina in medio nebulæ, et quasi luna plena in diebus suis lucet. Et quasi sol refulgens sic ille effulsit in templo Dei. Quasi vas auri solidum ornatum omni lapide pretioso. Quasi oliva pullulans, et cypressus in altitudinem se extollens, et circa illum corona fratrum; quasi plantatio credri in monte Libano, sic circa*

*illum steterunt quasi rami palmæ et omnes filii Aaron in gloria sua.**

4th. All the pictures in the chapter-room are in color.

5th. The altar in the chapel is in marble. The piece which supports the double steps is of *fior di persico*, which is now so rare as to be more costly than gold, and in this are set various precious stones. The little door of the tabernacle is in mosaic representing the chalice with the host, and the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove over the host. Among the marbles which adorn this tabernacle are: Verde emeraldino; Rosso antico; Fiori di persico; Alabastro fiorito of the old Basilica, very beautiful; Alabastro cotognino; Diaspro di Sicilia; Giallo di Siena; Giallo antico from the Basilica; Malachite; Lapis lazzuli. The ciborium is of extraordinary beauty, decorated with mosaics and precious stones. The chalice is after a design of the year 1500, and the dove is a perfect copy of the one painted by Raphael in the fresco of the *Disputa* on the walls of the Vatican.

On the ceiling are four medallions, that represent the four victories of Gregory VII., during his pontificate. In the first medallion, Gregory VII. is at Canossa, with Henry IV. at his feet promising amendment. The pope, after having communicated himself, but before giving the sacred host to Henry, says: "*Me quod facere vides, tu si innocens es facito.*" "If you are innocent, do what I do;" but Henry declined to communicate. The second medallion, alludes to the practice of Simony overcome by Gregory VII., with the words: *Divina sunt cave vendas.* "They are Divine things, take care not to sell them."

* NOTE—Behold the great confessor, who shone in his days as the morning star in the midst of a cloud, and as the moon at the full. And as the sun when it shineth, so did he shine in the temple of God. As a massy vessel of gold adorned with every precious stone. As an olive tree budding forth, and a cypress tree rearing itself on high, and about him was the ring of his brethren; and as the cedar planted in Mount Libanus."

From chapter L. of Ecclesiasticus; Archbishop Kenrick's translation.

The third medallion, alludes to the concubinage of the priest, against which Gregory VII. fought strenuously. *Hactenus liberi estis; ad secularia licet transire.* "Up to the present you are free; you may return to worldly things." The fourth medallion, alludes to the endeavors he made to deliver the slaves, and to crush the ferocity of the barons: *Homines sunt, noli vendere.* "They are men; not to be sold." And again, *Ecce constitui—ut liberem te.* "Behold I have accomplished this, that I set you free."

At the foot of the altar is a small piece of marble bearing engraved the words: "Memento de Raphaelis Liberati;" or a remindal to the priest, who is to say mass, of him who built and restored the choir, Abbot Liberati, who superintended all these works and gave to them all the money he could command. The monument in marble on the altar of the chapel, is a work of 1494 and represents Saint Peter, Saint Paul and Saint Bartholomew; formerly, it stood in the old basilica. Over it is a painting on canvass of the Virgin Mary; on her right Saint Anselm, who wrote in honor of her Immaculate Conception, and on her left, Saint Ildephonsus, a Benedictine bishop and doctor, who wrote in praise of her virginity. This is the work of Francesco Grandi, a Roman painter still living. The pictures at the end of the altar are from his pencil and represent Saint Gregory II. on the right, above him Saint Gertrude; on the left Saint Leo IV., above him Saint Mechtilde. Saint Gregory II. was chosen to express the tenderness which the Benedictine popes felt towards the basilica, and Leo IV. to show the zeal they had for the preservation and lustre of the sepulchre of Saint Paul. The two nuns are introduced to express the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, which has been, always, a characteristic of the Benedictines. The inscription which runs below these pictures reads thus:

Ecce constitui te hodie super gentes et super regna, ut

*evellas et destruas et disperdas et dissipes, et ædifices et plantes. Ego quippe dedi te hodie in civitatem munitam, et in columnam ferream, et in murum æreum, super omnem terram, regibus Juda, principibus ejus, et sacerdotibus, et populo terræ, et bellabunt adversum te, et non prævelabunt, quia ego tecum sum, ait Dominus, ut liberem te.**

The paintings in the choir are the work of the very clever Prospero Piatti. By him, also, are the three representing Saint Augustine apostle of England, Saint Boniface apostle of Germany, and Saint Gerard apostle of Hungary, which are in the arch overlooking the Basilica. The number of the Benedictine popes is usually reckoned forty-three. The names of the principal are, Gregory the Great, Gregory II., Leo III., Leo IV., Urban II., Urban V., Pascal II., Victor III., Celestin V., Eugene III., Gregory VII., Stephen IX., Pius VII., and Gregory XVI. Some think that a little while before Gregory the Great in the sixth century, between the death of Saint Benedict in 543 and the election of Gregory in 590, the monks began to officiate in the Basilica. But, beyond doubt, in the time of Gregory II., in the year 726, the Benedictine monks were at Saint Paul's, in a monastery so old that the pope restored it from the foundations. Consequently, the date of the building of the monastery is about that of the pontificate of Gregory I. and perhaps earlier; while these monks took the place of hermits who had, before them, sung psalms in honor of the Apostle of the Gentiles. The charming cloister dates to the year 1200. It was built by Abbot Peter, from Capua, who was afterwards cardinal. There is reason to be-

*NOTE.—Lo! I have set thee this day over the nations, and over the kingdoms, to root up, and to pull down, and to waste, and to destroy, and to build and to plant. For behold, I have made thee this day a fortified city, and a pillar of iron, and a wall of brass, and over all the land, to the kings of Juda, to the princes thereof, and to the priests, and to the people of the land. And they shall fight against thee and shalt not prevail; for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee."

From Jeremiah, chapter I., Archbishop Kenrick's translation.

lieve that he wrought, himself, with his hands, on the mosaics. The designs, it is said, were by Nicolo di Lapo, a famous Italian sculptor, and the bas-reliefs resemble, closely, some of those in the cloister of San Giovanni Laterano. Around the cloister, in mosaic, are twelve Latin verses, as given below:

Agmina Sacra regit locus hic quem splendor honorat.
Hic studet atque legit Monachorum cetus et orat.
Claustrales claudens claustrum de claudo vocatur.
Cum Christo gaudens fratrum pia turma seratur.
Hoc opus exterius pre cunctis pollet in urbe.
Hic nitet interius monachalis regula turbe.
Claustri per girum decus auro stat decoratum.
Materiam mirum precellit materiatum.
Hoc omni arte sua quem Roma cardo beavit
Natus de Capua Petrus olim primitiavit
Ardea quem genuit quibus Abbas vixit in annis.
Cetera disposuit bene provida dextra Johannis.

The Latin words in the round stone of the chapter, are: *Justus accusator est sui; Dic tu peccata tua ut justificeris:* The just man accuseth himself; tell thy sins, that thou mayest be justified.

The columns which you saw on the ground are in their place before the Basilica, and in the three windows fronting the high altar have been put, from designs by Raphael, the Saviour, the Madonna and Saint John, in colored glass made in Rome, as are all the others in the Basilica.

Wishing you every blessing,

D. Greg. Palmieri,

V. Custode dell' Archievo Vaticano

APPENDIX II.

WITH our first sight-seeing in Rome, we had kept our eyes open for those illuminated books of which we had heard so much; for the fair work of those "fair writers," over which every lover of art is expected to go into an ecstacy. But months passed without realizing our ideas of fair writing or of illumination. A very beautiful life of Saint Francis, illustrated by paintings of the time of Giotto, had come nearest to the idea, but the lettering was far from corresponding with the designs. There must be, we said, over and over again, some book in these churches or monasteries of the early time we have in mind; but how to find the book was a question, especially as many convents had put their treasures of this sort out of sight for fear of exciting the cupidity of those in power.

One afternoon in June we had started out, altogether too early for Roman purposes, to secure a sketch, however small, of something in or about Saint Agatha's. But the effort, as previous ones had done, ended in disappointment. The day was warm, and with a feeling of despondency we walked slowly down the street leading from Saint Agatha's past the Villa Aldobrandini to the Piazza Venezia, when we met Mrs. Conolly, whose designs in mosaic adorn the cover of the Dante Album, by Miss Sarah Clarke, of Boston. Mrs.

Conolly is learned in every thing connected with illuminations, or artistic decoration; so our first question was: "Where can we find such illuminations as you know we ought to see? In your collection we have seen letters copied from the Vatican, from Saint Isidore's, from so many libraries!"

The question was followed by a talk over the illuminations in the Vatican Library and many other places, but she ended by saying: "At Saint Paul's outside the walls, there is a wonderful Bible, begun before the year 800, only, like all the rest, it is next to impossible to get at it in a way to enjoy it."

"Saint Paul's outside the walls!" we repeated; "then we can have a good look at this, for we have a friend who is a Canon of the Basilica."

"Then you are likely to succeed," said Mrs. Conolly, with an encouraging shrug of the shoulders.

Our information had come precisely at the time when we knew the monks were leaving Saint Paul's for the summer and settling into their places at San Calisto, so that we hesitated about making the necessary application. Indeed, we began to think the wonderful Bible a myth, for nobody had seen it but Mrs. Conolly, when on a warm afternoon our friend, the said Canon of Saint Paul's, was announced. He had come to tell us, that the removal of the monks from San Paolo, had removed, also, the cloistral prohibitions, and he could now show us the interior of the monastery and the Bible! It was one of our most charming surprises in Rome; one which we have not failed to mention in our chapter on *San Paolo fuori le mura.* An appointment was made for the 3d of July, and a more charming morning could not have been selected. Our way led into the deep shadow cast by the Aventine Hill to the very shore of the Tiber, the green and flowering heights crowned by the ancient monasteries of Santa Sabina, Sant' Alessio and Santa Maria Aventina, or Priorato.

The force of the sun was not felt even once on our ungloved hands until just as we turned to enter the Gate of Saint Paul, from which we emerged to enjoy the shadow of the avenue of oaks, elms and acacias, which is scarcely broken until we reach the Basilica. The small wayside chapel marking the spot where Saint Peter and Saint Paul parted, lay in cool shadow, with Monte Cavo, in all the beauty of its violet hues, for a back ground. Green hills made the middle distance, vineyards, gardens, gave beauty wherever we turned our eyes; soon the tall cupola, then the portico of San Paolo came in sight, and lastly the figure of our good Benedictine was seen, watching for our party. It was his morning to go from San Calisto to San Paolo to say mass, and we had promised to be there as early as possible in order to have time to see every thing. As we have said before, it was one of the privileged days of our Roman life.

But we have not forgotten the Dante Album, through which we had made an acquaintance with Mrs. Conolly, and, furthermore, had received a just idea of the value of the Bible at Saint Paul's.

The cover of white vellum, with the finest Roman mosaics inserted, was made from a design by Mrs. Conolly, in the 13th century style. The whole edged with oxydized silver work, and the name of Dante in the same material. Within this cover are bound forty precious pen and ink drawings on vellum, made by Miss Clarke from her sketches of the places of Dante's exile, taken, every one, on the spot. Of the labor involved in these excursions, many of them to be made only on donkeys, no one is likely to have any approximate idea; neither, if we are to believe Miss Clarke, would it be easy to have an idea of the pleasure; of the hospitality shown to her in castle, hamlet, or monastery; every person addressed entering immediately into the spirit of the artist and sparing no

pains to facilitate her undertaking. We had read her letters to her brother, Mr. William H. Clarke, of Chicago, describing these excursions, and had even seen sketches of the drawings, among which were "Fonte Branda," "Monte Cassino," "The Street of Straw," and others with charming landscape effects; it was, in truth, one of our anticipations in going to Rome, that we should see this book, of which America and the United States had so much reason to be proud. We did see the book; not only the sketches with the texts illustrated by the drawings, but the book bound, ready for the Centennial Exposition from which it was taken by the generous patron of art for whom it had been executed, Mrs. Alexander Mitchell, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. We have since had the pleasure of seeing it at Mrs. Mitchell's, where it is honored as the choicest of her many choice treasures, while its true value will be known only as the centuries pass over the vellum leaves in their vellum cover. Such books are not made for a generation, but for all time.

Another copy of these forty precious drawings of the places of Dante's exile, was made for Lady Ashburton, England, and the drawings were placed in a port-folio.

Having described this work of an American lady, we must give an idea of the studio, on the *Via delle Quattro Fontane*, in which it was executed. The window on the north overlooked the Palazzo Barberini and its gardens; that on the south, the Palazzo Quirinale and its gardens, with the gigantic cypresses of still nearer gardens, making a home for millions of bees, whose monotonous hum was the interlude for all the other voices of the Eternal City. But the west window gave one of those off-looks never to be forgotten! The eye was carried over the roofs of the city through the Via Felice, by a vista ending only with Monte Mario, still crowned by the Beaumont Pine. Under any circumstances of

wind and weather possible to Italy, this view was lovely; but lighted up as we have seen it so often by the gorgeous hues of the setting sun, the long, rosy twilight, the first pallor of evening and the new moon, it was simply a picture to take into one's memory, never to fade, never to lose its interest. Yet, when we remember the presence which really made the charm of that studio, even the Dante Album gains a gentle radiance which could not otherwise belong to the fairest of its vellum leaves.

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